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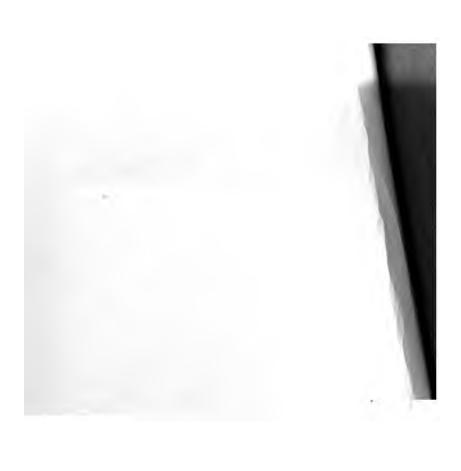
Collier



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# ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

# Old English Literature.

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

VOL. II.



LONDON:

PRIVATELY PRINTED.

1866.

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## INTRODUCTION.

HUGH HOLLAND, the author of the ensuing poem, was also the writer of fourteen lines, such as were then considered a sonnet, on the death of Shakespeare, and on the publication of the folio, 1623. They are conceited, and have little merit.

Nearly the same criticism may be offered upon the succeeding poem, though it certainly displays more talent and cleverness, but the whole fabric is violent and unnatural; and reading the prefixed eulogium by Ben Jonson (unknown to the editors of his works, and never republished by himself) we wonder at the manner in which, even in the partiality of friendship, he brought himself to speak so extravagantly of Holland's powers: Ben Jonson only terms Shakespeare the "sweet swan of Avon"; but Holland, according to him, was the "sweet swan" of nearly every river in Europe: and we almost wonder that, in the excess of his hyperbole, he did not carry him over the Atlantic to the Amazons and the Orinoco. We surmise that Holland was rich, and we know that Ben Jonson was poor, and we recollect no earlier effort of the kind by the learned and "inspired bricklayer." In its way it is admirable.

The best point about "Pancharis" is unquestionably the versification in the Italian terza rima, a form of composition then

unusual in our language. The construction of the plot, so to call it, is little short of ridiculous, when we find the author bringing down Diana and Venus to hob-nob with Queen Katharine out of a cup formerly belonging to Edward the Confessor, while Cupid is represented as the chief agent in her amour. The court revel, according to the manner of the time, is, however, well and clearly described; but the best feature in it, the discussion between the Maid, Wife, and Widow, was borrowed from Sir John Davys, as printed in 1602 in the first edition of "The Poetical Rhapsody."

The date of the publication of Holland's poem is 1603, but he professes that it had been penned before the death of Elizabeth; and his letter to Sir Robert Cotton, at the close, is a sort of imitation of the method pursued by Spenser, when in 1590 he appended his exposition of the "Faery Queen" addressed to Sir Walter Raleigh. The Richard Martin to whom Holland addressed his rhyming Latin lines, near the end, was the man who had had so violent a quarrel with Sir John Davys shortly after 1596, and who was Recorder of London when James I. came to the throne.

Notwithstanding its many defects, and in consequence of some of its peculiarities, the production is worth preserving; and, as there is but a single copy of it in existence, we have reprinted it as a remarkable and curious relic by a friend of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and of other poets of their day. If Holland ever wrote or printed a continuation of this his "first book", it has not come down to us.

J. P. C.

# PANCHARIS:

## The Kirst Booke.

#### CONTAINING

The Preparation of the Love betweene Owen Tudyr, and the Queene, long fince intended to her Maiden Majestie:

And now dedicated

то

### THE INVINCIBLE JAMES,

Second and greater Monarch of Great Britaine, King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, with the Islands adjacent.

> Mar. Valerius Martialis Victurus Genium debet habere liber.

Printed at London by V. S. for Clement Knight.
CIO IOC III.



#### TO MY LORD THE KING.

#### SONET ACROSTICKE.

IMAGE of God; first as a man, and then
As king, by most desert, and onely right:
Man is the king of creatures, and thy might
Exceedes this too, for thou art king of men.
Sunne of our sphære, may never clowde up pen
So radiant beames from thy poore subjects sight:
That still our eyes may see their happy light,
Ev'n as their heate did warme our bosoms, when
Unseene they shone beneath the fixed star.
Up, noble minde, to thy fist empirie,
And soare yet higher then thy fortunes ar:
Resemble Heav'n in all but levitie,
Take after earth in nothing more or lesse,
Except an irremooved stayednesse.

#### TO THE BRIGHT QUEENE ANNE,

HIS DEERE WIFE, AND OUR DREAD LADY.

What is she that like silver Cynthia shoeth
 Amidst the hoast of heaven,
 But fairer threetimes seaven?
 It is the Queene of Love! see where she goeth:
 The Queene of Love and Beauty, (lo) together
 With her faire son the Prince of Love comes hether.

#### Pancharis.

4

- 2. The Southpole that in our horizon shined,
  And made the earth to wonder,
  Gone is that earth all under,
  And to the Northpole hath her roome resigned:
  On whom to waite our eyes and harts persever,
  And may they cease, ô never, never, never!
- 3. Thou, in whose zodiak of white armes enchained,
  Our funne so oft hath shined,
  In whose wombe was confined
  What in this isle scornes to be long contained;
  Live thou and he, and maist thou see him rather
  Copartner, then successor to his Father.

#### TO MY LORD THE PRINCE

#### SONET ACROSTICKE.

Heire of thy Sires foure realmes, and (which I more Esteeme) foure vertues, that unto a fist,
No doubt, will thee (o slowly, slowly) list;
Receive this ryme of thine old auncestore,
Yong Prince of Wales, and pardon me therefore.
So may glad VICTORY be one day swift
To crowne thy facred head (that art a grift
Extracted hence) with holy bayes, before
(Unvanquish'd or unhurt by sea or land)
Upon thy brow the wreath of England sit:
And I with crowned head, but armed hand,
Ride by thy lordly side, and, after it,
Turne from thy Grandsires loves to sing thy wars,
Exchanging Venus mole for Marses skars.

#### ILLUSTRISSIMÆ DOMINÆ ARBELLÆ STUARTÆ.

#### SONULUS ELEGEIACUS ACROSTICHUS.

Auricomum alterius mundi jubar altera virgo,
Regia cui stirps est, meus neque stirpe minor;
Bis imperfectum facili cape fronte poema:
Est quia perfectus qui tibi mittit amor.
Lactea nec Venus est illic, nec vena, nec unquàm
Lætus amor Musæ novit adesse meæ.
Attamen Eugenii sacros cantillat amores,
Senst amans socium queis Catherina jugum.
Tandem orata Venus sic ambos juvit amantes,
Unde genus tantis regibus, atque tibi.
Atque mihi scribenti utinam sic æqua fuisset:
Ritè ego si colui, dum sub Amore sui.
Tu tamen (horridulæ faveas licet ipsa Dianæ)
Alma veni, Muss et Venus esto meis.

Clarissimo et candidissimo ingenio Præceptori olim, semper Amico GULIELMO CAMDENO, Armorum Regi nulli secundo, poëmation hoc censendum et emendandum mitto.

Nanus Musai cupit in quacunque locari
Parte liber, magnum nec capit ille locum.
Sed neque se magnis studet immiscere Poetis
Quales Meonides maximus, atque Maro.
Cernuus hic veterum lambat vestigia vatum,
Atque pio sanctos basiet ore pedes.
Cum Nasone tamen ponas (hic namque libellus

Sanctior, ut multis doctior ille modis)
Vel cum Chaucero (nec enim mihi fidus amator
Est minùs, et multo Nympha pudica magis.)
Plus quoque quam tetigisse pedes fortasse merctur,
Quando tuas meritus sit tetigisse manus.

### ANDREAS DOWNES GRÆCUS PROFESSOR REGIUS CANTABRIGIÆ.

Antiquos memorat vatum chorus omnis amorcs, Sed plerumque quibus non Venus æqua fuit; Fælices HOLLANDE canis fæliciter igneis Tu veterum, quibus haud abnuit alma Venus. Et REGINA fuit memorabilis, et THEODORUS: Illam qui meruit, carmine dignus crat. Nec taniùm furor ambobus fuit ille secundus, Nec blandum hoc modo tum invit utrumque jugum: Sed populos domuit sævos gentesque feroceis Hic tandem placide conciliavit amor. Cujus nunc volvenda dies fructum attulit vitro. Et majore beat munere longa dies. Namque tribus populis discordibus insula dives Ante colchatur, bellaque crebra movet. Verùm exhine mox læta duos concordia junxit, Firmus et hic stabili fædere vinxit amor. Tertia magnanimis restabant regna Britannis, Hæc quoque magnifico sub duce nunc cocunt. Hac etenim de stirpe venit rex inclytus, atque Clara recens soboles, et nova progenies. Quæ penitus toto seclusos orbe Britannos

Æternâ reget in pace, favente Deo. Et majoribus auspiciis dominabitur oræ, Circumquaque ingens quà fluit Oceanus: Sceptra tenens, diadema gerens, [ACOBI age honores, Aggredere ô magnos, maxime, lætus ovans. Horridulà genitum in regione Eremanthidos, Arcti, Sol regem vidit, te simul atque hominem. Creverunt animi pariter crescentibus annis, Sors tandem æqua animis cedere regna jubet. Finibus exiguis arctari magna recufant, Virtuti campum fata dedêre parem. Mollior horrifero Boreæ superadditus Auster, Una est virtutis facta palæstra tibi. Quam sapiens fuit Empedocles, qui sædere amoris, Et cœlo et terrà cuncta coire facit! I nunc ô vates et Theseas atque Ariadnes Medeasque truces dic et Amazonidas: Materiam noster novit sibi sumere dignam, Dignos et versus pangere materià.

# NICOLAI HILLI CARMEN TESTAMENTALE ET VIATICUM.

Nunc migro, nec patrios forsan rediturus ad agros
Urget, et officii debita cura premit.
Quid prohibebit enim quin veri testis honestem,
Quem studii paritas lustraque multa probant?
Raptim et discedens verbo quod sentio dicam,
Totius gregis est gloria, nemo gregis.
Ornat et egregiis Catharinam millibus esfert:
Ut canit ille suam, sic canit illa suum.

#### E. B.

#### Anacreontickes.

Scarse 'till now hath ENGLAND seen A Poëm, but of verses store; Here an unenforced green Hath native flowres, which heretofore Had, at most, well painted been, As was the feafon which them bore: Arts each Venus that doth shine In ancient Poësie, heer more. HOLLAND, this first birth of thine Put forth imperfect, stands before The finished, and shall in fine Somewhat be new for worlds t'adore: CYNTHIUS (as we divine) And the MUSES, and the GRACES, And their QUEENE, by thee refine Bastard songs, whose common bases Were but words, that KATHARINE Beautie equall to her faces Might enjoy. Here then unhard A princely Love, and learned Bard.

#### BEN: JOHNSON.

Ode άλληγορική.

Who faith our times nor have, nor can Produce us a blacke fwan?
Behold, where one doth fwim,
Whose note and hue

Befides the other swannes admiring him,
Betray it true:
A gentler bird then this
Did never dint the breast of Tamisis.

Marke, marke, but when his wing he takes,
How faire a flight he makes!
How upward and direct!
Whil'st pleas'd Apollo
Smiles in his sphære, to see the rest affect
In vaine to follow.
This swanne is onely his,
And Phæbus love cause of his blackenesse is.

He shew'd him first the hoose-cleft spring,

Neere which the Thespiads sing;

The cleare Dircan fount

Where Pindar swamme;

The pale Pyrene, and the sorked Mount:

And, when they came

To brookes, and broader streames,

From Zephyr's rape would close him with his beames.

As the whole beard in fight,
And still is in the brest:
That part nor winde,
Nor sunne could make to vary from the rest,
Or alter kinde;
So much doth virtue hate,
For stile of rarenesse, to degenerate.

This chang'd his downe, till this, as white

Be then both rare and good; and long Continue thy fweete fong.

Nor let one river boast

Thy tunes alone;

But prove the aire, and faile from coast to coast: Salute old Mône.

But first to *Cluid* stoope low,

The vale that bred thee pure, as her hills fnow.

From thence display thy wing againe

Over Iêrna maine,

To the Eugenian dale;

There charme the rout

With thy foft notes, and hold them within pale

That late were out.

Musicke hath power to draw,

Where neither force can bend, nor feare can awe.

Be proofe, the glory of his hand,

(Charles Montjoy) whose command

Hath all beene harmony:

And more hath wonne

Upon the Kerne, and wildest Irishry,

Then time hath donne,

Whofe strength is above strength,

And conquers all things; yea it felfe, at length.

Who ever fipt at *Baphyre* river,

That heard but fpight deliver
His farre-admired acts,

And is not rap't

With entheate rage to publish their bright tracts?

(But this more apt

When him alone we fing)

Now must we plie our ayme, our fwan 's on wing.

Who (see) already hath ore-flowne

The Hebrid Isles, and knowne
The scatter'd Orcades;
From thence is gon
To utmost Thule: whence he backes the seas
To Caledon,
And over Grampius mountaine,

To Loumond lake, and Twedes blacke-springing sountaine.

Haste, haste, sweete singer! nor to Tine,

Humber, or Owfe, decline;
But over land to Trent:
There coole thy plumes,
And up againe, in skies and aire to vent
Their reeking sumes;
Till thou at Tames alight,
From whose prowde bosome thou began'st thy flight.

Tames, prowde of thee, and of his fate
In entertaining late
The choise of Europes pride,
The nimble French,
The Dutch whom wealth (not hatred) doth divide,
The Danes that drench
Their cares in wine; with sure
Though flower Spaine, and Italy mature.

All which, when they but heare a straine
Of thine, shall thinke the Maine
Hath sent her Mermaides in,
To hold them here:
Yet, looking in thy face, they shall begin

To loose that seare;
And (in the place) envie
So blacke a bird so bright a qualitie.

But should they know (as I) that this

Who warbleth PANCHARIS,

Were Cycnus, once high flying

With Cupids wing;

Though, now by Love transform'd, and dayly dying:

(Which makes him sing

With more delight, and grace)

Or thought they Leda's white adult'rers place

Among the starres should be resign'd

To him, and he there shrin'd;

Or Tames be rap't from us

To dimme and drowne

In heav'n the signe of old Eridanus:

How they would frowne!

But these are mysteries

Conceal'd from all but cleare propheticke eyes.

It is inough, their griefe shall know At their returne, nor Po, Iber is, Tagus, Rheine, ieldt, nor the Maas,

Slow Arar, nor swift Rhone, the Loyre, nor Seine,
With all the race
Of Europes waters can
Set out alike, or second to our swan.

#### TO MY MAYDEN MUSE.

Goe, Virgin Muse, to her divinity,
That is the Vesta of Virginity:
For unto whom shouldst thou goe rather
So bound to her, and to her father?
Be gonne, and when thou com'st before her,
Upon thy knee, see thou adore her.
For thou mayst gather by her feature,
She is more then an earthly creature;
In whom no elements are combined,
But a fist essence, well refined
Above the vulgar grosse consections
Of any of the sower complexions,
Flegme, Sanguine, Melancholy, Coler.
Tell her that once I was her scholer,

And how in grammer I was grounded
In the best schoole she ever founded,
By two great clerkes (two greater wasters
Of oyle then houres) that were my Masters:
Where I liv'd partly of her larges,
And partly of my parents charges.
Thence was I had, to learne more knolledge
To Cambridge, and her fathers colledge,
Of him whose same is flowne All-Over,
As well beyond as this side Dover.

On Ariflotle oft I pored, And here and there him over-skored: Where poetrie too I found defined, To which by birth I was enclined. Yet heard I worthy DOWNES in Homer, And every day I glean'd my gomer.

Thus having there for *Lea* ferved, (Though fome faide *Rachel* I deferved)

Some thought the house could stand without me.

I then began to looke about me,
And forthwith desperately did ventre
The wide world, in whose little centre
My friends (of whom death hath berest me)
My loving friends some living left me:
Enough (if God the grace but lend me)
From cold and hunger to desend me,
That I may study still by leasure,
Without all paine, and at my pleasure.

Now the blacke doune began to cover My pale cheekes (for I was a lover)
And fung acrofticke fonets fweetely;
For (if that fome can judge difcreetely)
I neede not feare that daintie DAVIES,
Though he fing fweeter then the Mavis.
And of my love they were. But, ftay thee;
No more of that, my Mufe, I pray thee.
For either it must show my folly,
Or else renew my melancholly:
Yet was she faire, and honourable,
And vertuous (had she beene more stable).
Though she, perhaps, did but forget her,

And now likes maydenhead the better: Whereof she is the richest border, Next CYNTHIA, soveraigne of that Order.

When Love my bosome thus had fired, Me for his prophet he inspired, That every line, and every letter Of my devise might passe the better: Yet of this legend but the writer Was I, and he the sole inditer.

For how, alas! can it be other? I am not I the Muses brother.

My lips I never yet have sowsed
In Hippocrene, nor carowsed
The lusty liquor thence distilling,
The braine with holly fury filling.

The climat where I was begotten
Of father *Phæbus* is forgotten:
No Parnasse there (though mountaines many)
No Muse (though Nymphs as faire as any).
God wote it is too farre removed
From her, to be of them beloved.

Apollo, they and all the Graees,
Attend her onely in all places.
This, in effect, when thou hast told her,

Thus, in elect, when that told her,
Thou must be yet a little bolder,
And beg that thou mayst waite upon her,
Among her many Maydes of Honor;
A modest maide with chaste variety,
To lull asleepe that sweete society;
Who may, as well as any other,
Reade every line before the Mother,

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So shamefac'd are they, and so holly, Voide of all loosenesse, and light folly: Else had it beene too much impiety, To vow them to so great a Deity.

This done, againe on knee lowe bended, And hands as high to heaven extended, Ascribe me of this golden story Onely the paine, and her the glory: Praying she would but reade the proem, And so breath life into my Poëm.

## PANCHARIS:

## The first Booke.

I SING Queene Katharine, and my countryman. O Love! if I before thy altare fpread, Blacke though I be, have oft lookt pale and wan, And as white turtles there have offered, (As are those that thy whiter mother drawe) Draw neere; and with her myrtle deckt the head Of me thy priest, that am too rudely rawe, Nor once have bin baptized in the spring Of Helicon, which yet I never saw, A pinion plucke me out of thine owne wing; And let thy godhead more propitious be Unto my thoughts whiles others loves I sing, Then in mine owne it hath beene unto me.

And thou, O fecond fea-borne Queene of Love! In whofe faire forehead love and majeftie Still kiffe each other (as the turtle-dove Doth her beloved) thou whofe frowne, whofe smile Presenteth both, who doth inspire and move This lesser continent, this greatest ile, Let smiling Love, when Majesty would frowne, Insuse like life and motion to my stile. I treate not I here of the awfull crowne,

(Though fomewhat of the Court) my legend is Composse of Love and Beautie up and downe. Where if I aught have saide that sounds amisse, Immortall Maid, thou pardon me that crime, Sith thy white hand which (lord!) I long to kisse May crosse out all, and rectifie my rime. So shall the amorous readers seeme as those That have seene thee full oft and many a time; Yet seeing thee againe, anone suppose They somewhat see they never saw before, Such spangling objects thou dost still disclose, As all desire to see thee more and more.

From London westward doth a Castle stand Along the Thames, which of the winding shore Is called Windsore, knowne by fea and land, For the rich Guarter and the holv George. There founded first by the victorious hand Of warlike Edward, he that was the scorge And fecond hammer of the haughty Scot. As the lame God in his Trinacrian forge, Striv'd first to blow the stubborne vron hot. And after laide about him like a Lord. Till he thereof the upper hand had got; So English Edward did with fire and sword, Lighten and thunder in that northerne clime, And never respite did his foe afford, (No, nor himselfe almost) untill the time As hardy David grac'd faire Windsores court. Where also John of France, who long'd to clime The wheele of Fortune in the felfe same fort, A captive king was after shortly seene.

Yet neither this, nor that, so much report The same of Windsore, as saire Katherine; She that hath yet (save her great neece) no other, Daughter of France, of England Mother-Queene, The sixt Charles daughter, the sixt Henries mother, And (which is chiefest) the sift Henries wise.

Here the fad Queene ful many a figh did fmother, Resolved still to leade a widdowes life. So chaste was she, though faire, and rich, and yong, That yong and olde to praise her were at strife: Of her high honour all musitians sung, And thereto each sweet poet tun'd his pen, That therewith England and all Europe rung. She was the wonder of all mortall men, Few queenes came neere her, and none went above In grace and goodnesse, since, before, or then.

Might once no minion dare to kiffe her glove, (Much leffe her hand) or miftreffe her mifs-call; As men are wont when they for fashion love. So modest was she, and so meeke withall, That all good solkes might to her presence come, No lesse then to some councellors common hall. More doth the suter then the gaudy roome Set out a monarchs majestie, by ods, When life or death he lookes for as his doome.

Not they that grav'd the gold did make the gods, But such as did before them bow to begge, All were they made of clay, but only clods: Nor they the prince that still provoke and egge, (That only they may golden idolls be To which the subject bends his servile legge) The facred and anointed majestie
To robbe the realme, to gaine the subjects wealth,
To loose their hearts: but such as on the knee
Importune grace with happinesse and health,
Not posted off to those extreame delayes
Of bribing favorites, which is worse then stealth,
And scarce was heard of in those happy dayes.

Thus with her great delight in doing good
She wanne fuch fame and popular applause,
That on a time the goddesse of the wood,
Diana, forely longed once to see
This abstract model of all womanhoode,
And next her selfe the flowre of chastitie.
Wherefore (the sunne now scorching in the skull
Of Leo) foorth a hunting needes would shee
To Windesore forrest, which she sound as sul
Of deere, as trees; yet trees so many ar
As there the darts of Phæbus are too dull,
And pierce no more then doth the meanest starre.
There was the lawrell that was glad to hide
Her greene head from the sace of Phæbus farre,
The lordly oake that scorn'd not by his side

The bragging brier, and with wilde yvie was Like great God Bacchus crownd: there was, befide The smooth skinn'd beech, all kerved as did passe, In curious knotts that did the names enshrine Of many a lover, and of many a lasse. There was the elme that underprops the vine, And box, wherof poore shepherds frame their pipes, The gentle woodbind, and sweete eglantine, Each other clipping with their amorous gripes. The budded hawthorn, and our London dames Holy-reformers: the birch lacing stripes On lasse truands; with such like, whose names I know not, save the willow that did guirde The bankes forsaken of the slippry Thames.

On every tree did fit a severall bird,
And every bird did sing his severall note:
This to the base a fift, that sung a third,
Each one according to his aery throate,
A summers day, me thinkes, were nothing long
With the rare musicke which they made by rote:
Phabe her selse with all her nymphs did throng
To heare it, as she had not heavenly beene;
And this was all the burden of their song,
Long live Diana and saire Katherine!

Wearied with toile, but never with the noyfe, High time she thought to goe and see the Queene; For her declining brother, that enjoyes One part in one of her three-formed realmes, Bade her breake up those sports and earthly joyes, Sith he must never quench his thirsty beames, Till she to heaven returne and take his place, To governe there the starres, and here the streames.

She therefore to the Castle gan to pace,
That bounteously was built of faire free-stone,
Whose guilded inside, for the greater grace,
Was all set out with many a precious one,
And they with one that yet more precious was:
The cristall windowes round about it shone,
That, as she stood therein, the very glasse
Seem'd rather to let out the lusty light.

On did the goddesse with her meany passe, Till they came to a roome all richly dight, Of heavenly blisse and happinesse the bowre, Where each of other had this happy sight. The place was after calld the Maydens towre, But of *Diana* and her maydes, no doubt, So called was, and is unto this howre.

Much the amazed goddesse look't about,
But most astoned at the Queene shee stood,
That ready word she could bring hardly out,
Besore the lovely Queene (who could more good
Then halse a world) did silence softly breake,
Each Lilly blending with a Rose of blood.
Madame (she sayde), my tongue can hardly speake
That world of worth which I in you admire;
Then, all that I can doe is farre too weake
To answere your desert and my desire:
For since my Lord, my life, (God his soule save)
Was laide (as well may witnesse my attire)
My better halse since he was laide in grave,
I never yet came soorth in companie,
But in my chamber my selfe buried have.

Wherefore, if person here, or aught there be,
That unto you may breede the least offence,
God knowes it is without my privitie:
But did I knowe, I soone should rid him hence,
That of this action is not humbly glad.
And therewithall, they both lowe reverence
Did one another. Up the while was had
A banquet to a by rome as did passe,
Bisket-bread, sucket, marchpane, marmalad,
Candids, conserves, and all that dainty was:
It haild downe comsects, and through every spoute
The sugar-castles powrd out hypocras;
Walk'd up and downe the boles, so as I doubt
If I may call them standing cups or no.

And as the wine, so went the day about. *Diana* rose, and ready was to goe, When, in another cup of massie golde, They crownd her wine that sparkled to and fro.

It was the king Confessors cup of old, Who liv'd a maried man, and died a maide. She kist the cup, where grav'n, she might behold Astrons death, and downe it quickly laid; Then turn'd a little to her maydes aside, Rebuk't their want of secrecie, and saide.

Could ye no better your owne counfailes hide, But over *England* too it must be blaz'd? Lo! heere, AElaon in his horned hide, While on our shame and nakednesse he gaz'd. Therewith she pauz'd, but they no word could say, So were they at that lively mappe amaz'd. And sure the cup did all so wel display,

As if it white wine were that therein stoode. Then would ye sweare *Dianaes* selfe there lay, Nakedly clothed with the cristall flood: And were it redde, there lay, then would ye sweare, *Astron* bathing him in his owne blood. At last, as she that halfe abashed were, Unto the Queene she turn'd and uttred this.

Alacke, alacke! if his owne hownds did teare This fond Actaon, yet the fault was his, And mine the griefe: we gods are no leffe fory For mortalls punishments, then for their amisse, Though we, by this, and that, declare our glory, And our owne justice in them both exalte. Yet fome will fay (and they too peremptory) That this his fortune was, and not his fault: Was 't not his fault so to prophane a place, That hallowed was with franckincense and falt? Were 't not his fault that should surprise your grace Here in your chamber, skare you or your traine, And from your fide your furest servants race? Abortive fansies swimme about his braine, And faile him when himselfe he most assures: Runne all his plots and purposes in vaine, That shall the like attempes on you or yours.

Thus ended she, and with this speach the day. On stole the night that parting stil procures, As though it came to bid her come away. Then tooke she leave, and in her coach did clime The easterne hill with horses yron gray, Where in slowe minutes she must tell the time, And serve the use of man. God bade her so.

When neither cocke doth crow, nor clocke doth chime, Whether we fee her filver face or no, Yet there she walkes as wel by day as night, And still about her cristall orbe doth goe.

But (lord) with what a longing and delight To Windfor ward she downe woulde cast her looke, And guild the wide Thames with hir trembling light! An other heaven ye would have thought the brooke With moone and stars, and here and there a cloude: But in high heav'n what way so e're she tooke, Queene Katharines praifes there she rung aloude, Set to the tune of her well tempred spheare. Much more harmonious then is harp and croud.

Hermes, that all the ghosts belowe can reare. And gently usher with his fnaky rod, To this new caroll gave attentive eare: And (as he is a very prating god) To the bright Venus hath it told anone, From the first point to the last period. When she in all the haste would needes be gone. To fee below what all had heard above, Of Englands Queene and peerelesse paragon: Her coach was drawne by many a turtle-dove, And driven by a coachman of great worth, Her little fonne, the mighty God of Love. So long he guided on his course by north,

When, having past the seaventh and utmost clime, Out of the sea he might see peeping foorth A fpot of Earth as white any lime; To which he thought it best his course to hold. Now was the Earth, for it was past the prime

That had unmask'd her of her tawny old,
Revested with a flowry diadem,
And new greene velvet, spangled all with gold:
Thus were the fields enameld all of them,
Along the silver Thames, that did embrace
The golden meades in wanton armes, and hem
Their looser skirts like an indented lace.
Acrosse, and up and downe the river swame
Her sacred swannes, who when they saw her grace,
Unto her coach to doe their homage came:
And from the land came turtles many a paire,
Unto her deity who did the same.

Then Citherea, seeing them to repaire, Bespake: Sir boy, we sure be gone amisse: (But yet, the best is this, the way was faire) Nay, doubtleffe, that no way to Windfore is, But to our palace in mount Citheron. And Cupid he was fore afraide by this Left it were fo indeede; when (having gone A little further) he might plainely fee Where with his eye a castle met anone, High on a hill (as though it fcorn'd to be Built on the baser earth) and towr'd above The lofty clowds, with fuch a majestie, As faide it could not be the Court of Love. Howe often have you feene together dwell The lordly eagle and the lowely dove, Of love and majefty concording well!

By this they to the castle-gate be come, That was shut in by warning of a bell. In every roome yet stirring heard they some,

Which made them loudly call, and loudly knocke; Yet none, no more then if they had bin dombe, Would answer them: a long houre by the clocke, They waited there; now he, now she, now both. Cupid at last did peepe in at the locke, Yet no man came; then Venus waxed wroth, And fince of force she must her purpose misse To be reveng'd she tooke a solemne othe. And faide, Much worship have we won, iwis, If thus one filly woman may abuse Two fuch great godheads: if we fuffer this, What wretch, I pray you, may not well refuse To burne on our high altars his perfumes, And by this president the fact excuse? Whether she on our gentlenesse presumes, Or her own greatnesse, all is one for that: I shall ere long so pull her peacockes plumes, That (though she now be yong and faire and fat) She shall no sooner looke upon a glasse, But she shall greeve and fore repine thereat, And fay, That now is hay was sometimes grasse. Thinkes she to scape our hands so franke and free, That shee forfooth of France the daughter was, Englands fresh bride, and thereby chaunc'd to be Mother to him that now is king of both? Alas! what's all this to a Deitie? No more but titles and meere toies in troth. As then she hath deserv'd, so shall she have, Divine revenge comes fure, though late and loth, Belike these giddie French thincke they may brave My fonne and me at pleasure, leave undone

What at their hands most lawfully we crave, Or do all lawlesse outrage under sunne. They make but ev'n a woman and a childe Of me and thee, and thereby thinke to shunne Our vengeance: this it is to be so milde To malefactors, that for very fpight Our temples and our altars have defilde, Lest unprophaned no religious rite, But havocke made of holy maiden-head, As if the charge we had renounced quite That appertaineth to the bridall bed: Wherein the lawfull heire begotten is, Whom, after nine months fully finished, The shame-sac't father shall not feare to kiffe, At midnight to him by the midwife borne: Yea, he himselse will sweare it to be his, When Lucifer lets foorth the blushy morne. But if they still my patience thus shall wrong, By S. Adonis here, loe! have I fworne, And will not faile, I shall, ere it be long, A plague fend on them that will quickly tame Their pride, and teach them fing another fong. It shall feede in their marow like a flame, And rage through ev'ry corner of the land, That of the nation it shall take the name. But to the point that now we have in hand: Which to effect with more successful speede, Sonne Cupid, you awhile my friend must stand.

Mother (quoth he) to feare you shal not neede, For I have still beene your obsequious sonne, And still will be, in thought, and word, and deed. Yet hold I not this dame so much a nunne By nature, as by vertue of the clime Is far removed northward from the funne; For she hath lov'd, and so may do in time. The bird that, having once escap't the net, Desies the sowler, may be caught by lime Or other engines that for him be set; And so may she by some more quaint devise (But what that is my selfe knows skarcely yet) Maugre her heart, all were it made of yee.

Gramercie, sonne, quoth she, why then no doubt, (Though she were ten times more then she is nice) This act we shall bring well inough about. But that I feare me which you lately tolde About the climat all this isle throughout, Is all the let that ever happen could; For though the Sunne now in the Lion raigne, And his meridian, yet an uncouth cold, Me thinks, doth hit me now through every vaine. In Affricke if the lyon lift to rage, Who shall him from his ladyes side restrayne? Yet heere he fleepeth out his idle age, And dreames not once of Natures kindely sport. Were it not this, what grate or yron cage Could coope him from his pleasure? To be short, The vine, that with the fcorching funne by noone Growes quickely ripe in France, if you transport Into this country, ripeneth not fo foone. Yet is the foyle as thankful heere as there: Yea, th' elements, all underneath the moone, Remov'd from their owne place, fome otherwhere

Take new impressions to them; for the fire That only shines in his celestiall sphere Here burnes most violent. And with desire, Said Cupid, shall this faint, this Katharine In Windshore burne whom he did so admire, The man of Monmouth, when she did but shine In France at Melaws, like a blazing starre, Whose saire aspect, and influence divine, Did stoppe the hoarse and open throate of warre. As there great Henry sel in love with her, Heere of another shall she dote as farre, Except my cunning, or this hand doe erre; And that rich dowre, yea were it ten times moe, Upon a subject shall I soone conferre.

What! on a Saxon, Cupid, will yee fo? Now by this mole (quoth she) upon my cheeke, I rather had this high revenge forgoe, Which I on her so thirstingly do seeke, Then any flinty Saxon should succeede A Prince fo mighty, and a Prince fo meeke. These Saxons cleane have wash'd away my seede, Swallowing the fat foyle like another flood: Those sturdy Saxons, whom the stones did breede, Which *Pyrrha* (when yet all the earth was mudde) By divelish divination backeward threw To take the forme of flesh, and bones, and blood, These men, these stones, at an advantage slew Of thy poore kindred thousands with the sword, And all the wofull remnant did purfue To the bare mountaines, that could scarce afford Food for themseves, or fafety from the foe,

Fowly intreating them in deede and word. Long were they torne and tofft thus to and fro, Now foiling, and then foild, till, at the last, Edward the first (their fates ordaining so) To make them subject to his crowne did cast. His tender babe to be their Prince they tooke, To whose succeeding heires they stucke so fast, As none of them their faith as yet forfooke; Save onely one, Owen, firnam'd Glyndoore, Who became rebell against Bollinbrooke, And by his pride made all his country poore. Ah Harry! why shouldst thou, a civill Prince, For one mans fault and fury play the Moore Or Tartar thus, and tax a whole province With fuch uncourteous and barbarian lawes As never heard were of before, or fince? If Fove, alas! as oft as men give caufe Did every time but hurle a fiery ball, A little time then should he have to pause, And in a while himselfe leave none at all. For all yet that betide them could, or can, Here lives one still, and stil I hope he shall, A gallant and refolved gentleman, Faire Owen Tudyr: fire thou hir in love With him, my boy. Mother (faid he) your fwanne Shall not exceede this eagle, nor your dove: Hereafter shall she stoope so to the lure, Though now awhile the clowds fhe toure above; For her pure bosome with a brand as pure I wil fo kindle, yet before the funne Get out of Libra, that none may recure

Her heart, but onely Owen. Well saide, sonne!
(Him answered she) why should I then despaire?
But (as one Owen hath us all undone)
Another Owen may those harmes repaire.
For who doth know, but that in time to come,
There may spring from this wel consorted paire
(I will so blesse and fructisse her wombe)
H. 7., that seaven times happy man, who one day may
Sit on this throne, and thence with mercy doome
His and my people? O! when will that day
Shine from the east upon this northerne clime?
Then, then may well both Welch and English say,
That they were borne in a most blessed time.

Mother, quoth he, thereof mine be the care, And if I faile therein, mine be the crime; But fith the court of heaven can hardly spare Us both at once, this cause to me referre: Perhaps the gods in no fuch busines are, Yet mortalles are. How shall the mariner That long in the wide ocean toffed is, And nothing fees fave fea and heav'n, but er[r]e When your propitious starre he there doth misse? How shall the shepheard doe, that to the hill Leades forth his flocke, and home againe by this? How shall the strugling bride against her will, With her impatient love this night conceave, Unles your gratious influence doc fill Her fruitfull lap? God[s] must not therefore leave To helpe and comfort mortall men, because Of their due honor they the Gods bereave. This faid, he stayd, and with this only claufe

She condescended that all should be done, As that her selfe therto her best applause Should give, and that as soone, too, as the sunne A judge betweene the night and day became.

O filly Queene! these snares how canst thou shun? And how, O *Venus* (hadst thou any shame?) Canst thou but blush, what have ye reap't by this? Thou and thy sonne, what great and glorious name, When by Gods beguyld one woman is?

A month and more, to make the Queene his flave, He fought by all fuch traines and trickes of his As knowe ye lovers (God from them me fave!) By dreames and fanfies whilft abed fhe lay: So wifely though herfelfe fhe did behave, That once he thought it best to runne away.

By this the golden eye of heav'n, the funne,
From that difaftrous and midnight of day
Wherin his clewe of life was cleane out fpunne,
Henry, the first in same, in name the fist,
About the silver skarse of heav'n had runne:
Whose firy coursers (howsoever swift
To some glad harts) seeme to the sory slow,
And dull as lead, then first the Queene did lift
Her drooping ey-liddes from the earth belowe.
As one that having horded up his cheese,
His only treasure, still his eye doth throwe
Backe to the place as to his best releese;
So was the Queene and all the court to glose,
The more with her did flatter this her griese:
For like the prince the people them compose.

Moov'd for their fakes, God wot, more then her owne,

The dowager Oueene (like to the virgin rose That, all night is bedew'd, and newly blowne Unto the morning funne for comfort feekes) Those purer roses wiping, that were sowne Among the lillies in her lovely cheekes, And with her teares bedewed day and night, By the full space of two and fiftie weekes, Refolv'd at last to come by candle-light Into the prefence chamber, and to glad Her heart a little with the peoples fight; Who to fee her againe were nothing fad: For all the lufty courtiers did devise (So foone as notice of her minde was had) To entertaine her with some strange disguise. Done by Dan Lidgate, a great learned munke, Who then in poesie bare away the prise; For after Chaucer had he deepely drunke Of Helicon, as few besides have yet.

Now, when the funne into the fea was funcke, They all together in the wardrobe met,
And them among (though farre above them all)
The gentle Owen was: a man well fet;
Broad were his shoulders, thogh his waste but smal;
Straight was his backe, and even was his breast,
Which no lesse seemely made him shew then tall.
Such as Achilles seemely made him shew then tall.
Such as Achilles seemely among the rest
Of all his army clad in mighty brasse:
Among them such (though all they of the best)
The man of Mone, magnisique Owen, was.
He seemed an other oake among the breers;
And as in stature, so did he surpas

In wit, and active feates, his other peeres. He nimbly could discourse, and nimbly daunce, And ag'd he was about some thirty yeeres: But armed had ye feene him go to France, Ye would have faide, that few on foote or horse Could have fo toss'd a pike, or couch'd a lance. Wherewith to ground he brought full many a corfe; That oft alone when I recount the fame. My tender heart cannot but have remorfe: To write it then, alas! I were too blame. Of onely Love, and of his armes, I fing: Thy warres (O Mars!) I meane not once to name; Yet hardly could I spare that haughty string, Did not the boy mine eare pull now and then, Beyond my bounds for feare I chance to fling, The fame and fplendor of my countrymen Invite me fo. What is he that can holde In his rude fingers fuch a flaggy pen, If aught by chance of Agincourt be tolde, But into teares his eies would quickely thawe, Insteade of inke, to write the manifolde And goodly flaughters which our men did drawe That day in blood? But O! thou mighty ghost Of Henry Monmouth, who yet holdes in awe My bolder ditty, that fo longs to boaft Those olde Heroes, crown'd with holie bayes, That under him did use to leade his hoste; Beauforts, Veres, Nevills, Talbots, Cliffords, Grayes! O! pardon thou, and they, that I leave out Th'immortall mortall fights and blody frayes By force of armes there fairely brought about.

And thou, John Huntington, whose acts I more Admire than all, before whose face the rout Of searefull Normans, when thou cam'st ashore From the triumphed ocean fled away, As heartlesse hares the greyhounds doe before: Redoubted Earle, of pardon I thee pray. God wot I would, yet halfe so great a taske I dare not undertake; and sooth to say, That argument a lowder trump doth aske, To sound a march too slender is my reede; Inough is it to tune a courtly maske: Then, to high purpose and the point procede.

While they made ready there, ye might have feen, One or an other, in a masking weede, Go friske about upon the rushes greene, And wish, if aught he chanced well to do, That all were done no worse before the Queene.

Some one the God of Love did pray unto, With his milde mother, fo to stand his friend, As he thereby his ladies love might woe, To whose sweete praise his paines he did commend: Another, that he might good honors make, As ev'ry measure did beginne or end, Whereof his mistris might due notice take: One that the dropping linkes defilde him not For his white suite of costly sattensake: An other that his imprease, or his mot. Or aught of his the princesse minde might please.

Full many a fuite in broken fighes, God wot, Was offered there; yet all could not appeale His kindled ire, who by this easie baite

Thought now or never on the Queene to feafe, That had fo often made him found retraite.

It fell that foure and twenty pages were Appoynted on the revelers to waite, Who, two by two, before each paire should beare The linkes alost; and for the greater showe, Like suites to them and vizards also weare.

The wily god, that all this did foreknow,
By putting on the person of a page,
Made up the compt, his quiver and his bowe
To buy a visard which he layd to gage;
But turned into a blazing torch his brand:
A pretty stripling, much about the age
Of sourteene yeares he seem'd, when he did stand
Among the rest. Now was it time to sup:
So costly nothing was by sea or land
But it was had, while still the frothy cup
Did haste to deale about the lusty wine.

When all was ended, and the boord was up, In heav'n above the starres began to shine; Where also burned *Cithere* the bright, To *Cupid* nodding, who knewe well the signe: And, like an other heav'n, with starry light Adorn'd was all the presence round about, That into day againe did turne the night, Although the cheefest light was yet without.

With this the trumpets, lo! began to found, And eke the multitude aloude to shout, (That all the roome did ev'n againe rebound, Reechoing no particle amis) God save your Grace, and God your soes consound! To fome her hand of fnowe she gave to kis, She talk'd with other, and gave thanks to all Along the chamber, as the manner is.

Behold! how many fiery sparkles small,
The moone about her silver orbe doth spend,
When Hesperus the evening foorth doth call:
So many glorious ladies, glad to tend
Upon the Queene unto her princely state,
Downe to the ground before her Grace did bend.

As there in Majesty awhile she sate,
With shamesac'd lookes lowe fix'd upon the ground,
Loe! three saire damsels sal'ne at soule debate,
And them before a trumpet hard to sound.
The damsells, dreast in white and blew and blacke,
Were asked, whence they were, and whither bound?
Whom they did looke for? or what they did lacke?

Awhile they paus'd, and oft they changed hew, The one still to the other looking backe, Till she, that all appareld was in blew, Stept foorth at last, and making curt's low, Beganne aloud. Most mightie Queene, to you In humble manner we present this showe:

A silly maide, a widow, and a wise,
As by our habits you may partly know.

Alate betwene us hapned heavy strise,
Whether the wise, the widow, or the maide,
Lives the most happy and contented life?

All what we could, we three therin have said,
And women (as men clatter) want no words.

Yet heere (alas!) the matter hath not staide;
For acted it must needs be by the swords

Of martialists; but your majestike hand, That unto mifers mercy still affoords, The same by your authority withstand: Which is fo foveraigne, and doth carry weight With all the mighty spirites of the land, That ended all this sturre will heere be streight. Eight hardy fquiers doe holde of maidenhead (Whereof is Owen Tudyr chiefe), and eight Maintaine that it much better is to wed: The last eight by like arguments approve The life fequestred from the nuptiall bed. Renouned Empresse, then let pitty move Your royall breast to save them from the spoile. What heart of yron hath she, that doth love To fee one man in fight an other foile, Or once abide to fee the blood to streame That in the manly bosome wonts to boile?

Heereat, as one awak'd out of a dreame,
The foftly fighing Queene upstarted soone,
Guilding the world with such a glorious beame
As doth the sunne this hemispheare by noone,
With morning showrs though somewhat overspred:
Or, as when in some misty night, the moone
Breaks through the clouds, and shews her silver head.

And thus she spake. Ye vertuous maid and wise, (For such ye seeme) and thou whose halfe is dead, Whose other halfe resolves to leade the life That also doth thy Queene: not all this ile A sitter one could yeeld to stint your strife, Extended out though it lie many a mile, And, but the sea, abides not any bound;

For all three courses have I knowne awhile. A very maide of me King Henry found, (Whose foule God pardon, and to mercie take) To whom my love my faith kept ever found, That all the world my honour might not shake, Ne wracke my fame against so soule a shelfe. As unto him, so for his onely sake I will remaine no lesse true to my selfe; For Henries wife and widow will I die. Honours, vaine pleasures, transitory pelfe, I force not of fuch gaudes a whit, not I: Yet doth this trash the mindes of many tempt To loves delights, from whose vile tyranny Princes, no more then other, are exempt. But onely him I lov'd, fo do I now, And ever shall; of whom both thought and dreamt I have fo oft, that no man elfe may bow My fettled heart: onely (were he alive) He might, perhaps, prevaile against my vow. And God, I begge it now, fo let me thrive,

And God, I begge it now, fo let me thrive, If aught I fpeake the worlds good word to woo Beyond my worth; but with his thunder drive Mee quicke those ugly shades of hell into, Before, O shamesastnes! that I forsake Thee, or yet any lawe of thine undoe.

Might I with me my little *Henry* take To fome remote and folitary denne; Your noble prince, his fervant God him make, (Whereto the people cried *Amen*, *Amen!*) I could be well content no more to come Among the prease and multitudes of men.

Not that I doubt but vertuous there be fome, I knowe there be, and many in this place. This of my speech then is the very summe; That oft alone when I recount my case, No life, me thinkes, is like to widdowhoode, So God but guide it with his holy grace.

Heereat the maide and wife astoned stoode. Mistake me not, quoth then the lovely Queene, For often hath it beene no lesse a good To marry wel, then to live fingly feene. Perhaps the more, if hearts as well as hands Be rightly tied the married paire betweene: Not altogether wedded unto lands, Ah! never may she thrive, Ne wealthy dowres. That on the purse above the party stands. She that fo weds (as I know none that did) Beguiles her husband; he hath but the hive, Another eates the hony. God forbid That ever any courtly dame should carry A heart fo base within her bosome hid! As for my felfe, had I not lov'd my Harry, Perdy, I make a vow that, for my part, No kingdome could have tempted me to marry Against the love and liking of my hart.

But ah! not long had I enjoyed my joy, When ugly Death comes stealing with his dart, (For hand of man could never him annoy) And him of life, and me of love deprives. Yet hath he left behinde a princely boy, That in my breast his heav'nly shape revives. So like the father doth he daily grow, As any you have feene in all your lives, Yea, like him he already learnes to goe: So would he bend the bowe, fo would he looke, His eies, his hands, he cast, he carried so.

But whither have I, like a wandring brooke, Thus err'd by love? Few liquid pearles then gusht From out her eies, and then her breath she tooke. But (Lord!) then how the lovely virgine blusht, When all the people did the Queene pursue With fresh applauses; till, when all was hush'd, The Queene did her continued speech renew.

Ladies, it feemes (and therewithall she sate) It feemes, I fay, to us, that each of you So pleafed is with her peculiar state, That all the world may not your wills reclaime. Me lever also weare your love then hate, Whereat no vertuous prince did ever aime. Tyranny feare, and feare this hate begot. What duety then can want a privy maime That of the fubjectes love proceedeth not? I then conclude, no kinde of life amis That is fo fixt, and alters not a jot: Unhappy most the least resolved is, When as the great commander in the warres Affects the marchants life, the marchant his. Who knowes each crooked motion of the starres: The clerke againe envies the courtier, And he the clowne. To leave particulars. In us, and you, (for oft thus one may erre) I must (I hope to none of your disgrace) Together when all courses I conferre,

Of force define, that both refigne the place To maidenhead; as copper doth, or braffe, When Indy gold their glory doth deface.

A worthy wife, no doubt, Sufanna was,
Redeem'd from death, as she was thereto led;
Yet did the widdow Fudith her surpasse;
Who smote off, as he breath'd his last abed,
That horrid head, yet breathing warre and lust.
But unto Mary, well of maidenhead,
This, and that other yeeld of duty must:
The Maide, where three times three months did repose
The Sunne, in whom reposde is all my trust.

A virgin is but ev'n a very rofe,
For once if hand of man thereon be laide,
Both fent and colour it will quickly lofe,
So tender is the bloome in ev'ry maide.
That innocent and ever happy state,
(Had our forefathers not so fondly straide)
Wherein God humane nature did create,
In holy maidenhead resembled is,
Whence having falne too soone, we grieve too late:
When all the world doth point at our amis,
Then see we naked shame with open eies.

Yea, maidenhead goes farre beyond all this; For in that earthly place of paradife, As heere we doe, they did by Gods beheft: But in that heav'n, where his owne owner lies, As are his angells, fuch are all the reft; Maides and unmarried. Heere then I conclude That maidenhead of all is only beft. And as she saide, so saide the multitude.

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Then all three ladies (who did now relent, And pardon aske that they had beene so rude) Besought the night in sportes might now be spent; Whom so to doe with many thankes she praide.

So they unto the foure and twenty fent To certifie them what the Queene had faide, And therewithall to bid them haste away. The messenger fo did, and they obaide.

Alacke for pitty! now what shall I say?
A wily traitor and a very thiefe,
That all the while in ambush closely lay
Among the maskers, is become the chiefe:
And to the castle is already come,
Good Queene, I seare me, to thy further griefe.

Herewith was heard the trumpet and the drum, As if they had beene marching for the field: By two and two they entred all and fome, Each after other offering up his shield, While she, that in all curtisse did abound, To every man particular thankes did yeeld. The foster musicke then beganne to sound, And eke the ladies were had out to dance: It also pleased the Queene to walke a round, The courtly sportes the more to countenance, With whom (bicause he did the measures leade) To couple it was Owens happy chance.

Then all in order gan it foftly treade Up and downe, in and out: the planets feaven, Rapt with harmonious fpheres (as we may reade) So daunce about the lofty pole of heaven.

The measures ended, it grewe very late,

(For it was halfe an houre nigh past eleaven.)
Then bade the Queene, that one belowe the state
A stoole for her should set upon the ground:
This done, anone downe thereuppon she sate.

Some in their cinqueapase did nimbly bound, Some did the cros-point, some high capers cut, And on the toe some other turned round; While still the minstrell on the trembling gut, Strove with division to outrunne the time That hasted on the revells up to shut, (For midnight now the clock began to chime.) Then issued Owen out among the rest, Reserved until then, as onely prime Of all the maskers, and the very best.

Love that did all the while no will forfloe, That holp to fett afire her fnowy breft, Refolv'd, at last, that it must needs be so.

Wherefore, as Owen did his galliard daunce,
And grac'd it with a turne upon the toe;
(Whether his eyes afide he chaunc'd to glaunce,
And, like the lovely God, became so blinde,
Or else, perhaps, it were his happy chaunce,
I know not, and record none can I finde.)
This is the shorte: the Queene being very nigh,
He fell, and (as he forwarde downe declinde)
His knee did hit against her softer thigh.
I hope hee selt no great hurt by the fall,
That happy fall which mounted him so high;
For up he quickly sprang, and therewithall
He setch'd me such a frisk above the ground
That, O well doone! cried out both great and small.

The Queene arose then, and dealt thanks around To all of them, but unto *Owen* most:
The trumpets also they began to sound,
For on she pass, and after her an hoast
Of lovely ladies, while the people praied,
That God would guide her with his holy ghost.

Thus all the court was very well apaide,
And every dauncer in delight did swimme,
But Owen onely, who was so dismaide,
That all the company came to comfort him.
Amongst all, one wisht it had beene his happe:
I can not blame him, though he lost a lim,
That long'd to pitch in such a princely lappe.

But out, alas! what shall there more be saide? This was but ev'n an engine and a trappe, That for the seely soule was lately laide: The sairest soule, I weene, that ever was, This onely tricke so sowly hath betraide.

As into fome one centre of the glaffe
The funny beames we doe contract to light
Divine tobacco, that all blame doth paffe,
Because all union hath the greater might;
So fierce Cupido cause his fiery brand
Upon that eagle-eye of his to light,
That in the very turning of a hand,
Reslected it might set afire her heart,
That obstacles none might it once withstand.

The wound did at the first not greatly smart, For it was inward, and there softly bled Feeding the fire, till (having got apart) Her yvory body laide in yvory bed,

She there afresh of all beganne to thinke (For idle fancies there be foonest fed) And unawares let love in foftly finke Betweene the lillies of her lovely breft. What should she doe? she could not sleepe a wink, Nor any respite take, nor any rest, Nor once but dreame (for how can one awake?) That it was got fuch an unruly gueft: Which on the gods behalfe did greatly make. It was the very dead of drowfy night, When every creature else his ease did take But onely yong Queene Katherine the bright; Whose eies (like two faire diamonds set in rings) Awak'd her outward little world to light. For ugly night with her broade raven-wings Had overhild the golden goodly face As well of heavenly as of earthly things, And the dull humour powred downe apace On weary miserable mortall men. Loe! then beganne her eyes first to embrace An easie slumber: her devotions then She foftly figh'd, and Requiem also faide For her deere Lord: thus (having breath'd Amen, And fofter cheeke upon foft pillow laide) Fell fast asleepe. Who then but Cupid sung? Who laugh'd, who danc'd, or half fuch Herods plaid? For here and there the fire about he flung, As did in Ætna his supposed sire: That where before the was but only ftung A little in the fancie with desire, And quickely might have cur'd the same againe,

(Had she but usde the meanes) his raging fire Diffusde the venim now through ev'ry vaine.

As elementar fire doth closely creepe
Betweene some plankes, the greater height to gaine,
Not daring out of his blinde cell to peepe,
Besore, alas! (as oft it doth besall)
The goodman of the house be saft asleepe;
Then opposition finding none at all,
About the noone of night invades the sparres,
And many hundred thousand sparkles small,
About the welkin hurls to mocke the starres:
At last in smoaky slames it chokes the skies,
And of the building all the beauty marres,
Or once the owner halse can ope his eyes.
O mercy God! O Love! O Charity!

What is this heate, or how doth it arise? Is it begot but of a wanton eye, And so conceived in a gentle hart? If it be fo, then aske I reason why? Thy felfe, O Love! of eyes deprived art. But if by fatall revolution Of any ftarre, O God! thou guide thy dart, (Sith that we know the certaine motion Of every starre in heav'n, both her degree, Her opposition, and conjunction, With every other hidden qualitie, Portending what is likelieft to befall) Reveale, O God! reveale thou unto me That am thy priest (though worthy least of all) So long have I rebel'd against thy law, Blafpheming it as ceremonial,

Enacted onely fooles to keepe in awe:
Yet, fith I doe recant my folly now
That into danger youth might haply draw,
Reveale the reason, and the cause, why thou
In all thy deedes so diverse ever art;
And doe, I pray, instruct thy Prophet, how
In every pageant thou dost play thy part,
Provoking here to love and there to lust.

Why should a lady like with all her hart (Her selfe borne under *Fove* and *Venus* just) A tawny face besur'd with sable haire, Borne under old Saturnus starre combust?

What appetite the foule hath to the faire Is evident; for every feely foule Knowes with perfection how things long to paire: But that the faire should stoope unto the foule, A wonder it doth seeme to me, no lesse Then if an eagle should unto an owle. Yet more may be then I can haply gesse: I might be numbred eighth among the wise, If all to know myselfe I should professe.

It is because that in faire womans eyes
Blacke men seeme pearles (and women all, awis,
Would be, or else, which doth as well suffice,
Reputed faire?) or is it haply this,
That any beauty layde against the blacke,
Of much more beautie and more brightnes is?
Is it because we like (though nought we lacke)
What others have? or else because this hue
Lends livelier heate and moisture to the backe?
Why should a queene, to whom so many sue,

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So many princes would be prowde to ferve, Bid all the glittering pompe of court adue, And to a private love her fweets referve? Why should she spend with him her happy dayes, That hardly doth to serve her but deserve?

This is thy power, O Love! this is thy praife; For unto Gods it only doth belong
The mighty downe to pull, the meeke to raife:
Thou findeft likes, or elfe ere it be long,
Thou frameft fuch of fundry qualities.
It is then open, and no petty wrong,
To charge thee fo with incongrueties;
For onely thou alone in all thy deedes,
As at the first yet work'st by contraries.

When as together all the fundry feedes Of undigested Chaos did conspire To mould the body that fo many breedes, The earth, the aire, the water and the fire, (For each was unto either deadly foe) To fundry rankes did all at once retire: The leight got up, the heavy stay'd below, The fea did start aside to show the land, The windes did on the billowes stifly blow, All which be now tied in fo friendly band, As they may not beyond their limits range, And this was done by thy almighty hand. Nor art thou, Lord (for all thou feeme fo ftrange) Yet halfe so mutable as any man, But as refolved, and unapt to change, As at the day when first the world began. Perhaps by some to scorne I shall be laught

## Pancharis.

For holding fo, fay all they what they can, This is the truth, thus other shall be taught: Yea (though therefore I should be tortured) I would not alter any word for aught, For all is right, if it be rightly read.

FINIS.

5 I

## RICHARDO MARTINO HUGO HOLLANDIUS

Optimo Oratori Pessimus Poëta, veteris et perfecti amoris ergò novum sed imperfectum poëma mittit.

## SONULUS HENDECASYLLABICUS.

Hoc, Martine, tibi vetus fodalis
Nuper mitto novum poema cæptum,
Nec doctum fatis id, nimifve ineptum:
Vester Pegasus est, nec ipse talis
Qui tantis vehar incitatus alis.
Verùm me videor sat esse adeptum,
Si carmen tibi tale sit receptum;
Nec lectum tibi non fuisse malis.
Quod (si quid saperem) domo quietà
Annus debuerat videre nonus:
O sed famà ego gloriaque spretà
In pessum cecidi poeta pronus;
"Tanto pessimus omnium poeta,
"Quanto tu optimus omnium patronus."

## TO SIR ROBERT COTTON, KNIGHT, Lord of Cunnington.

My reasons can no longer hold out nor yet my modesty: nature indeed hath armed me against blushing, not against bashfulnes. Have here then this double impersect poëm. First, though ill, not all done: Secondly, through all il done. The faults I confes in making (as they be many) are mine: the fault in fetting forth (if it be any) is yours; and fo much the more yours, by how much the more you would have mine published. It was (if you remember) the worke, or rather the pastime of one vacation. Howbeit, that can no way justly excuse me. For (if the destiny of these leaves should out-spin Nature in our lives) how should posterity be informed in how short time the same were written? All the writings of old time were as the testaments of the writers: but most of the writers of our dayes are as executors to their writings; not unlike Hecuba in the tragedy, who in her own lifetime faw the death of all her children. And to fay but truth (had not I beene the more indulgent father) these rimes of mine (which nigh upon two yeares have nowe layen by me) had long fince made windeing-sheetes for perfumed gloves in the The last summer I began to put this infant EXCHANGE. (then about some twelve-moneths old) out of his foule and fwatheling clowts; and (like our London nurses, who, when they bring their foster-children to be shewed the friends, dresse them up in their best habiliments) wrote it out curiously with mine own hand, thinking to have gone into

Scotland and to have given it the king; towards whom my loyaltie, I was in those dayes as daring to powre into your bosome, as I found it ready to endure the same. love to me, and our duty to him gave us both confidence thereunto: to speake nothing of particular interest, his Maiesty and you descended of two brothers, hee from Rob. le Bruse, and you from Bernard. But ill newes carried me into Wales, and upon my returne Maister Secretary Herbert (with whom was in commission the noble and gentle Lord Eure, and the right worthy and vertuous Maister Doctor Dun), being ready to goe into Germany (which was his thirteenth publike employment), I fignified to his Honour the defire I had, but once in my life, to fee the world (for untill then I had beene alwayes one of the Oueenes deere), and he lovingly confented thereunto. Beleeve me, Sir Rob., he eis the man I tooke him for, and told you of. I will not speake of honors and titles, things (like representations in glasses) actuated by other; but rather of his learning, his wisdome, honesty; the first and last whereof are goodly vertues in a man of his fortune, all three lying within the spheare of our owne activitie. Amstelredam, in my way homeward (for I returned before their Lordships) I met those good ill-newes of the Oueens death, to whose honour and memory (neque me meminisse pigebit ELISAE), as by the Preface may appeare, I had once entended this first booke of the Præparation or Præludium of the love betweene Owen Tudyr and the Queene; which Preface notwithstanding I will have printed with the rest, that I doe so much right to that dead Lady, sometimes our foveraigne Queene and mistresse. The very Gospel it felfe (next which no gladder tidings could have pierced our

eares, then that King JAMES his head should be invested with the royall diadem) did allow the law, an honorable buriall. Neither should we fashion our felves to such whose affection to her waxed cold before her body, who thought they had done her a ftout piece of service, that they forfooke not her body before her foule did. I judge modeftly of them all, and hope it was but a longing they had to fee his Majesty, whom God of his mercy long preserve, lest he, who hath freed us from one curse of a kingdome, that is a woman, leave us unto another, that is, a childe. written an acrosticke fonet to his Maiestie, a canzonet to the Oueene, and another acrosticke unto the Prince; whose fervant I am by vow, and fubordinate subject by birth. For I doubt not but his noble father will shortly kisse him, and deliver him the verge of gold, with his patent, whereby hee is entituled Prince of Wales: which (though now high in nothing but mountaines) I hope one day shall be raised by his Graces presence; in whom we claime a double interest, as well by Walter Stewarte, as Owen Tudyr, both of them lineally descended from the most haught and magnanimous Princes of Wales. My fecond booke (if God spare life) of the entertainment of their love (which I principally vow to the honour of the better parte of his Graces principallity, my beloved country gentle Northwales, where by the way I am to speake somewhat of the warres of Owen Glindoure, with the worthy deeds of the two thunder-bolts of warre, the noble Percies) I purpose to confecrate unto his Highnesse: as also the third booke, of the perfection of their love, unto the Queens right excellent For unto whom should I dedicate the perfection of love but to the perfection of beautie? I speake this but

by heare-say: you have seene her, and know I flatter not, from which fault (if from any) I am most free: for in flattery (faith Tacitus) is the soule fault of slavery, and freedom of speach will be thought malice. Howbeit, after the saire example of our good friend M. Martin (who, with like libertie as eloquence, was not asraide to tell the King the truth) I will so comporte my selfe and wade warily betweene both, that I ever carry the heart of a monarchy, and the tongue of a common-wealth; the one loyall, the other liberall. In which resolution I end, commending this poëm to the conceipt of the reader, my selfe to you, and you to God.

Your very loving
HUGH HOLLAND.

### INTRODUCTION.

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The cost of the ensuing Reprints expends the whole of the money entrusted to the Editor for the purpose. Those who wish to continue the Series must be so good as to send another Post Office Order for £1 without delay.

concerned, the author of "Orestes" mad the precedence, for his drama was printed in 1567, while "Appins and Virginia" did

not come from the press until 1575. The initials R. B. are given as those of the author of the latter; while John Pykering boldly places his names on the fore front of "Orestes." the first page to the last the hero is called Horestes; and we may take it for granted that it was one of the many blunders of the early and ignorant typographer. Other errors of a glaring kind have been preserved in our reprint, and will be noticed as the reader proceeds; because our object has been to make an exact reproduction of the original, excepting, in a single instance, where we have added a word to a stage-direction, and where, in a few other places, for the sake of intelligibility merely, we have inserted a letter, always with the obvious distinction of The misprints begin on the very title-page, where "naturall" stands naturtll, "Menelaus" Menalaus, and "Hermione" Helmione: elsewhere Meros is put for "Mors," gilt for "gift," despyare for "desyare," spare for "fyare," &c. spelling is arbitrary and corrupt even for the time when the production was printed. On p. 7, last line but one, the rhyme corrects the text; and on an earlier page, 2, the word "fight" is made part of the line, although clearly a stage-direction. These stage-directions are all singular, and indeed important, with reference to the manner in which the drama was got up and represented three hundred years ago.

In every dramatic piece of this intermediate description, the "Vice" is preserved from the old "Morality," for the purpose of giving vivacity and attractiveness to the performance; but in "Orestes" only (and the difference is of importance) he is made to sustain the parts of Courage and Revenge, for which he was

furnished with proper apparel and disguises. The impersonation of Fame is used precisely in the same way and for the same purpose as Rumour in the second part of "Henry IV," or Chorus in "Henry V." The songs, with the ancient popular tunes to which they were sung, are also extremely interesting, and they are not only given to the Vice, as in some other early productions, but to Egisthus and Clytemnestra, who join in a duet in alternate stanzas. This last is to the old tune of "Lady, Lady;" also, as we here learn, called "King Solomon," which Elderton had used as early as 1559 in his ballad of "The Pangs of Love," and to which Shakespeare refers in two of his plays, "Twelfth Night," and "Romeo and Juliet." Other tunes appropriated to the Vice are "Over the water to Florida" (which was the same as "Sellinger's Round") and "The Painter," regarding which, we have no information. The most noticeable reference of this kind is near the conclusion of "Orestes," where a ballad is quoted which had been entered in the Stationers' Registers in 1557, "Who is merrier than the poorest sort."

The species of Epilogue, at the conclusion, is very peculiar, because it shews that the drama was publicly represented, if not in the presence, by permission of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London; who, however, soon after 1567, became so hostile to theatrical exhibitions, that they did their utmost to suppress them. They, happily, did not succeed; and between 1570 and 1580 three theatres were built and opened expressly for public performances.

We have evidence that a play with the title of "Orestes" was represented before Queen Elizabeth the year after the drama in the hands of the reader was printed; and we consider it more than probable that it was the identical production. whole, "Orestes" is, in our opinion, the most valuable performance of the kind in our language, in reference to the progress and improvement of our stage; and it is not long since it was discovered, among some other rare books (but no plays) in the closet of an old mansion of Wiltshire. We are happy to add that it is now deposited in the library of the British Museum: how long precisely it has been there we know not, but we lighted upon its title on accidentally turning over one of the many and confusing catalogues of that institution. We earnestly recommend that, instead of being kept in miserable half-binding, "Orestes" should be put into a cover somewhat consistent with its real worth, and as in every respect a unique specimen of our early dramatic poetry. When we venture to call it "poetry," the reader must be prepared to measure it, not by the standard of our perfect Shakespearian drama, but merely by that of the day when it was produced.

There is no greater desideratum in our language than a series of early dramas, properly arranged, shewing the gradual advance of our stage, from the earliest simple Scriptural Play, through the complex "Morality", and its periodical improvements by the introduction of real characters, until it culminated in the Historical Drama of the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth. Such a series, if only reasonably encouraged, we would gladly undertake, without the slightest view to pecuniary advantage. It might easily be comprised within three volumes of the size of our reprints.

# $A \quad NEWE$

## Enterlude of Aice, Conteyninge the Historye of Porestes, with the cruell revengment of his fathers death upon his one naturtll Mother.

BY

### JOHN PIKERYNG.

#### THE PLAYERS NAMES.

| The Vice.  | Clytemnestra. | Sodyer.    | Truthe.    |
|------------|---------------|------------|------------|
| Rusticus.  | Haltersycke.  | Nobulle.   | Fame.      |
| Hodge.     | Hempstryng.   | Nature.    | Hermione.  |
| Hrorestes. | Nestor.       | Provifyon. | Dewtey.    |
| Idumeus.   | Menalaus.     | Harrauld.  | Messenger. |
| Councell.  | A'Woman.      | Sodyer.    | Egestus.   |
|            | Comm          | anes       |            |

#### THE NAMES DEVIDED FOR VI TO PLAYE.

The fyrst the Vice and Nature and Dewtey. 3.

- Rusticus, Idumeus, 2 Sodyer, Menelaus, & Nobulles.
   Hodge, Counsell, Messenger, Nestor, & Commones.
- 4. Horestes, a Woman, & Prologue. 3.
- 5. Haultersicke, Sodyer, Egistus, Harrauld, Fame, Truth, • and Idumeus. 7.
- 6. Hempstrynge, Clytemnestra, Provisyon, & Helmione. 4.
- Imprinted at London in Fletestrete, at the signe of the Falcon by Wylliam Gryffith, and are to be folde at his shope in S. Dunstons Churcheyearde. Anno. 1567.

<u>...</u>,

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# HORESTES.

# An Interlude.

The Vyce. A, fyrra! nay foft; what? Let me fee. God morrowe to you, fyr, how do you fare? Sante a men. I thincke it wyll be The next day in the morning, before I com thear. Well, forward I wyll, for to prepare Some weapons and armour, the catives to quell: Ille teache the hurchetes agayne to rebell. Rebell? ye fyr, how faye you thereto? What! you had not beste their partes to take: Houlde the content, foole, and do as I do. Or elles, me chaunce, your pate for to ake. Ye, and thats more, for feare thou shalt quake Before Horestes, when, in good fouth, he Shall arryve in this lande, revenged to bee. Well, forwarde I wyll, thynges to pourvaye, In good fouth, for the wares, as I shall thincke good. Farre well, good man dotterell; and marke what I faye, Or eles it may chaunce you to feke a new houd; You would eate no more cakbread, I thinke, then, by the roud: If that, that same poulle from your shoulderes were bent, You would thincke you were yll, if so you were shent. [Hear entryth RUSTYCUS and HODGE.

Rust. Chyll never, nabore Hodge, have a glade harte, Tyll Egistous, the kynge, hath for his desarte

Received dew punnyshment; for this well I knowe, Horrestes to Crete with Idumeus did go, When his father was slayne by his mother most yll: And therefore I thincke that com heather he wyll, And revenge the injury of his mother most dyare, Wastinge our lande with zworde and with vyare.

Hodge. Jefu, nabor! with vyar and zworde? zaye ye zo? By gys, nabor, chyll zave one, I tro; For iche have fmaull good, by gife, for to lofe, And therefore iche care not how ever it gose: But chyll not be zlayne, chyll love nothinge worsse, Chyll never be bowrnt for the mony in my pourse. Iche have small rouddockes; and sodyers, I kno, Wyll robbe the riche chorles, and let the poore knaves go.

Vycc. A fyrre! nowe staye, and pause their a whyle, Be not to hastye, but take all the daye:
Be God, I am weary with comming this myle,
And having no money my horse heyare to paye,
Who how, I rode on my sete all the waye.
Jesu! what ground, since yesterday at none,
Have I gut thorow with this pare of shoune.

Rust. Nabor Hodge, be goge, hatche none I veare, That this lyttell hourchet the devayaunce doth beare. Come, let us go, and of him, in good south, We woll conquear out the verey truth.

Vyce. Hurchyt? goges oundes, gyppe with a wanyon! Ar you so loustey, in fayth, good man clound? Oundes, hart and nayles, this is a franion! Ille teache you to floute me, I hould you a pounde. O that it weare not, in fayth, for my gound! It wyll I be knoc um, yet for all that. [Fight.

Hodge. Hould, good mafter! you mare my new hat.

Vyce. Ha, ha, he! mar his hat, quoth he; thear was all his thought.

Tout, tout! for the blose he set not a pyn.

That garment is dyer that with blose is bought.

Well, sieres, to in treat me syth you begyn,

I am contentyd, my blade now shaull in.

But tell me, syeres, tell me no[w] whearefore of me

The cause on this fort your taulkynge should be?

Ruft. By gis, and iche chyll, master, for all my great payne, Of this matter to you to tell the veary playne.

My naybor Hodge and I, in good south,

Mot hear in the veldes, I tell you the truth;

Now as we wear talkinge, marke what I zaye,

You came in straight, and of us crost the waye.

Which thinge for zartyn when I did espye,

This sancey vlouncht in my head by and by;

And to Hodge I zayde that, by gys I dyd veare,

That your mashyp, good master, the devyaunce doth beare:

And be cause you weare lyttell, and of stature but smaull,

Your person a hourchet, in fayth, I dyd caull.

But, by gis, be contentyd, vor chyll neaver more

Osvend you a gaine, but cham zorey thearvore.

Vyce. Yf they weare not twayne, I cared not a poynt; But two is to meyney, the proverbe douth tell: Elles, be his oundes, I would jobard this joynt, And teache them agaynste me againe to rebell. O! that I wear abull the knaves vor to quell, Then would I tryomphe passinge all measure.

Hodge. Zentyl man, zentyll man, at your owne pleasure In fayth we be; and thearvore we praye,

What thy name is to us vor to zaye?

Vyce. My name would ye kno? marrey, you shaull. Harke, frynde, fourst to the I wyll it declare: Master Pacience, master Pacience, many on doth me caull. But com heather, nabor Hodge; thou must have a share. By gys, unto the I wyll not spare The fame for to showe; whearfore, my frend, My name is Pacience, if thou it perpend. Hodge. Past shame? Godes gee, naybor, past shame?

By godes be, naybor, thates a tryccom name.

Vyce. Tell a mare a tall, and shyell gerd out a fart. Se how the as my wordes douth mistake Would it not anger a faynt at the hart To fe what a scoffe of my name he douth make? O, oundes of me! as still as a stake He standith, nought caring what of him may be tyde: Be his woundes, I wod have a arme, or a fyde. Sought! let me se; it is best to be styll, Good flepinge in a hole skynne, ould foulkes do saye; Notwithstandinge, I wis, ill have myne owne wyll. Naye, I wyll be revenged, by his oundes, and I maye. Syrra, you good man Ruftycus, marke what I faye: Harke in thine eare, man; this dyd I fee, A hoge of thyne wearyed to be.

Rust. Godes gee, maister Pacience, I praye you me tell. What horfon chorles doge my hogge fo dyd quell? Iche zware by gife, and holye zaynt blyve, Chyll be zwinge him, and ich be a lyve. By godes de, cham angry, and not well content: Chould ha wear hear, chould make him repent. Ich had rather gyven vore stryke of corne,

Then to had my hogge on this wyfe forlorne: But if I knewe whous dogge chould be, Revenged well inough, iche warrent the.

Vyce. Ha, ha, he! by God, Rusticus, I maye faye in no game,

I knowe the person whose dogge so did slaye Thy hogge: fye, fye, man! it was vearey shame For thy naybor Hodge to let it, by this daye. Well, I wyll go to him, and se if I maye By aney meanes procure him to make amendes: Ille do the best I can to make you both frendes.

Rust. Chyll be no frendes, chad rather be hanged, Tyll iche have that oulde karle wel and thrysteley banged; And tweare not your mashyppe dyd me with hould, To swing the ourchet iche chould be boulde.

Vyce. Ha, ha, he! nay, nay, spare not for me; Go to it strayght, if thear to ye gre.

Rust. Hodge, I harde say, thou illy hast wrought, For my hogge unto death with thi dog thou hast brought. Iche byd the thy vaute to me to amend, Or chyll zwaddell the, iche zweare, in my bat end.

Hodge. Zwaddell me? godes get! chyll care not a poynte; Iche have a good bat thy bones to a noynte:
Thou old carle, I zaye, thy hoge hurtyd me,
And therefore I wyll have a mendes now of the.
My rye and my otes, my beanes and my peafe,
They have eaten up quight, but fmall for my eafe;
And therefore iche zaye, all thy hogges kepe vafte,
Or iche wyll them wearey as longe as they lafte.
By godes get! I can never come in my ground,
But that zame zwyne in my peafe iche have founde.

Vyce. Tout, tout! Rusticus, these wordes be but wynd. To him, man, to him, and swaddell him well:
Ye, neaver leave him as longe as thou can fynd
Him whot, but teache him a gaine to rebell:
What nededest thou care, though his wordes be so fell.
Tout, tout! tharte unwyse; and sollowe my mynde,
And I warraunt the in end some ease thou shalt finde.
Rust. Godes gee, hourson Hoge, paye me for my zwine,

Or eles larne to kepe that cockescome of thyne.

[Up with thy staf and be readye to smyte, but Hodg smit

first, and let the Vise thwacke them both and run out.

Hodge. Godes de, do thy worst, I care not a poynte:

Chyll paye the none, chyll jobard a joynte.

Vycc. Nay, stand I styll? some what, I wyll lend:

Take this for a reward; now a waye I must wend.

Rust. O Godes get! cham zwinged zo zore, Iche thincke, chaull neaver lyve one houre more.

Hodge. O godes! ge I thincke my bownes will in zonder; Yf ich get home, by gis, ittes a wounder:

Farwell, Rusticus, for by gis ich chaull,

When I mete the againe, bezwinge the vor all.

Rus. Naye, letes be frendes, and chyll, in good part, Of browne ale at my house give the a whole whart: What, Hodge, shake handes, mon; be merey and lausse, By godes ge, iche had not the best end of the staffe.

Hodge. Cham content, naybor Rusticus, shaull be ene so. Come, to they house I praye the, let us go. [Go out.

[Horestes entrith.

Horestes. To caull to minde the crabyd rage of mothers yll attempt

Provokes me now all pyttie quight from me to be exempt.

Yet lo! dame nature teles me, that I must with willing mind Forgeve the saute, and to pytie some what be inclynd. But lo! be hould that ulltres dame, on hourdome morder vill Hath heaped up, not contented, her spousaule bed to syll With forrayne love, but sought also my satal thred to share, As erst before my sathers syll, in sonder she dyd pare. O paterne love! why douste thou so, of pytey me request, Syth thou to me wast quight denyed, my mother being prest: When tender yeres this corps of mine did hould, alas for wo, When frend my mother shuld have bin, then was she chese my so.

Oh godes! therfore fith you be just, unto whose poure wyll, All thing in heaven, and earth also, obaye and sarve untyll, Declare to me your gracious mind: shall I revenged be, Of good Kynge Agamemnones death, ye godes, declare to me?

Or shall I let the adultres dame styll wallow in her sin? Oh godes of war! gide me aright, when I shall war begyn. Vyce. Warre, quoth he, I, war in dede? and trye it by the sworde.

God fave you, fyr; the godes to ye have fent this kind of word:

That in the haft you armour take your fathers fose to flaye, And I as gyde with you shall go, to gyde you on the way. By me thy mind ther wrathful dome shalbe performed in dede.

Therfore, Horestes, marke me well, & forward do procede, For to reveng thy fathers death; for this they all have ment Which thing for to demonstrat, lo! to the they have sent me.

Hor. Ar you, good fyr, the messenger of godes as you do saye?

Wil they, in revenging this wrong I make not long delay *Vycc*. What nede you dout? I was in heaven when al the gods did gre

That you of Agamemnons death, for fouth, revenged should be.

Tout tout! put of that childish love: couldst thou with a good wil

Contentyd be, that one should so thy father seme to kyll? Why wayght thou man? leave of I say; plucke corrage unto the:

This lamentation fone shall fade, if thou embrasydest me.

Hor. What is thy name, may I inquear? O facred wight! I pray

Declare to me, & with this feare do not my hart difmaye.

Vycc. Amonge the godes celeftiall I Courrage called am.

You to affyste, in veary truth, from out the heavens I cam, And not without god Marsis his leave I durst hear show my

face,

Which thou shalt fele, if that thir gift thou dost forthwith imbrace.

Hor. And fith it is thear gratious will, welcom thou art to me,

O holy wight! for this thear gyft, I thanke them hartelley. My thinkes I fele all feare to fley, all forrow griefe & payne: My thinkes I fele corrage provokes my wil for ward againe, For to revenge my fathers death and infamey so great.

Oh! how my hart doth boyle in dede with firey perching heate.

Corrage, now welcom by the godes: I find thou art in dede A messenger of heavenly godes. Come, let us now procede, And take in hand to bringe to pas revengyd for to be

Of those which have my father slaine: but fost! now let me se.

Idumeus, that worthy kinge, doth com into this place;

What fay you, Corrage, shal I now declare to him my case? Vyce. Faull to it, then, and slacke no time, for tyme once past away

Doth cause repentence but to late to com old foulks do say. When stede is stolen, to late it is to shyt the stable dore.

Take time, I fay, while time doth give a leasure good therfore.

Idum. What ever he be that sceptar beares, or rules in state full hie,

I[s] fonest down through fortunes eyar, and brought to myserey;

As of late yeares the worthy kinge, Agamemnon by name, Whos prais throughout the world is bloun by golden trump of fame:

His wel won fame in marshall stoure doth reache unto the sky,

Yet, lo! through fortunes blind attempt, he lo in earth doth lie:

He that had past the fate of war, where chance was equal fet,

Through fortunes spight is caught, alacke, with in olde Meros net;

And he which somtime did delight in clothed coat of maylle, Is now constrayed in Carones bote over the brouke to saylle, That slose upon the satall bankes of Plutose kingdome great, And that in shade of silent wodes and valeys greene do beate; Where soules of kinges and other wights a poynted are to be In quiet state, there also is this worthey reall tree.

Of fouth, I joye for to behold Horestes active cheare, The which in sather somtime was, in son doth now apear. But where is he that all this day I neaver sawe his sace?

Hor. At hand, O king, thy farvant is, which wisheth to thy grace [Knell downe.

All hayl, with happey fate certayne, with pleasures many fould!

But yet, my liege, a fute I have, if I might be so bold To crave the same, my soferayn lord, wherby I might aspyer Unto the thing which very much, O king, I do requier.

Idum. What thing is that? if we suppose it lausual for to be,

On prynces faith, without delaye, it shall be given the. *Vyce.* Tout! let him alone now, we say in good south;

I was not fo luftey my pourpose to get.

But now, of my honestey, I tell you of truth,

In revenging the wronge his mynd he hath fet.

It is not Idumeus that hath power to let

Horestes fro sekinge his mother to kyll.

Tout! let hym alone, hele have his own wyll.

Hor. Sith that your grace hath willed me this my defiar to show,

Oh, gratious king, this thing it is I let your grace to know; That long I have request to vew my fathers kingley place, And eke for to revenge the wrong done to my fathers grace Is myne intent: wherefore, o king, graunt that without delaye,

My earytage and honor eke atchyve agayne I maye.

Idum. Stey their a whyle, Horestes mine, tyll Councell do decree

The thing that shall unto your state most honorabell bee.

My counciler, how do you thinke? let us your councell have: How think you by this thing the which Horestes now doth

Counc. As I do thinke, my foferayne lord, it should be nothing ill

A prynce for to revenged be on those which so dyd kyll His fathers grace; but rather shall it be a feare to those That to the lyke at anye time their cruell mindes dispose:

And also, as I thinke, it shall an honer be to ye

To adjuvate, and helpe him with fome men revenged to be. This do I thinke most fyttest for your state, and his also:

Do as you lyst, sieth that your grace my mind herin doth know.

*Idum.* Sith Councell thinkes it fyt, in ded, revenged for to be,

That you, Horestes, in good south, for to revenge I gree:

And also to mayntaine your war, I graunt you with good
will

A thousand men, of stomake bolde, your enimise to kyll.

Take them forth with, and forward go, let flyp no time ne tyd,

For chaunce to leafure to be bound, I tell you, can not byd. Go therfore ftraight, provide your men, and like a manly knight,

In place of ftouer put forth thy felfe, affay with all thy might

To win the fame, for glorey none in chambering doth rest. Marke what I saye: to get thy men I take it for the best.

Vyce. Come on, Horestes, sith thou hast obtayned thy desier.

Tout, tout, man! feke to dystroye as doth the flaming fier,

Whose properte, thou knoest, doth gro as long as any thing Is lest wher by the same may seme som suckor for to bring.

Hor. I thanke your grace: I shal sequest your gratius mind herin. [Go out.

Vyce. Se, se, I praye you, how he joyse that he must war begin. [Go out.

*Idum*. My Councell, now declare to me, how think you by this wight,

Doth not he seme, in fouth, to be in tyme a manley knight? By all the godes, I thinke in south, a man may easeley kno Whose son he was, so right he doth his fathers steppes sollow.

Counc. Undoubtedly, my foferaynd lorde, he femeth unto me

Not to fequest his fathers steppes in feates of chevallrey; But rather for to imitate the floure of Greation land,

I meane Achilles, that fame knight by whose one only hand The Greacians have obtaind, at laingth, the conquest of old Troy,

For which thei did holl x. yeres space their labor great imploy.

Idum. Syth he is gon for to purvaye fuch thinges as shall, in dede,

Suffife to farve his tourn in wares wherof he shal have nede, Let us depart, and when he shall retourne heather a gayne, To see the muster of his men we wyll sure take the payne.

[Go out.]

[Entrithe and Syngeth this song to the tune of have over the water to floride or selengers round.

THE SONGE.

Halter ycke. Farre well, adew that courtlyke lyfe, To warre we tend to gowe; It is good fport to fe the stryfe Of fodyers on a rowe.

How merely they forward march

These enemys to slaye:

With hey trym and tryxey to, Their banners they displaye.

Now shaull we have the golden cheates,

When others want the fame:

And fodyares have foull maney feates

Their enemyes to tame.

With couckinge heare, and bomynge their,

They breake thear fose araye;

And loustey lades amid the seldes

Thear ensines do displaye.

The droum and flute playe loufteley,

The troumpet blose a mayne;

And ventrous knightes corragiousley

Do march before thear trayne.

With speare in reste so lyvely drest

In armour bryghte and gaye,

With hey trym and tryxey to,

Thear banners they displaye.

[HEMPSTRINGE commeth in and speaketh.

Hempstring. Goges oundes! Haultersycke, what makes thou heare?

Hault. What! Jacke Hempstringe, welcom; draw near.

Hemp. By his oundes, I have foughte the, fome newfe the to tell.

Hault. Godes bloud! what newse? ist the devell in hell?

Hemp. In faythe, thou art mearey; but this is the matter:

Doust thou hear, Haltersicke? each man doth clatter

Of warres, ye, of warres; for Horestes will go His erytage to wyn, boye: the truth is so.

Hault. Nay, but Jacke Hempstringe, lease of this prate;

Yf thou caull me boye, then beware thy pate.

Hemp. What! hould thy peace: as far as I fe, We be boyse both; thearfore let us gree.

Hault. Boye! naye, be god, though I be but smaull, Yet, Jacke Hempstringe, a hart is worth all:

And have not I an hart that to warres dare go?

Yes, Hempstringe, I warrant the; and that thou shouldest know.

If Dycke Halterfyckes mynde thou move unto eyar:

Colles neaver bourne tyll they be fet one fyare.

Hemp. Ye, but if they bourne so that they flame, Yet water, Dycke Haltersycke, the bourning cane tame. But, harke thee, my master will venter a joynt,

And me to wayte on him he all readye doth poynt.

But, hearste thou, thou knowest my master loves well, Now and then, to be snappinge at some dayntye mossell.

But by goges bloud, Hallterfycke, if thou love me,

Take fome prytey wenche our laundrar to be;

And be goges bloud, I am contentyd to beare

Halfe of her chargis, when that she comes thear.

Hault. As fyt for the warre, Jacke Hempstringe, thou art, In sayth, as a be is to drawe in a carte:

He is lyke to be manned, that hath such a knight
Under his banner, I sweare, for to sight.

When Herestee in fight maste busing the like

When Horestes in fight moste busiest shalbe,

Then with thy gynney we must seke the.

*Hemp*. Goges oundes, hart, and nayles! you are a franion: Come of with a myschiese, my gentell companion.

By your lieve, fire Haulterficke, I thinke that a be As good a fodyer as ever was ye.

Hault. He hath learned his lesson; but, of south, I feare He hath quight forgotten the waye for to sweare. Oundes, hart, and nayles! marcy, hes no lad,

And he be not hanged, he wyll be starke mad.

Hemp. Hange me no hanginge; yf ye be so quicke, Roube not to hard, lest Hempstringe do kycke.

Hault. Had better be ftyll, and a fleepe in his bead: Yf a kycke me, me chaunce to breake his head.

. [Flort him.

Hemp. Goges bloud! good man Halterfycke, begyne you to flout me?

Hault. No, not at all; he douth but lout ye.

What, Hempstringe, I saye, are you angred at jeste? In fayth, goodman lobcocke, your handsomley dreste.

[Flort hym on the lipes.

Hemp. Goges bloud! fo to flout me, thou art much to blame.

Hault. Why, all that I do, man, is but in game.

Hemp. Take thou that for thy jeste, and flout me no more.

[Give him a box on the eare.

Hault. For that fame on blowe thou shault have a score. Drawe thy sword, vylyne, yf thou be a man,

And then do the worst that ever thou can.

Hemp. Naye, fet fword a fyde, and at boffetes well trey Wheather of us both shall have the masterey.

Hault. Goges oundes! thou art bygger, yet I care not a poynt,

Yf to be revenged I jobard a joynt.

[Fyght at bosites with fystes.

Hemp. I have coylyd the well, but I holde the a grote Yf thou meddell with me, I wyll fwinge thye cote.

Hault. In dede, I must saye, I have cought the worst;

But I wyll be revengyd, or eles I shall bourste. Yf tyme did not call me from hence to depart,

I should anger the, Hempstring, even at the hart.

Therefore farwell, tyll an other daye.

But, hearste thou, take this, to spend by the waye.

[Give him a box on the eare, and go out.

Hemp. Goges oundes! is he gon? naye, after I wyll, And of the flave, by his oundes, I wyll have my fyll.

Go out.

[Let the drum playe, and HORESTES enter with his men, & lette him knele downe and speake.

Hor. O godes! be prosperous, I praye, and eke preserve my band;

Show now that ye be gods in ded, stretch out your mighty

And give us hartes and willes also, where by we may prevayll;

And fuffer not, you godes, I praye, our courragis to fayll: But let our hartes addytyd be, for aye as we pretend,

And of that vile adultres dame, oh gods! now make an end. My hands do thryst her blod to have: nought can my mind content,

Tyll that on her I have perfourmed, oh gods! your just judgment. Stand up.

Nature. Nay, stey, my child; from mothers bloud withdraw thy bloudy hand.

Hor. No, nought at all, oh Nature! can my purpose now withstand.

Shall I for geve my fathers death? my hart can not agre, My father flayne in such a forte, and unrevenged be.

Nat. Confider first, Horestes myne, what payne for the she toke.

Hor. And of my fathers death, againe, O Nature! do thou louke.

Nat. I do confesse a wycked facte it was, this is most playne;

Not withftanding, from mothers bloud thou must thy hands refrain.

Canft thou, alacke, unhappey wight! confent revenged to be On her whose pappes before this time hath geven foud to the? In whom I, Nature, formyd the, as best I thought it good? Oh! now requight her for her pain; withdraw thy hand from bloud.

Hor. Who offendith the love of God, and eke mans love, with willing hart,

Must by that love have punishment, as dutey due for his defart.

For me therfor to punish hear, as law of gods and man doth wil,

Is not a crime, though that I do, as thou dost faie, my mother kil.

Nat. The cruel beafts that raung in feldes, whose jause to blod are whet,

Do not confent their mothers paunch in cruell wife to eate. The tyger fierce doth not defiare the ruine of his kinde;

And shall dame Nature now in the such tyraney once finde,

As not the cruell bestes voutsafe to us in aney case?

Leve now, I fay, Horestes myne, and to my wordes give place,

Lest that of men this facte of thine may judged for to be Ne lawe in fouth, ne justys eke, but cruell tyraney.

Hor. Pythagoras doth thinke it, lo, no tyraney to be.
When that justyse is mynestryd as lawe and godes decree.
If that the law doth her condemne as worthy death to have,
Oh Nature! wouldst thou wil that I her life should seme to save?

To fave her lyfe whom law doth flay is not justife to do, Therefore I faye, I wyll not yeld they hestes to com unto.

Nat. Yf nature cannot brydell the, remember the decaye Of those which heretosore, in south, their parents sought

Of those which heretosore, in south, their parents sought to slay.

Œdippus fate caull thou to minde, that flew his father so; And eke remember now what fame of him a brode doth go.

Hor. What fame doth blowe I forse not I, ne yet what fame I have;

For this is true, that bloud for blood my fathers deth doth crave,

And lawe of godes and lawe of man doth eke request the the same:

Therefore, oh Nature! fease to praye, I forse not of my name. Nat. For to lament this heavey fate I cannot other do.

Alacke, alacke! that once my chyld should now consent unto

His mothers death: wherefore farewell, I can no longer ftey. [Go out.

Hor. Farwel, dame Nature. To my men I straight wil take my way.

[Go out.]

IDUMEUS.

[Enter.]

*Idum*. To fe this mouster let us go, for I suppose it tyme. Where is Horestes? why stease he? the truth to me define.

Counc. Oh, foferayne lord! me thinkes I here him for to be at hand.

Yft please your grace, he is in fight even now withal his band.

[Let the drum play, and enter HORESTES with his band: marche about the stage.

Idum. Come on, Horestes, we have stayd your moster for to se.

Hor. And now at hand my men and I all redy armed be. Lo, mighty king, thes champions here agre with me to wende: Oh, gratious king! that they shall so wylt please you condissend.

*Idum.* I do agree; and now a whyle give eare your king unto.

It doth behoufe corragious knightes on this wyfe for to do: That is, to stryve for to obtayne the victorey, and prayfe That lasts for aye, when death shall end the find of these our dais.

Wherefore be bold and feare no fate, the gods for you shall fight,

For they be just, and will not se that you, in case of right, Shall be desstrest: wherefore attend, and do your busey payne,

The crabyd rage of enymyse by forse for to restrayne. And as to me, your trusteynes hath here to fore be knowne, So now in this Horestes here let eke the same be showne. Be to his heastes obaydient; be stoute to take in hand Such enterpryse which he shall thinke most for his state to stand:

Which if you do the same is youres; the glorey and renoune That shal arise of thes your facts throughout the world shal sound: The which you may, I pray the godes your gydes here in to be.

And now farewell, but not [e] that well that I have fayde to ye. Sodyeares. The godes preferve your grace for aye, and you defend from wo.

That we have don as you comaund ful wel your grace fhal kno.

*Idum.* Now, harke, Horestes: since thou must of men the gyder be,

And that the wyll of godes it is thou must now part from me, Take yet my last commaundement, and beare it in thy minde.

Let now thy men courragiousnes in the their captayne finde;

And as thou art courragious, so lyke wyse let their be For safe gard of thy men a brayne, well fraught with pollicye.

For over rashe in doinge ought doth often damage bringe, Therfore, take councell first before thou dost anye thinge. For councell, as Plaato doth tell, is sure a heavenly thinge; And Socrates a certaynte doth say, councell doth brynge Of thinges in dout; for Lyvy sayes, no man shall him repent, That hath before he worked ought his tyme in councell spent.

And be thou lybraull to thy men, and gentell be also,
For that way at thy wil thou mayst have them through fire
to go;

And he that shall at any tyme deserve ought well of thee, Soffer him not for to depart, tyll well reward he be.

Thus have you hard, Horestes mine; remember well the same:

In doing thus you shall pourchas to the immortaull fame: The which I hope you wyll assaye for to atchise in dede.

The gods the blis, when in the war thou forward shalt procede.

Hor. I thanke your grace; and now of you my leave I here do take.

Idum. Farwell, my fonne Horestes; I thy partinge yll shall take. [Imbrace him.

Yet eare thou go, let me imbrace the once, I the do praye: Alacke, alacke, that now from me thou must nedes part away!

Yet whyell thou art in preasent place receave of me this kys: [Kys him.

Farwell, good knight, for now I shal thy swete imbrasings mys.

Hor. The facred godes prefarve and fave thy state, oh king, I pray,

And fend the helth, and after death to rayne with him for aye! Come on, my men; let us depart.

Sodyers. As please your grace, with all our hart.

[March about and go out.

Idum. Ah, ah! how grevous is his parting now, my Councell, unto me!

The godes him bles and fend him helth, I pray them hartele. Wo worth the time, the day and our, now may Horestes wayle:

And Clytemnestra may lament that so she dyd assayle
His sather deare; for now on bloud Horestes mind is set,
And to revenge his sathers death, sure, nought their is can let.
In voyding of a mischese smal, they have wrought their
decay;

For now nought elles in Horestes but sore reveng bears sway.

Councell. For t[w]o causes, my soferayne lord, revengment ought to be:

The on, least others be in secte with that that they shall se Their princes do: the other is, that those that now be yll, May be revoked and may be taught for to subdew their wyll. Plato, a wife phylosopher, dyd thinke it for to be A pryncely sacte, when as a king shall punishe seriousley Such persons as dyd trayne their lyse to sollow that was naught,

The which their prince at ani time shal by mischaunce have wrought:

Protegeus an evell kinge a carrayne likenes to,
Which all the place about the same to stinke causeth to do.
Therefore, O king! if that her saute should unrevenged be,
A thousand evylles would infu their of your grace should se.
Her saute is great, and punnyshment it is worthy for to have;
For by that meane the good, in south, from daungers may
be sause.

For, lo, the unyverfaull fcoll of all the world, we knowe, Is once the pallace of a kinge, where vyces chefe do flow. And as to waters from on head and fountayne oft do fpring, So vyce and vertue oft do flo from pallace of a kinge. Whereby the people feeing that the kinge adycte to be, To profecute the lyke they all do labor, as we fe. Therfore the gods have wylled thus, Horestes for to take His jorney, and a recompence for fatheres death to make. *Idum.* Sith gods have wild the same to be, good lucke the gods him send.

Com on, my Councell; now from hence we purpose for to wend.

[Go out.

[Enter EGISTUS and CLYTEMNESTRA, finginge this fonge, to the tune of king Salomon.

Egis. And was it not a worthy fight, Of Venus childe, kinge Priames fonne, To steale from Grece a ladye bryght, For whom the wares of Troye begon. Naught fearinge daunger that might faull,

Lady ladie!

From Grece to Troye he went with all, My deare lady.

Clytem. When Paris firste arived there, Where as dame Venus worshyp is, And bloustringe fame abroade dyd beare His lyveley fame, she dyd not mys To Helena for to repayre,

Her for to tell

Of prayle and shape so trym and sayre, That dyd excell.

Egis. Her beautie caused Paris payne, And bare chiese sweye with in his mynde: No thinge was abell to restraine, His wyl some waye sourth for to finde, Where by he might have his despyare,

Lady ladye!

So great in him was Cupids fyare, My deare ladye.

Clytem. And eke as Paris dyd defyear Fayre Helena for to possesse; Her hart inslamid with lyke fyear, Of Paris love despiard no lesse; And found occasion him to mete,

In Cytheron:

When each of them the other dyd grete, The feast uppon.

Egis. If that in Paris Cupides shafte, O Clytemnestra! toke such place, That tyme ne waye he never left, Tyll he had gotte her comley grace, I thinke my chaunce not ill to be,

Ladye ladye!

That ventryd lyfe to purchase ye, My dere ladye.

Clytem. Kynge Priames fonne loved not so sore The Gretian dame, they brothers wyse:
But she his person estemed more,
Not sor his sake savinge her lyse;
Which caused her people to be slayne,

With him to flye;

And he requight her love a gayne, Most faythfullye.

Egys. And as he recompence agayne The fayre quene Hellyn for the fame, So whyle I lyve I wyll take payne My wyll alwayes to yours to frame. Syth that you have voutsafe to be,

Ladye ladye!

A Queene and ladye unto me, My deare ladye.

Clytem. And as she lovyd him best, whyle lyse Dyd last, so tend I you to do, Yf that devoyd of warr and stryse, The Godes shall please to graunt us to.

Syeth you voutsafest me for to take, O my good knyght! And me thy ladye for to make, My hartes delyghte.

Egis. As joyfull as the warlyke god is Venus to behoulde, So is my hart repleate with joye, much more a thousand fould,

Oh Lady deare, in that I do posses my hartes delyghte.—
What menes this found? for very much it doth my hart
aflight.

[Let the trumpet blowe with in.

Clytem. Feare nought at all, Egistus myne; no hourt it doth pretend:

But lo! me thinkes a messenger to us heather doth wend.

[Enter.

Messenger. The Gods presarve your eaquall state, and fend you of their blys!

Clytem. Welcom, good messenger: what newese, I pray the, with the is?

Mes. Yft please your grace, even now there is arryved in this land

The mightey knight Horestes, with a mightey pewsaurt band,

Who purposith for to invade this Mycœne Citie stronge;

And as he goese he leyse both tower and castell all alonge: It boutes no man defence to make, for yf he wyll not yeld, By sodyeres rage he straight is slayne in mydest of the selde.

Go .ut.

Clytem. Ah, fyr! is he come in dede? he is wellcom, by this daye.

Egiftus, now, in fouth, with fpede from hence take you your way

In to our realme, and take up men our tyghtull to defend. Tyll your retourne, this citie I to kepe do fure intend: For all his strength, he shall not get to entter once hear in. The walles be strong; and for his forse I sure set not a pyn.

Egis. Syth you be abell to defend this citie, as you saye, Farwell! in south, to get me men, I now wyll take my waye. And sone againe I wyll returne his pamprid pryd to tame.

Clytem. Farwell, Egistus! and, in south, I strayght will do the same.

Go out.

[Enter a woman, lyke a beger, ronning before they sodier; but let the sodier speke first, but let the woman crye first pitifulley.

Sodyer. Yeld the, I faye; and that by and by, Or with this fword, in fayth, thou shalt dye.

Woman. Oh! with a good wyll, I yeld me to the. Good master sodier, have mercye on me! My husband thou hast slayne in most cruell wyse, Yet this my prayer do now not despyse.

Sodier. Come on, then, in hast; my prysoner thou art: Come, followe me, I saye; we must nedes depart.

[Go a fore her, and let her fal downe upon the [fodier], and al to be beate him.

Woman. A horson slave! I wyll teach the, in saye,
To handle a woman on an other waye.

To put me in feare with out my dezarte?

I wyll teache the, in faye, to playe fuch a parte.

Sodyer. Be contentyd, good woman, and thou shalt be Neaver heare after molysted for me.

Woman. Naye, vyllyn flave! a mendes thou fhalt make. In that thou be fore me as pryfiner dydeft take, Nowe I have cought the, and my pryfoner thou art. By his oundes, horfon flave! this gofe to they harte.

Sodyer. Naye, fave my lyfe, for I wyll be Thy pryfoner: and, lo, I yelde me to the.

Woman. Come, wend thou with me, and they wepon thou shalt have,

[Take his weapons, & let him ryfe up, & then go out both. Syth that thou voutsafyste my lyse for to save. [Enter the VYCE, fynginge this song, to the tune of the Paynter.

Vyce. Stand backe, ye slepinge jackes at home, And let me go.

You lye, fyr knave! am I a mome? Why faye you fo?

Tout, tout! you dare not come in felde, For feare you shoulde the goste up yelde.

With blofe, he gofe, the gunne shot flye, It seares, it seares, and thear doth lye.

A houndreth in a moment be,

Difftroyed quight:

Syr fause, in fayth, yf you should se, The gonne shot lyght,

To quake for feare you would not stynte, When as by forse of gounshotes dynte, The rankes in raye are tooke awaye,

As pleaseth fortune oft to playe.

But in this flower who beares the fame?
But onley I:

Revenge, Revenge, wyll have the name, Or he wyll dye.

I fpare no wight, I feare none yll, But with this blade I wyll them kyll: For when myne eayre is fet on fpare, I rap them, I fnap them; that is my defyare. Farwell! a dew, to wares I muste In all the hast.

My cosen cutpursse wyll, I truste, Your pursse well tast.

But to it, man, and feare for nought:

Me faye to the it is well fraught

Wyth ruddockes red: be at a becke; Beware the arfe, breake not thy necke.

are the arse, breake not thy necke. [Go out. [Horestes entrith with his bande, & marcheth about the stage.

Horefles. Come on, my fodyers, for at home arrved their we be,

Where as we must have our desyare, or els dye mansulley. The walles be hye, yet I intend uppon them first to go; And, as I hope, you sodierrs will your captayne eke follow. Ys I for sake to go before, then sley you eke be hynde, And as I am, so eke I trust my sodyers for to finde. Com hether, Harauld: go proclame this mine intent straightway:

To yonder cittie fay that I am come to their decaye.
Unlesse they yeld I will destroye both man, woman & childe;
And eke their towers, that for the war so strongly they do bylde.

Byd them in hast to yeld to me, for nough[t] I do a byde, But for their aunswear, or elles sourthwith for them and theres provid.

[Let the trumpet go towarde the Citie and blowe. Harraulde. Your gratious minde straight shalbe don. Cum, trompet, let us go.

That I have don your message wel, your grace ful wel shal kno.

Hor. Flye the apase, and let me have agayne an aunsweare sone;

And then a non thou shalt well se what quickely shalbe done.

Harr. How! whow is their that kepes the gate? geve eare my words unto!

[Let the trumpet leave foundyng, & let HARRAULD fpeake, & CLITEMNESTRA speake over the wal.

Clytem. What wouldst thou have, Harald? declare what hast thou her to do?

Har. My master bydes the yeld to him this citie out of hande,

Or elles he will not leave on stone on other for to stand: And all things elles within this towne he wil have at his wil,

As pleaseth him by any meanes to save or elles to spyll. What you will now, therfore declare, & aunswere to him send.

Clytem. This citie here against him and his I wyll defende.

Harr. Then, in his name, I do defye both the and all with in.

Clytem. By him and his, tell him in fouth, we do not fet a pyn.

Harr. Yf it please your grace, this word she sends: she wil not yeld to ye,

But yf you com, unto your harme she sayes that it shalbe.

[Let the Haraulde go out here.

Hor. Sith that my grace, and eke good will, they on fuch fort difpife,

For to deftroye both man and chyld I furely do devyse.

Come on, my men! bend now your forse this citie for to wyn:

Save no mans lyse that on [c]e should make rysistaunce there within;

And when you shall posses the towne, and have all things at wil.

Loke out my mother, but to her do ye no kynde of yll:

Let her not die, though that she would desiar the death to have,

For other wyfe my fathers death revengment doth crave.

Sodyer. We shall your hestes obaye with spede. Oh captayne! we desiar

That we were there, for to revenge, our hartes are fet on fyar.

Vyce. Lyke men, by God I fweare, wellfayd! Horestes, let us gow:

Nowe to thy men lyke manly hart I praye the for to fhowe:

And, as thou seiste, be firste the man that shall the citie wyn. How, how! now for to flye all ready they begynne.

Hor. With lyvely hartes, my troumpeters, exault your tubal found;

And now, my fodyers, in your harts let courrage eke be found.

Com, let us go: the godes for us shall make an easey waye: Spare none a lyve, for I am bent to seke their great decaye.

[Go and make your lively battel, and let it be longe eare you can win the citie; and when you have won it, let HORESTES bringe out his mother by the armes, and let the droum feafe playing, and the trumpet also: when she is taken, let her knele downe and speake.

Clytem. A lack, what heaps of myscheses great me, felly wight, torment!

Now is the tyme falune me upon, which I thought to prevent.

Yet best I seke my lyse to save, perhappes he will me here. A lacke! revengment he dothe crave for slaying his sather dere.

Yf aney sparke of mothers bloud remaynd within thy breste, Oh, gratious child! let now thine eares unto my words be prest.

Pardon I crave, Horestes myne; save now my corpes from death;

Let no man faye that thou wast cause I yeldyd up my breath:

I have offendyd, I do confesse, yet save my lyfe, I praye,

And to they mother this request, o knight! do not denaye, Hor. For to repent this sacte of thine, now that it is to late,

Can not be thought a recompence for kylling of thy mate. Go; have her hence therfore with spede, and se her sureley kepte,

And for the fact a fore thou dydest, thou surley shouldst have wept. [Go out with on of the fodiares.

Vyce. Nay, far you well; in fayth, you have an aunswer; get you hence.

Oundes of me, I would not be in her cote for forty pence. Nay, nay, a way, far well, a dew; now, now it is to late,

When stede is stollen for you, in south, to shut the stable gate.

She should have wept when first she went the king about to slay:

It makes no matter; she foull well dyd brede her owne decaye.

[Let HORESTES fyth hard.

Ounds of me, what meane you, man? begyn you now to faynt?

Jefu god! how styll he sittes; I thinke he be a saynt.

O oo w! you care not me; nay, fone I have don, I warrant ye.

[Wepe, but let Horestes ryse and bid him pease.

Hor. By all the godes, my hart dyd fayle my mother for to fe

From hye estate for to be brought to so great myserey,

That all most I had graunted lyse to her had not this be

My fathers death, whose death in south, chefe causer of was she.

Vyce. Even as you faye. But harke! at hand Egiftus draweth nye,

Who purpofeth the chaunce of war, Horestes, for to trye.

[Let Egistus enter, & fet hys men in a raye; & let the drom playe tyll Horestes speaketh.

Hor. And by the godes, I purpose eke my honour to defend.

Com on, my men! kepe your araye, for now we do pretend Eather to be the conquerer, or elles to dye in felde:

Lyst up your hartes, and let us se how ye your blose can yeld.

Egistus. Lyke manley men adresse your selves to get
immortall same:

Yf ye do flye, lo, what doth rest behynde but soull desame? Strike up your drums, let trumpets sound, your baners eke display!

And I my felfe, as captayne, to you wyll lead the waye.

Hor. Thou traytor to my father dere, what makest the here in seld?

Repent the of thy wyckednes, and to me strayght do yeld.

Egis. Thou pryncoks boy, and bastard slave! thinks thou me to subdew?

It lyeth not with in thy powre, thou boye, I tell the trew.

But yf I take thy corpes, it shalbe a fode the byrdes to fede. Stryke up your droums and forward now! To wars let us prosede.

[Stryke up your drum, & fyght a good whil, & then let sum of EGISTUS men flye, & then take hym, & let HORESTES drau him violentlye, and let the drums sease.

Hor. O vyllayne trayghtor! now the gods ne mortall man shall save

Thy corps from death, for blud for blud my fathers deth doth crave.

O tyraunt fyrse! couldest thou voutsafe my father so to slaye?

But now no forse, for thou hast wrought at last thine one decaye.

Egis. Alacke, a lacke! yet spare my lyse, Horestes, I the praye.

Hor. Thy lyse? naye, trayghtor vyle, that chese I do denaye.

For as thou hast deserved so I shall the facte requit,

That once couldst seme to me and mine for to work such dispight.

Therfore com forth, and for thy facte receave dew punnishment:

Repent, I fay, thy former lyfe, for this is my judgment:

That for my fathers death, the which we finde the chefe to be The causer of, thou shalt be hanged, where we thy death may se:

And as thou for my fathers death dew punnishment receive, So shall my mother in lykewife, for that she gave the leave Him for to slaye, and eke to it with good will condysende. Therfore com of, and fone dyspatch, that we had made an end.

Egis. Ah, heavy fate and chaunce most yll, wo worth this hap of mine!

For give my faute, you facryd godes, and to my wordes incline

Your gracious eare; for causer furst I was, this is most plaine, Of Agamemnons death, wherefore I must receave this paine. Pardon, I crave; voutsafe, ye godes, the same to graunt it me! Now, sodier, worke thy will in hast, I praye the harteley.

[Fling him of the lader, and then let on bringe in his mother CLYTEMNESTRA, but let her loke wher EGISTUS hangeth.

Clytem. Ah, heavey fate! would God I had in tormoyle great byn flayne,

Syth nothing can Horestes hands from sheding bloud restraine.

Vyce. How chaunce you dyd not then lament his father whom you flew?

But now, when death doth you prevent, to late ites for to rew.

Clytem. Yet hope I that he will me graunt my lyfe that I should have.

Vyce. Even as much as thou voutsafest his fathers lyfe to save.

Therfore come of: we must not stay all daye to wayght on the.

Lo! myghtye prince, for whom ye fent, lo, preafent here is she.

Clytem. Have mercy, fonne, and quight remitte this faute of mine, I pray:

Be mercyfull, Horestes myne, and do not me denaye.

Confider that in me thou hadest thy hewmayne shape composed:

That thou shouldst slay thy mother, fon, let it not be disclosyd.

Spare to perse her harte with sword; call eke unto thy mynd Edyppus sate, and as Nero showe not thy selse unkynde.

[Take downe EGISTUS, and bear him out.

Hor. Lyke as a braunche once set a syare doth cause the tree to bourne,

As Socrates supposeth, so a wicked wight doth tourne
Those that be good, and cause them eke his evell to sequest.
Wherefore the poete Juvenal doth thinke it for the beste,
That those that lyve lycentiousley should brydlyd be with
payne;

And so others, that elles would syn, therby they might restrain:

For thus he fayeth, that cities are well governed in dede Where punnishment for wycked ones by lawe is so decrede; And not decrede, but exersyeld, in punnyshinge of those Which law ne pain from waloing still in vice their mind dispose.

And as thou hast byn chiefes[t] cause of yelding up they breath,

So call to minde thou wast the cause of Agamemnons death: For which, as death is recompence, of death so eke with the, For kyllinge of my father, thou now kylled eke shault be. This thinge to se accomplyshyd, Revenge with the shall go. Now have her hence, sieth that you all my judgment here do kno.

Clytem. A lacke, a lack! with drawe thy hand, my fon, from sheding bloud.

Vyce. Thou art a foule thus for to prate; this doth Horestes good:

Com on a way! thou doust no more but him with words molest.

A foulyshe foull! that thou wart ded he takes it for the best. Clytem. Yf ever aney pytie was of mother plante in the, [Knele downe.

Let it apeare, Horestes myne, and showe it unto me.

Hor. What pyttie thou on father myne dydest cursedley bestowe,

The fame to the at this prefent I purpose for to showe.

Therfore, Revenge, have her a way, and as I judgment gave, To fe that she in order lyke her punishment dew have.

Vyce. Let me alone. Com on away, that thou weart out of fight!

A pestelaunce on the crabyd queane! I thinke thou do delyght

Him to moleft: com of in haft, and troubell me no more.

Come on, com on! ites all in vaine; and get you on a fore.

[Let CLYTEMNESTRA wepe and go out, REVENGE alfo.

Hor. Now, fyeth we have the conquest got of all our mortall sofe,

Let us provide that occasion we do not chaunce to lose.

Stryke up your droumes! for enter now we wyll the citie gate;

For nowe resestaunce none there is to let us in there at.

[Enter in FAME; and let all the fodyers folow him in araye. Fame. As eache man bendes him felfe, so I report his fame in dede.

Yf yll, then yll, through iarne trump his fame doth ftraigh[t] profede;

Yf good, then good, through golden trump I blo his lyvely fame:

Through heavens, through earth, & furging sease I bere abrod the same.

Perhaps what wind me heather drives with in your minds you mufe?

From Crete I com: to you, my frends, I bring this kind of newfe;

That Agamemnons brother is arivyd in this land, And eke with him his ladey fayre, Quene Helen, understand; Whom for to se a great frequent of people their aryve: This newse to shew at this present me heather now dyd drive.

[Enter the VYCE, finging this fonge.

Vyce. A newe master, a newe!

No lenger I maye

A byde: by this daye,

Horestes now doth rew.

A new mafter, a new!

And was it not yll

His mother to kyll?

I pray you, how faye you?

A new master, a new!

Nowe ites to late

To shut the gate,

Horestes gines to rew!

Fame. Denique non parvas animo dati gloria vires:

Et fæcunda facit pectora laudis amor.

As Ovid fayeth, I am, in dede, the spure to each estate; For by my troumpe I often cause the wicked man to hate Is sylthey lyse: and eke I stoure the good more good to be. So much the hart and will of man ys lynked unto me.

Vyce. A new mafter, a new! naye, I wyll go.
Tout, tout! Horestes has be com a newe man.
Now he forroweth: to bad that it is so.
Yet I wyll dresse him, by his oundes, and I can.
Who, faintie amen! God morrowe, mystres Nan!
By his oundes, I am glad to se the so trycke:
Nay, may I be so bould at your lyppes to have a lycke?
Jesus! how coye do you make the same.
You neaver knew me afore, I dare saye.
In fayth, in fayth, I was to blame
That I made no courchey to you by the waye.
Who, berladye, Nan! thou art trym and gaye.
Woundes of me! she hath winges also.
Who, whether, with a myschese, doust thou thinke for to go?

To heaven, or to hell? to purgatorye, or Spayne?
To Venys? to Pourtugall? or to the eylles Canarey?
Nay, stay a whyle, sor a myte or twayne
I wyll go with the, I sweare by Saynt Marey.
Wylt thou have a bote, Nan, over seay the to carey?
Now, yf it chaunce to rayne, as the weathers not harde,
It may chaunce this trym geare of thine to be marde.
Fame. Omnia si perdis, famam servare memento,
Quæ semel amissa, postia nullus eris.

Above eache thinge kepe well thy fame, what ever that thou lose;

For fame once gone, they memory with fame a way it gose: And it once lost thou shalt, in south, accompted lyke to be A drope of rayne that saulyth in the bosom of the see. Me, Fame, therfore, as Ovid thinkes, no man hath powre to hold: To those with whom I please to dwell I am more rich then gold.

What causid some for countris soyle them selves to perell cast,

But that the[y] knew that after death the same of thers shall last.

Not on, but all, do me desiare, both good and bad lykewyse; As may apeare, yf we perpend, of Nerose enterpryse,

Which first did cause his masters death, and eke wheras he laye

In mothers wound to fe, in fouth, his mother dyd straight flav.

With this Horestes eke takes place, whose father being slayn

Throgh mothers gile, from mothers blod his hands could not refraine.

But lyke as he revengyd the death of father in his eyare, So fathers brother, in lyke fort, Revenge hath fet on fyare. For he is gon for to request the ayde of prynces great; So fore his hart is fet on fyare, throught raging rigrous heat. What to detarmyne all the kynges of Grece aryved be At Nestores towne, that Athens highte, their judgment to

Vyce. Oundes, hart, and nayles! naye, now I am drest. Is the kinge Menalaus at Athenes aryved,

And I am be hind? to be packinges the best,

Least the matter, in fouth, to sone be contryved.

Auxilia humilia firma, confensus facit: this alwayes provided That confent maketh suckers most sure for to be.

Well, I wyll be their ftrayght wayfe you shall se.

Fame. As Publius doth well declare, we ought chefest to se

Unto our felves, that nought be don after extremite.

Ab alio expectes, alteri quod feceris. [Go out. For loke, what mesure thou dost meate, the same againe

For loke, what meture thou dolt meate, the lame againe shalbe

At other tyme, at others hand, repayde againe to the.

Therefore, I wyshe eache wight to do to others as he would That they, in lyke occasion, unto him offer should.

Wel, forth I must, som newse to here, for Fame no where can stay;

But what she hears throughout the world abrod she doth difplay.

Provicion. Make roume and gyve place! stand backe there a fore!

For all my speakinge, you presse styll the more.

Gyve rome, I faye, quickeley, and make no dalyaunce:

It is not now tyme to make aney taryaunce.

The kinges here do com: therefore, give way,

Or elles, by the godes! I wyll make you, I faye.

Lo, where my Lord Kynge Nestor doth com!

And Horestes with him, Agamemnons sonne.

Menelaus, a kyng lykewyse of great same.

Make rome, I faye! before their with shame!

Nest. Now fyeth we be here, Kynge Menelaij, Unto us, we praye you, your matter to faye:

For these prynces here, after they have perpendyd,

If ought be amys it shall be amendyd.

But, fyrra Provision, go in haste and set

Good Kynge Idumeus: tell him we are fet.

Prov. As your gracis have wylled, fo tend I to do;

I wyll fetche him strayght, and bringe him you to. [Go out. [Pause awhile till he be gon out, and then speak tretably.

Hor. If ought be amys, the fame fone shall be, If I have commytted, amendyd of me: But lo, Idumeus, the good kyng of Crete, Is come to this place us for to mete.

[Enter IDUMIUS, and PROVISION comming with his cap in his hand afore him, and makinge waye.

Idumeus. The Gods presarve your gracis all, and fend you health for aye.

Nest. Well com, fier kinge, the fame to ye contynewalley we pray.

Menal. Two things there is, o kings! that moves me thus your ayds to pray:

And these be it, the which to you I purpose for to saye. The one is this, where with I synde my selfe agrevid to be, That on such fort my systems slayne, as all your gracis se. The other is, that so her sonne, without all kind of right, Should to his mother in such case (I say) worke such dispignt.

These two be they, wherfore I crave your ayds to joyn with me,

To the intent of fuch great ylles revenged I may be.

That thus he dyd, be hould the state of all my brothers land, And se, I pray you, in what place the same doth present stand.

His crueltie is fuch, in fouth, as nether tower ne towne, That letted once his passage, but is brought unto the ground.

The fatherles he pyttied not where as he ever went,

The agyd wight whose yeres before their youthly poure had spent,

The mayd whose parentes at the sege, defending of their right,

Was flaine, the fame this tyrant hath opreffyd throuh his might;

The wido that through forrayne wars was left now comfortles

He spared not, but them and theres he cruelly dyd dystres. Wherfore sith that he thus hath wrought, as far as I can see, From Myccene land we should provid him exylyd to be.

Hor. Syth that you have accufyd me, I must my aunfwere make;

And here before these kings of Greece this for my aunfwer take.

O ounckel, that I never went revengment for to do
On fathers fose, tyll by the godes I was comaund there to:
Whose heastes no man dare once resuse, but wyllingly obaye.
That I have slayne her wylfully untruely you do saye;
I dyd but that I could not chuse: ites hard for me to kycke,
Syth gods commaund, as on would say, in sayth, against
the prick.

In that you fay I sparyd none, your grace full well may se, That lyttell mercy they suppposed, in south, to show to me. When as they bad me do my worst, requesting them to yeld, It is no jest when sodyares joyne to fight within a selde.

Thus I suppose sufficiently I aunswered have to end

Your great complaynt, the which you so mightely did defend.

Idum. In dede, as Hermes doth declare, no man can once estew

The judgment of God most just, that for his fautes is dew: And as God is most mercyfull, so is he just lyke wyse,

And wyll correcte most suerley those that his heastes dispyse.

Nest. As you, good Kyng Idumeus, have sayd, so lykewise I

Do thinke it trew; therefore as nowe I do him here defye That one dare fay that he hath wrought the thing that is not right,

Lo, here my glove to him I give in pledge with him to fyght. I promys here to prove there by Horestes nought dyd do But that was just, and that the gods commaundyd him there to:

That he is kinge of Mycœne land who ever do deney, I offer here my glove with him therfore to lyve and dye. Yf none there be wyll under take his tyghtull to with faye, Let us be frendes unto him nowe, my lordes, I do ye praye. It was the parte of fuch a knyght revengyd for to be: Should Horestes content him felse his father slayne to se? No, no; a ryghteous facte I thinke the same to be in dede, Syeth that it was accomplysht so as godes before decrede. Menel. In dede, I must confesse that I revengyd should have be.

If that my father had byn flayne with fuch great cruelte. But yet I would, for natures fake, have fpard my mothers lyfe.

O wretched man! o cruell beaft! o mortall blade and knyfe!

*Idum*. Seafe of, fyr kyng; leave morning: lo, nought can it you avayle;

Not with ftanding, be rulyd now, we pray, by our counfaylle. Confider first your one estate, consider what may be A joyefull mene to end at leyngth this your calamytie. Horestes he is younge of yeares, and you are somwhat olde, And sorrowe may your grace to sone within her net insolde. Therefore ites best you do forget; so shall you be at ease, And, I am sure, Horestes wyll indevor you to please,

So far as it for him may be with honor lefe to do.

He will not (hry[n]ke but wyll confent your gracis bydding to:

For assurance of your good wyll, Horestes here doth crave Your daughter, fayre Hermione, in maryage to have.

Thereby for to contynew styll true love and amytie,

That ought, in fought, betwixte t[w]o fuch indefferent for to be.

Menel. As for my frendshyp, he shall have, the godes his helper be;

But for my daughters maryage, I can not graunt to be.

She is but yong ,and much unfet fuch holy ryghtes to take: Therefore, fyr kyngs, at this prefent no aunswere I can make.

Nest. She is a dame of comeley grace; therefore, kyng Menelaye,

Graunt this to us this stryfe to end, o kyng, we do the praye.

For eache of them a grede be the other for to have:

Goodfyr, grauntthis that at thy handes so justley we do crave. Menal. O, nobell king, what that it were I could not you denaye.

I must nedes graunt, when nought I have against you to replev.

Horestes, here before these kinges my sonne I the do make. Hor. And the, o kynge, whyle lyse doth last, for father I do take.

Nest. Ryght joyfull is this thinge to us, and happey for your state.

Therfore with fpede let us go hence the maryage to feleybrate;

And all the godes, I praye, presarve and kepe you both from wo.

Come on, fyr king, shall we from hence unto our pallace go?

Menal. As it shall please your grace, in dede, so we confent to do.

Idum. And we lykewyse, oh gratious Prynce, do condifend there to. [Go out all.

[VYCE entrith with a staffe and a bottcll or dyshe, and wallet.

Revenge. I woulde I were ded, and layde in my grave! Oundes of me, I am trymley promouted:

Ah, ah, oh! well now for my labor these trynketes I have.

Why, fe you not, I praye you, how I am flouted?
A bagge and a bottell; thus am I louted!
Eache knave, nowe a dayes, would make me his man.
But chyll master them, I, be his oundes, and I can.
A begginge, a begginge, nay now must I go.
Horestes is maryed; god send him much care:
And I, Revenge, am dryven him sro.
And thun ites no marvayll, though I be thus bare.
But peace! who better then beggars doth sare?
For all they be beggares, and have no great port,
Who is meryer then the pooryste fort?
What shall I begge! nay, thates to bad.
Is their neare a man that a sarvaunt doth lacke?

You to farve but for clothes to put on my backe. A waye with these rages! from me the[y] shall packe.

Of myne honestye, gentle woman, I would be glad

[Put of the beggares cote and all thy thinges.

What! thinke you fcorne me your fervaunt to make? A nother wyll have me, yf you me forfake.

Parhappes you all mervayll of this fodayne mutation, How fone I was downe from fo hye degre:

To fatisfye your myndes I wyl yufe a perswation.

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This one thinge you knowe, that on caulyd Amyte Is unto me, Revenge, most contrarey; And we twayne to geather could not abyde. Whych caufyd me fone from hye state to slyde, Horestes and his ounckell, Kynge Menalaus, Is made fuch fure frendes, without peradventure, Through the pollycye of olde Idumeus, That, as far as I can fe, it is hard to enter; Ye, and thates worse, when I sought to venture. I was dryven, out comfort, awaye from their gate: I was glad to be packinge, for feare of my pate. Yet befor I went, my fancey to pleafe, The maryage felebratyd, at the church I dyd fe. Wyllinge I was them all to dysease, But I durst not be so bold; for master Amyte Sot by Menalaus, and bore him companye. On the other fyde Dewtey with Horestes boure swaye; So that I could not enter by no kynde of wave. Well, fyeth from them both I am bannyshyd so. I wyll feke a new master, yf I can him finde: Yet am I in good comfort, for this well I knowe, That the most parte of wemen to me be full kynde; Yf they faye near a worde, yet I knowe their mynde. Yf they have not all thinges when they do desiare, They wyll be revengyd, or elles lye in the myare. Nay, I knowe their quallytes, the lesse is my care, As well as they do knowe Revengys operation. Ye, faull to it, good wyves, and do them not spare: Nay, Ille helpe you forward, yf you lacke but perswacion. What man a moste is free from invasion? For, as playnely Socrates declareth unto us, Wemen for the most part are borne malitious.

Perhappes you wyll faye, maney on, that I lye; And other fume, I am fure, also wyll take my parte: Not withstandinge what I have sayde, they wyll veryfye, Ye, and do it, I wys, in fpyght of thy hart. Yf, therefore, thou wylt lyve quyetlye, after their defart, Reward then, so shault thou brydell their affection, And unto they wyll shall have them in subjection. In Athenes dwellyd Socrates, the phyllosopher dyvine, Who had a wyfe named Exantyp, both develyfhe and yll; Which twayne, beenge faulne out uppon a tyme, Perhappe cause Exantyp could not have her wyll, He went out of dores, fyttinge there styll: She cround him with a pyspot, and their he Was wet to the skynne, moste pytifull to se. I praye God that fuch dames be not in this place, For then I might chaunce neare a mistres to get. Nay, yf ye anger them, they wyll lave you on the face, Or elles their nayles in your chekes they wyll fet; Nay, lyke a rafor fome of their nayles are whet, That not for to pare, but to cut to the bone: I count him most happest that medelles with none. Well, far you well! for I must be packinge: Remember my wordes, and beare it in mynde. What! fuffer the myll a whyle to be clackinge, Yf that you intend aney eafe for to fynde: Then wyll they be to you both lovinge and kinde. Farwell, cofen cutpursse! and be ruled by me, Or elles you may chaunce to end on a tre. Go out. [Enter Horestes and Hermione, Nobilytye

and COMINVALTE, TRUTH & DEWTY. Horestes. Syth the gods have geven us grace this realme for to posses,

Which florysheth aboundauntlye with gold & great riches, Let us now se how much the wilds and minde of all this land,

Is unto us, and of their state lykewyse to understand.

Herm. I deme of them, Horestes myne, that they contentyd be

With humbell hart for to fubmyte, o kyng! them felves to ye:

Wherefore, my love, inquiare their state this preasente tyme, And of their hartes good wyll to us, o king! let them devyne.

Hor. As I do love the ladye bright, fo eke I thynke, in dede,

That love for love as equallye shalbe rewarde of mede.

Herm. The godes never prolonge my lyfe that day I shall a peare

To breake my fayth to the now plyght, my loving lord fo dere!

[Let DEWTY & TRUTH take the crowne in their right hands.

Hor. Come on, my lordes and commons eke, let me now understand

Of all your mindes, for I defiare to know what cafe this land

Doth now confyst; voutsafe the same therfore to shew to me, And yf that ought be now amyse, amendyd it shalbe.

Nobelles. Most regall prynce, we now are voyd of mortall wars vexation,

And through your grace we are joyned in love with every nation;

So that your nobelles may now lyve in pleasaunt state fartaine,

Devoyd of wars and civill stryses while that your grace doth raine.

The which you may, I pray the God, with happy days and blys,

And after death to fend you there where joyfe shall never mys.

As fyne of our obedyence, lo, Dewty doth the crownd,

And Truth also, which doth me bynd they subjecte to be found.

[Let TRUTH and DEWTY crowne HORESTES.

Hor. My Nobells all, I gyve you thankes for this now showed to me,

And as you have, so eke will I the lyke show unto ye.

My Commons, how gose it with you? your state now let me know.

Commons. Where as fuch on as you do raine there nedes must riches gro.

We are, o king! easyd of the yoke which we have so desiard: The state of this our common welth nede not to be inquiard.

Peace, welth, joye and felycitie, o kinge! it is we have, And what thing is their the which subjects ought more to crave.

Hor. Syeth all thinges is in fo good ftate, my Commons, as you faye,

That it may fo continew styll the facred godes I praye.

And as to me your trusteynes shall anye wayes be found,

So styll to mayntayne your estate I sureley shalbe bound.

And for your faythfull harts, the which you graunted have
to me,

Both you, my lords and commons eke, I thanke you hartele.

Therfore fith time wil have an end, and now my mind you know,

Let us give place to tyme, and to our pallafe go.

Nobelles. We both wil waight upon your grace, yst please you to depart.

Commons. Eeven when you please to waigh[t] you on I shall with all my hart.

Truth. A kyngdome kept in amyte, and voyde of diffention,

Ne devydyd in him felfe by aney kynde of waye, Neather provoked by wordes of reprehention, Must nedes long continew, as Truth doth saye, For defention and stryse is the path to decaye; And continuinge therein must of nesecitie Be quight ruinate, and brought unto myserye.

Dewtey. Where I, Dewtey, am neglected of aney estate, Their stryse and dyssention my place do supplye: Cankred mallyse, pryde, and debate, Therefore to rest all meanes do trye. Then ruin comes after of their state, whereby They are utterly extynguyshed, levinge nought behynde Whereof so much as their name we maye synde.

Truth. He that leadeth his lyfe as his phanfey doth lyke, Though for a whyle the fame he maye hyde, Yet Truth, the daughter of Tyme, wyll it feke, And so in a tyme it wyll be discryde; Yet in such tyme as it can not be denyed, But receave dew punnishment, as God shall se, For the saute commytted, most convenient to be.

As this storye here hath made open unto ye,
Which yf it have byn marked much prophet may aryse.
For, as Truth sayth, nothinges wryten be
But for our learninge, in anye kynde of wyse.
By which we may learne the yll to dispyse,
And the truth to imitate; thus Truth doth saye:
The which for to do I be sech God we maye.

*Dewtey.* For your gentle pacience we geve you thankes hartely.

And therefore, our dewtey wayed, let us all praye
For Elyzabeth our Quene, whose gratious majestie
May rayne over us in helth for aye:
Lykwyse for her Councell, that each of them maye
Have the spyryte of grace their doinges to dyrecte,
In settinge up vertue, and vyce to correcte.

Truth. For all the nobylytic and spiritualtic let us praye; For judges and head officers, what ever they be:
According to our boundaunt dewties, espetially I saye For my Lord Mayre, lysetennaunt of this noble Cytie;
And for all his brytherne, with the comminualtie,
That eache of them, doinge their dewties a ryght,
May after death posses heaven to their hartes delyght.

Finis. qd J. P.

Imprinted at London in Fletestrete, at the signe of the Faucon, by Wylliam Gryffith, and are to be fold at his shoppe in Saynte Dunstones Church yarde. Anno Domini. 1567.



## INTRODUCTION.

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THE work here reprinted is in every respect unique: only a single copy of it has been preserved, and it is in a form of versification of which we have never seen any other specimen.

The subject of it is anglo-historical; but it has few claims to be considered an important addition to our national poetry, excepting as regards the versification; for the unnamed and unknown author can have no pretension to rank himself with such contemporaries as Daniel or Drayton, both of whom (to mention no others) have left behind them highly finished proofs of genius in the same department of literature. The author of "The Preservation of Henry VII" was sufficiently well read, and his biblical and classical allusions are numerous, and apposite; but the frame of his mind was remarkably unoriginal, and his own reflections are always common-place.

He promised in the outset to extend his labours to five books; but he seems to have paused near the commencement of his second division, as if waiting to learn what degree of favour his production obtained from the Queen, to whom it is especially addressed; and from the public, whose taste he hoped to wean from "the gingle of rhyming mother-wits."

Yet he is throughout guilty of singular inconsistency; for while condemning rhyme, he professes, however loosely and lawlessly, to adopt it; and, as it were, strives to reconcile and combine the classical measures of antiquity with the poetical ornament handed down to us by our gothic ancestors. Thus we have a series of so called rhyming hexameters, occupying more than sixty pages; and, although the writer is not deficient in self-confidence, not to call it self-conceit, he seems, as he proceeded, to have lost faith in his own experiment, and to have become weary of the double shackles to which he had voluntarily submitted. He tells us in one place that Abraham Fraunce had preceded him in this species of mingled composition; but if he did so, the attempt has never fallen in our way.

He gives us a hint of his family when he says, "I come myself of a Trentham," but we have no other clue to his connexions; and although in the outset we fancied that Sir Edward Dyer, who liked such experiments, and did not die until 1607, might possibly be the writer of this work, we were convinced, as we advanced, that it was far inferior to his pen. In one place our author almost follows the very wording of a stanza in Sir Walter Raleigh's famous poem called "The Lie"; and, in another, he literally translates a line which Chapman placed on the engraved title-page of his translation of Homer.

The original volume is an oblong quarto, for the sake of avoiding the turning of the lengthened lines, and of inserting marginal references: the last, for greater convenience, we have transferred to the foot of our page. We willingly and thankfully acknowledge our obligations to Mr. H. Pyne, not only for directing our attention to this highly curious and, as far as we know, unexampled production, but for the use of a most beautiful and accurate transcript of it.

## THE FIRST BOOKE OF THE PRESERVATION OF

King Henry the vij. when he was but Earle of Richmond, Grandfather to the

Queenes maiesty:

Compiled in english rythmicall Hexameters.

Vivit in eternum post funera vivida virtus.

Vertue remaineth alive after death lively for ever.

Quo magis difficilior, eo pulchrior, Hoc opus, hic labor est.



Imprinted at London, by R. B. and are to be folde in Paules Church-yard, at the figne of the Bible.

1599.

## TO THE PRINTER.

Print with a good letter this booke, and carefuly, Printer: Print each word legibill, not a word nor a fillabil alter: Keepe points, and commas, periodes, the parenthesis observe; My credit and thy reporte to defend, bothe safely to conserve.

To the Right honorabel, worshipfull, gentel, and learned Readers, whosoever; that are both trew favorits of poetry, and of right ancient Heroicke Hexameters.

IGHT honored, worshipfull, and gentell Reader, these Hexameters and Pentameters in Englishe are misliked of many, because they are not yet come to their sull persection; and specially of some, that are accounted and knowne to be

Doctors, and fingularly well learned and great Linguistes: but especially of the plaine Rythmer, that scarce knowes the footed quantitie or metricall scanning thereof; much lesse to reade them with a grace according to the same. But for him, I fay thus; Scientia nullum habet inimicum, præter ignorantem: whose bookes are stust with lines of prose. with a rythme in the end; which every fiddler, or piper, can make upon a theame given. Neverthelesse, I confesse and acknowledge that we have many excellent and fingular good Poets in this our age, as Maister Spencer, that was, Maister Gowlding, Doctor Phayer, Maister Harrington. Daniell, and divers others whom I reverence in that kinde of profe-rythme; wherein Spencer (without offence spoken) hath furpassed them all. I would to God they had done so well in trew Hexameters, for they had then beautified our language. For the Greekes and Latines did in a manner abolish quite that kinde of rythme-prose; and why should

not we doe the like in Englishe? But the ignorant and adverse part will say, our speach is not copious enough. But I fay that it is; and, besides, it would be the more inriched, adorned, and more eloquent, if they would make triall thereof, or could compose them artificially and eloquently to delight the Readers, to resound with a grace in their ears: Nam nihil difficile volenti. But this is the trew cause why they do not so; Hoc opus, hic labor cst, which the chiefe Doctors and best learned of them all, cannot deny. And perhappes some of the best of them, that are curious carpers and reprehenders of this trew metrified verse, though skilful in other arts, cannot formally compose the like as Fraunce did: who observed a better Prosodia then Stanihurst. For Tully was not so good a poetician as he was an orator. God bestoweth his gifts severally, and more bountifully on fome than on others. For Homer in Greeke, and Virgill in Latine, surpassed all that ever were before or fince in trew footed hexameters; but not in profe. Neither were Homer and Virgill the first that versifyed in their naturall language; but others did attempt to poetize afore them, in the like verse; or else, in truth, I suppose they could not have done so well. Every thing hath a beginning, which at first cannot be made so perfect. Those verses which Ennius made, before Virgill made any, were not fo well liked; as, for example: Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem: yet Virgill most commonly had his booke about him. Therefore, I reverence Stanihurst; who being but an Irish man, did first attempt to translate those foure bookes of Eneados, which (if he be living) I defire him to refile them over againe; and thus have written in verse:

If the poet Stanihurst yet live and seedeth on ay-er, I do request him (as one that wisheth a grace to the meter) With wordes significant to refile, and finely to polishe Those sower Ænëis, that he late translated in English. I doe the man reverence, as a fine, as an exquisit author, For that he first did attempt to translate verse as a Doctor.

For, at the first, Maister Askam had much adoc to make two or three verses in English; but now every scholler can make some. What language so hard, harsh, or barbarous, that time and art will not amend? As I have written in another place, thus:

Naught can at once be begonne, or prefent made, to be perfect.

By travel all hard things are brought to fingular effect. Yet that Apelles could Cythereas bewty depolifh; Had not he time to delyne, hir picture finely to fynnysh?

This trew kinde of hexametred and pentametred verse will bring unto us sour commodities. First, it will enrich our speach with good and significant wordes; secondly, it will bring a delight and pleasure to the skilful reader, when he seeth them formally compyled; and, thirdly, it will incourage and learne the good and godly students, that affect poetry, and are naturally enclyned therunto, to make the like; sourthly, it will direct a trew Idioma, and will teach trew orthography, for as gould surpasseth leade, so the hexameters surpasse rythme prose. And as concerning the same, this have I written:

As yelo gould purified doth furmount every mettell, So fine verse metrifyed this rythme-prose greatly doth excell,

With wordes fignificant fuch rurall rythmery confound, And metricall verses with a new rythme lawraly compound: For fily muse seare not; since every paltery rythmor With wordes unmetrifyed would seeme to be counted a Doctor,

Whose workes seeme to be good, representing Tantalus appels,

Which did apeare to be gold, but toucht were turned in ashes.

## And in another place.

Clowde not your orient fine skyll with dregges of a drowfy Contersaited prose: this Romane verse hath a glory, As redolent gilyslowers persumes a delight to the senses, Mens memories to refresh: so scanning rythmery verses Bringes a delight to the mindes, &c.

For these ribaud and baudy Poets be but the divels agents, and are to be detested; but the vertuous and godly Poets are to be both reverenced and regarded, as I have here written:

As domiport flug-y fnayle, his passage plainly to disclose, Leaveth a print as he goes, but a shining slyme to no purpose;

So doth a bawdy Poet (his braineficke folly to publish) Write amorous madrigals; some lewd love-toy to recognize.

Aime at a trew period, Chrift Jesus: flee from al evil; Roave not aside to detract his praise; learne rightly to leavell.

Wits misabus'd will apeare as a goulden ring in a swine's fnowte.

Gods worde fuch reprobate lewde wits doth worthily confute.

Shew me the tree by the fruite: fo faith Saint Luke that Evangel,\*

Do men gather grapes of thornes, or fygges of a thystel?

<sup>\*</sup> Saint Luke, ca. 6, verse 45.

Christ shewes by parables who be tares and who be the good seede;

Th' one by the divell fowen, and th' other fowne by the goddhead:\*

Bothe to be reapt at a time, and both to be parted afonder: Bothe to be bound in sheaves, and bothe to be laid from another:

Th' one to be laid in a barne, th' other to be throwne by Jehova

Into that burning lake, that burning fyry Gehenna.

And wee, that professe Christianity, should not use any paganisme to detract Gods glorie, as the paganis'd poets did, in the time of ignorance. For this I have written of them; I meane, of Homer, Virgill, and others:

Only the fault was this, they liv'd in a time then of error, And to the Pagan goddes most of them yeelded an honnor.

Those fecular sages, which gods new worde did abandon, Wilfully lost them-selves, and others lest at a randon. But should we Christians (confessing one God imortal, Trinity, unity, one, deifyed with glory coequal)
Call to the Pagan gods, to detract praise from the

Redeemer,

Our foules fole-faviour? Should we fuch blasphemy fuffer?

In truthe, all they that professe trew poetry should seek to surther the advancement of Gods glory what they (which I pray God they may doe, to bannish all these fond fantasticall and venereall Poets) and also to doe their best endeavour, in trew hexameters, to abolish this plaine rythme-prose; that wee may imitate and follow the best learned

<sup>\*</sup> Saint Mathew, ca. 13, verse 36, 37, 38.

and auncient poets, as Homer, Virgill, and Lucan in Chronicles. For that an heroicall verse composed in hexameters, is most correspondent to a right honorable nature; as appeared by Alexander the great, as I have composed in hexameters following.

When that Alexander did come to the tombe of Achilles, That monument to behold, he pronounced these very speaches,

And with a figh thus faid: Thrice Larissœus is happy, For that he greek Homer had to record his glory so worthy.

And when he had conquerd great spoyles from king Darius,

There was a cheft of gould that, he faid, was fit for Homerus

Bookes to be fafely repos'd. For he kept them fafe as a jewel,

Under his owne beads-head: whose worke divinely doth excell.

And Maro, laurigerent, in verse most glorious enrold Venturous Æneas exployts, and worthines extold;

Which brought Rome in a muse, with a grace so lostily flowing,

Whose praise still wil abide, while seas or earthe ar abiding.

And that we may imitate them, as neere as we may, in poetizing of verified Chronicles, I have elsewhere written thus:

Learne of Mœonides, who writeth of Hector, Achilles, Of Troilus, Diomede, of craft-contriver Ulisses. If so be that Chronicles had not bin skilfuly written, Kinges valiant exployts, lordes fame, and knightes valor had bin

Drowned in oblivion. For time (fames greedy devowrer)

Leaves fame unmemoriz'd; as a tree confum'd with a canker.

You fine metricians, that verses skilfully compile, (As fine artificers hard iron do refile on an anvile)
This verse irregular, this rustick rythmery bannish,
Which doth abase poetry; such verse, such meter abolish,

For lily milke-white swannes flote on streames cleare as a crystall,

And in a fowle mud-y lake donguehill duckes strive for an offall.

Both Greekes and Latinists such verselesse verse did abandon,

Whose verse is purifi'd, as gould is try'd by the touchstone. As vineger doth aford no pleasant taste to the palate, So wordes unmetrifi'd, which rythmers rudely promulgate, Bringe no delight to the wits, nor sound with a grace in a man's eare.

Every worthie poet will fuch rude rythmery forbeare.

Surely this kinde of scanning verse is not to be discommended; and who so doth, hath no warrant so to doe. And who so doth discommend Stanihurst, or Fraunce, let them make so many verses; for many will dispraise their bookes, that cannot whiles they live make the like. For it is more easie for every man to finde a fault, then to make so many, as I have written, thus;

For curious cavilift but a fmall mote eafily will fee Sooner in each strangers eyfight, then a beame in his owne eye.

Hardly he will fuch bookes in a trew verse notably persect. For many men ready be to finde faults, hasty to correct. Such sycophant humorists, like quayles, seede chiefly by poyson:

Whose stoicall censures and selfe-mindes stand for a reason.

And whofoever shall discommend mine, I would request

him to make fo many as I meane to make, in five bookes, in rythming hexameters. For, as I thinke, the rythme doth give them a grace, in our english tongue especially, above other tongues; fo it be good rythme, though they be the harder to make. The best verse that Fraunce made was in rythming hexameters, of the nativitie of Christ. And if he make fo many better, I will reverence him: if fo many, and not better (fo that he raile not) I will commend I discommend no mans workes, for that I know none have more defects then myne owne. For it is the enriching and beautifying of our language, and the credit and glory of the verse, that I regarde. For I am no mercinary man, nor write with an hyred penne, nor expect vaine glorie. But whoso doth flander these verses, and cannot amend them, nor make fo many, let him keepe his winde to coole his potage; for my answere shall be As Diogenes answered one that asked him a filence. foolish question; saying that silence was an answere fit for fuch a fond demaund: and in respect of them I will fav. as the bird faid to Cæsar, Operam et laborem perdidi. But as for you, that are trew favorits both of poetry, and of this trew metricall and fcanning verse, I wholly submit and referre myselfe to your favorable censures and assistance; to fee if we can yet once againe fet on foote this footed verse, that it may runne fmoothely, with a grace and credit. I would I were but as Ennius to a fine Maronist, or to a skilful Mœonides. And also I request you to take in good part these simpel verses of mine, wherin at idel times, I have both taken pleasure and paines. For al those that professe learning (and especially such as are descended of honor or of trew gentilitie) should chiefely like of this kinde

of heroicke hexameters: as Alexander did of Homers, or Augustus of Virgils. And if these shall like you, I shall be glad; and do purpose (God willing) yer that a yeare come about, to set forth another booke.

I doe not utterly discommend or condemne this proserythme; but do only preser this Romane verse farre above it. And I know, most of them that be learned wil so thinke; and especially when it is brought to persection: unlesse they be some carping cavilists, paradoxically captius or prejudicius. For I know plainesong is good, but pricke song is knowne to be better; and there is great difference betwixt an orient pearle, and a blacke simpel bugel. If you finde any faults in my booke, I would request you to amend them, and to send them in a privie note to the Stationer. But now, least I should be too tedious, wishing to you all as to my selfe, in our Lord and Saviour Christ Jesus, I most humbly take my leave; resting yours in all love and ductie to command.

# A Briefe rule or prosodie, for the understanding of the quantitie of some peculiar wordes in this booke; untill I have set forth a Verball, or littel Dictionarie, with a Prosodia requisite for Poetry.



HIS monafillabel, on, being an adjective, is indifferent, either long or shorte; but being an adverbe, alwaies short.

Alfo, mee, thee, yee, hee, and shee, are long or short.

All words ending in O are indifferent.

Pre and pro, in diffylabels, are indifferent; in trifyllabels, likewise indifferent; except it be an anapæst, as preminence, president, prevalent, and the like. In some quadrifyllabels, long: as premeditate, predominant, precogitate, and the like. And in some quadrifyllabels, long or short; as for exampel, preposterous, presumptuus, and the like. The Latin and the English quantitie in some wordes are not alike, but are meerely dissonant. And we are to sollow our naturall prenuntiation and accent in words, yet sollowing the Latin as neare as we may, observing the right euphonia; as, for exampel, we say in Latin, orator, long in ra; but in English we make ra, in orator, short.

De, in dyssyllabels and trissyllabels, is alwaics short. In

fome quadriffyllabels it is long; as demerited, depopulate, demonicall, and fuch like. And againe, in other fome it is either long or fhort; as, denunciate, determinate, denominate. And in words of five fyllabels it is fhort, as dedication, deprehension. And in words of fix fyllabels it is long; as determination, delapidation, and fuch like.

My, why, thy, and by, are indifferent.

Besides, there are some wordes, which sometimes by pronunciation we make but monasyllabel, as ayre, fire, flowre, powre, showre; which as dissyllabels are written thus, ay-er, sy-er, slow-er, pow-er, show-er.

And likewife fometime we make diffyllabels, triffylabels; as defire, de-fi-er; require, re-qui-er; and fuch like.

And wordes having doubel confonants in the middel of diffyllabels (as account, attend, applause, afford, and the like) by figure are made short, by the detraction of a letter; as acount, atend, aplause, aford; and so in polyfyllabels likewise. Lastly, some words are indifferent, as cre, in credit; co, in comet; pee, in peepel; and ci, in civil; and such like. Which I will, God willing, in my Verball and Prosodia set forth more at large. In the meane while, gentel Reader, have patience. For I meane not to compose these hexametered verses irregularly.

#### THE AUTHOR TO HIS BOOKE.

STAY, bifie booke, for a while. What rage constraines thee to wander,

Like fugitive vacabond, into the world to be seene? Poste not in haste, so deform'd: let saultes be reform'd by

thy master.

Art not asham'd to repaire unto the court of a Queene? Unpolished to repaire to the regall throne of an empresse,

Our Queene Elizabeth? onely the worldes diamonde,

Crown'd with an eternall diademe; whose glorious highnesse Treasures of poetry, chiese in all arts doth abounde.

Thou art scarce purifi'd, to be seene of her exquisit Highnesse.

Better I thinke it, at home fafe in a cheft to remaine,

Then to depart so deform'd, poore cloath'd, and plaine as an hermit.

Selfe love, felfe arogance, makes many fooles to be faine. If that I leave thee fo rude, hir Grace may worthily

What, wil a prince, think'st thou, of so renowned a lande, When thou com'st to the court so defaste, vouchsafe to peruse thee?

Thy reverent Soveraigne greater afaires hath in hand. Go not away gadding from mee that lov'd thee fo dearely, But com againe, that I may once yet againe thee peruse; Quickly returne to thy freend, with me to remaine in a safety:

Com to thy maister againe, com to me, com to thy Muse.

Manes, that Diogens fervant, ran away in a fury:

Some wished Diogen for to go fetch him againe;

Not fo, faid Diogen, but laught, and thought it a folly;
But, prety booke, I do feeke how that I might thee retaine.

What shal I do? For alas! my booke runs hastily gadding In metrifi'd poetry, not poetiz'd as I meant.

Some faultes, you learned, tolerate; fooles love to be fcoffing: Since that I thee manupend, now I to late do repent.

If that he chaunce to repaire to the court, I the courtier exhort.

Not caviling to deface this prety booke that I pend, Though that he comes not adorn'd with robes, yet friendly to support,

And to reforme his faultes, if that he can them amend, No body shal thy report with a glosing distiction extoll, Like popular parasite, or Thraso grandiloquent.

Let thy defert be thy praise; seeke not to be prais'd as an idole.

Better I had thee refil'd, if that I were eloquent, Since that I plainely do fee, thou wilt goe from mee fo fimpel;

Therefore I leave theemy booke, friendles alone to depart:

Like Peregrine pilgrime traveling but meane in aparel, And with a name unknowen, which is a griefe to my

heart;
For that I fee many faultes, and have no time to reforme

them.

Runne not away from me fo: thy fily flate I do rew:

Runne not away from me so; thy sily state I do rew; For many will disalow, and will thee shamesuly condemne.

Zoilus is but a doult. My prety libel, adicu!

#### A FAREWELL TO HIS BOOKE.

My prety book, farewell: God fend thee prosperus accesse Unto the court; to the Queene vouchsafe my name to be namelesse:

Thy foveraigne patronesse (if please her grace to defend thee)
Can patronize thy desectes. Whom God preserve, as a
bay tree,

Long to be predominant, with lords of her privie Counsail. Namely, the Lord Keeper, with learned lawes who doth excell:

That Metropolitan eake, whom I think my felf to be bound to;

Th' Archbishop at Lambeth: that wise Lord Treasurer also; And senator Cecill, that apeares to the realme a desender, Sonne to the Lord Burleigh, late deade, his wise wilie sather, That sapient Nestor, which did by pollicy compasse Much quiet unto the realme. For like as Cœliser Atlas, On large broad shoulders fore pressed, propped up heaven; So with his experience, this noble realme was upholden. For why? The state of a Prince consistent chiefly by councel Of wilie grave senators, whose witte with vertue doth excel. And I beseech God blesse that noble pillar of highnesse, Glorius Earle Talbut, stout Earle of Shrewsbury; doubtlesse Vertues trew president, of al humane curtesy mirror: Mirror of omnipotence. Whose nobel name was a terror Unto the Frenche regiment: to the Crowne still knowne to be a constant;

Worthy to be credited with a prince, as a faithful atendant; And to be chiefly prefered, that he may with bounty the better Stand a defense to the Prince, to the publick weale as a pillar. And God graunt to that Earle of Oxford, mirror of highnes, Happines in this world: God blesse his ladie the Countesse, Elizabeth Trentam, that right trew maiden of honnor, Immaculat virgin; whose house and name I doe savor Withreverence, as I should. For I came my selse of a Trentam, Aunt to thee, lady renoun'd: yet I am not known to thee, Madame.

Loth I am yet to be knowne; for I should be knowne to the best fort:

Knowne to that Earle Devereux, whom I pray God daily to comfort.

Vere, Devereux, Talbot, three nobel principal howses, Are to be greatly renoun'd for their nobilitie peerlesse.

And I do charge thee, my book, with things not rashly to meddel

Which ar above our reach, that concerne us but a littel;\*
Nor to detract my fame from peeres or states that are highest.
For littel meddling of most is thought to be wifest:
As the poet poetiz'd, that Naso poetical author,
Frugaly live to thyselse;† slee far from great men of honnor.
For many men that atend some lords, or daily do follow,
Do but as Æsops dogge, that a substance lost for a shaddow.
Yet many men be present by the meanes of great men of

Such fpeciall persons which they most dearely do savor. Farewel againe, prety book; be dutiful unto thy betters: Humbly, with al reverence, submit thy selfe to thy rulers.

· Quæ fupra nos nihil ad nos.

honnor;

† Ovid. Vive tibi, et longè nomina magna fuge.

The Dedication of the booke to the Queenes Majestie.

Unto the magnipotent, the renowned princes of Europ, Emperes Elizabeth, this petie libel I give;

Which I present to thy Grace as a prime primirose or a coussip.

Onely the flow-er of all our chronicles, I beleeve: Skilfuly pend by the knight Sir Thomas Moore, then a courtiè'r,

Learned in arts; who delin'd that that he knew to be trew, Grounded on experience, requisite to be read of a ruler. This donative, Soveraigne, deigne to receive to thy view. Give but a grace to my verse, it mounts, O Queene, in a moment.

Up to the spang'd element, up to that ayry Lion: Give but a check to the same, it salles downe (throwne with a contempt)

Downe to the Tartarian river of hell, Phlegeton.

#### A Prayer.

O my God! O God of hostes, God of Abraham, and God of And the God of Jacob (thou that didst regaly ransack [Isack, Tartarus infernal, who gave him selfe as a ransome, And here was crucifi'd, to redeeme our soules from a thraldom),

Sanctifie thy creature: inspire thy grace to my spirit:
Stand my desence: guide me with thy celestial eyesight.
O my God! O Saviour! vouchsase me grace to my speeches:
Then wil I magnifie thee; my mouth shal sing to thee praises:
Unto thee only, my God, my voice shall stil be resounding
Perpetuall praises, while breath and life are abiding.

## The Epistle to the Queenes most Excellent Majesty, my renowned Soveraigne and Princesse, Elizabeth, Queene of England, Fraunce, and Irland, &c.

So, I the man that am he, that afourds fmall praise to the Muses;

And yet in hexameters I meane to metrifie verses
Unto the worldes Diamond, to the Phænix rare; that doth
excel

In pre'minence as a prince: whose praise my wits ar unabel Here to record as I should: as a worke to large, or a matter Fit for a Moeonian fine skilfull penne to decypher; Whose stout progenitours great same her glory doth advance: Which, if I could poetize, is a worke yet worthic remembrance.

Graunt to me no learning, Muses, thou Pagan Apollo, Cynthia, with Charites, thou blandiloquent mery Pytho, Mercury, with Sappho, Pallas nam'd also Minerva,\*
Graunt to me no favour: but thou, thou mightic Jehova, Thou, Lord Emmanuel, Lord of celestial heaven, Only God imperiall, to mee wretch terrestrial harken. Since litel helpe they graunt, and cannot asord any savor, To those idolatrous pagan goddes yeald not an honnor; Yeald reverence to the Lord, who is the creator of all us, And do not here atribute any praise, but wholy to Jesu.

\* A contradictory to the paganiz'd invocation.

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Shall we Gods anger by wilful blafphemie kindel?
When John kneeled afore that bleffed glorius angell,
Do not fo, faid he, for I am but thy felo fervant:\*
Give thou praise to the Lord, to the Lord, that is only triumphant;

Unto whom only belongs all praife, and glory for ever.

Shall we, his creatures, then adore and invocat other?

That fonne of Shelomith, which Gods name wilfuly blafpheam'd,†

Was not he ston'd to death, by the Lord God rightfuly condemn'd?

Sorcerer hight Elimas was justly depriv'd of his eyesight, For that he by speaches did deputy Sergius excite; For to renounce our God; whom Paul and Barnabas also Taught him afore to believe. We should such blasphemie forgoe.

Barnabas (in fynagogues) and Paul (that faithfull Apostel)
Preached at Iconium; by faith Paul healed a crippel.
When the peepel saw it, they would have done to them honnor,

And brought them facrifice, not praifing God the creator.

Barnabas of the peepel was called Jupiter; and Paule,

Mercury; but they gave praife to the Lord God imortal.

And in amongst them went, and rent their clothes in an anger:

Wee are but creatures as you, Gods glory to further.

Shall we detract any praise from Christ, our Lord God of heaven;

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* Revel. 22, verse 8, 9. † 24 of Levit. v. 14 and 23. 

‡ Act. 13, ver. 8, &c. § Act. 4. v. 12, 3 14. 

|| Act. 14, ver. 12 and 13.
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Like bify-fnowted fwine, which uproot hearbes from a garden?\*

Let paganiz'd parasites, that purpose smoothly to flatter, Call to the pagan gods, their goddes, to reforge up a matter. Right reverent soveraigne, the renowned Princes of England, Glorious Elizabeth, Queene of Fraunce, Queene of al Irland, I (he that am too too bould) this simpel gift, but a trisel, Unto thy Grace dedicate; my simpel skill to disabel. If that I could poetize thy deserts, to thy glory coherent, Might not I greatly rejoyce? But I want arte, and skil is absent.

Your luculent eyefight to my rude muse regaly distill, For radiant sunnebeames displai'd will shine on a dounghill.† If that I were Chorilus, yet a faithfull minde of a subject,‡ Deigne to receive, Soveraigne, with a princelike bountiful aspect:

Like Artaxerxes, ftout king; whose gracius higness Thankfully dranke water from palmes of filly Zinetes; And in a cuppe of gold he sent to the poore man a thousand Goulden massy darecks; yet he was but a poore fily peasant. Like that princely Philippe, king of Macedonian empire, Who great curtesse shew'd, when a poore man gave him a dinner:

And Christ our Saviour vouchsafe to receive of a woman, Which was a Samaritan, water drawne forth of a sountaine, || Named Jacobs well: and Christ said, If she the persitte Gift of God did know, and him that did so demaund it, She would have asked Christ Jesus freely the water Of life eternall, who could that water asord her.

<sup>\*</sup> Similie. † Similiè. ‡ Exampel. § Plutarke in Regum Apo || 4 cha. of John, vers. 6, 7, 8.

Deigne then an eare to my muse, thou Queene, whom mighty Jehova

Regaly doth beatize, as a fortunate Elizabetha.

Whose very magnificence to the type of glory doth ascend;

Which to the world al abroad thy regall vertue doth extend. As Phœbe with radiant bright beames this world doth

As Phoebe with radiant bright beames this world doth ilustrate,\*

So to thy realme (O Prince) thou do'ft thy mercy promulgate.

All pretious diamondes and pearles do not equaly glifter,† Some starres more glitering; one prince surmountethanother.

So my benigne Soveraigne, thou Queene (our gratious Empresse)

Art as a trew period, of trew perfection endlesse:

Like to the starres in sky, to the sand incountabel in sea,‡
So be the Lords benefits to thy selfe, O Queenc, to thy
country.

For why? The Lord God of Hostes preserves thy properus estate

Gainst forraine enemies, whose driftes he decrees to be frustrate.

For men on earth purpose, but God that ruleth in heaven Ruleth on earth as a God. Just God disposeth of all men. Gods providence hidden is: what man can possibly foreshow What suture age wil asourd? God alone mans destiny doth know.

That God above, God alone, preferve thy Grace as a patterne Long to be sceptriserent, this stout realme wisely to governe. And for al his benefits, let us all to the Lord God of Hosts graunt

\* Similie. † Similie. ‡ Similie. § Sentence.

Perpetuall praises, who to thee still stands as a gardaunt. Rightfully crowned a Queene, as a rightfull Queene, as a right heire

Unto the regal crowne, and lawfuly knowne to be daughter Of King Henry that eight, late king, w[h]o rul'd as a puisant Conquerer of kingdomes, with fame and glory triumphant. His father Henry the seav'nth,\* thy wife stout grandsather, obtain'd

Th' imperial diademe; who vice and tyrany difdain'd,
As Chronicles do report. This king, by the states privie
consent,

Elizabeth maried, promised by sormer agreement, Which was a Plantagenet, first and eld'st daughter of Edward,

Namely the fourth, who flew at Bosworth field bludy Richard, That tyranus cruel hogge, most worthily plagu'd for ofences. He, by the said mariage, did unite those notabel houses, Yorke and Lancaster; whose long contentius envy Caus'd civil intestine warfare. This conquerus Henry, Venturus and valiant, was asygn'd by the Lord to be ruler. Every king hath a time: thus this worlds glory doth alter.† I he that once could not, nor meant, in heroical English Rythmecal hexameters, any book so timely to publish, Yet when I knew that I could compose new rythmery verses, Lately become metricall, which are right verses of antike; Then did I wish that I could dedicate such bookes to thy person,

Worthy fo great a Regent, thy deserved glory to blazon, Which fro the east to the west doth spread. Whose same to decypher

<sup>•</sup> Grafton.

<sup>+</sup> Virg. Sie transit gloria mundi.

More praise demeriteth than I can now possibil utter.

Like as a crystall spring transparent unto the bottome,\*

Flowes with a filver ftreame; fo (puisant prince) to thy kingdome,

And to thy common weale, thou shew'ft thyfelf as a princesse Mercifull, and liberall; thy good life vertue doth expresse. God to thee gave many gifts, more then my minde can imagine.

Which do atract to thy felfe most hearts with a force adamantine.

I he the fame man afore, as a man scarce knowne to the Muses,

Boldly prefume to prefent foote-fcanning rythmery verses Unto thee, world's Soveraigne: vouchsafe, O Queene, to peruse them;

Stand as a princely patrone, nor (ofensive) justly me condemn. If tonitr'ant bisse Jove should alwaies strike in his anger† Every man that ofends, with lightning slame of a thunder, Should not he then be bereft or despoild quite of his armor? So, if I have many saults, yet, good Queene, stand my protector.

And I, with all reverence, do befeech your gratious Highnes, Though many things ar amisse, yet pardon graunt to my rudenesse.

Though that I Mœonides (who writeth of Hector, Achilles, Of Troilus, Diomede, of craft-contriver Ulisses)

Nor Maro Laureat am (who the laurel crowne to the Romans Wanne, as a princely poet, who recorded fame to the Trojans)

Yet, for a zeale that I have, these primer fruites of a subject

\* Similie. † Poetice. Si quoties peccant, &c.

(Lately befeem'd a poet) with a regall friendlines accept: For why? My pipe is of ote, not Apollos, skilfuly compact,\*
Nor Ciceroes eloquence I retaine: for a worke that is exact,
Truly thy princely benigne acceptance of my beginnings
Shall my minde animate, to record some greater atemptinge.
For my delight (O Queene) my drift and only my purpose,
Is to record Chronicles; metricall verse fitly to compose,
And to refyne our speach, to procure our natural English
Far to be more elegant; that verse may skilfuly florish.
Which when it is re'disi'd, eloquent, and knowne to be persit,
Unto thee, and to thy realme, (O puisant Prince) what a
credit!

Hexameters will amend our speach (thou sacred Eliza)
Publish an orthography, and teach us a trew idioma.
Stories are requisite to be read of states that are highest,
As kings imperial, thron'd in regalitie chiefest.
If so be that Chronicles had not bin skilfuly written,
Kinges valiant exployts, lordes same, and knightes valor
had bin

Drowned in oblivion. For time (fames greedy devowrer)
Leaves fame unmemoriz'd, as a tree confum'd with a canker. †
Historicall Chronicles, well penn'd by the learn'd (as
aforefaid)

Doth manifest represent (as a comedy shewes, on a stage plaid)

Mens vice and vertues; as a trew glaffe vifibly doth fliew; Mens face and favor, their faults in vifnomy to viewe. For by the great diligence of men, mans memorie (chiefeft Treafurer of knowledge, with learning skilfuly surnisht) Enroules in Chronicles the renowned deeds of heroick

• Poetico. + Similie. ‡ Similie. § Similie.

And valiant Worthies, their fame and victorie warlike. For Chronicles do recite faultes and falles of many princes, Horribly that tyraniz'd, fore plagu'd for their fory vices. Was not lofty Babel first built by proude fory Nimrod,\* Whose arogance had a fall? and was not merciles Herod By greedy vermin spoild, that murderd so many children?† And Nero that tyrant, the detested monster of all men, Stab'd himselfe with a knife.‡ The wicked king Jeroboam Plagu'd by the Lord, that he di'd.§ And lewd ungodly Jehoram

Was by godly Jehu through shoulders shot with an arrow, || Which through pearced his heart, that he languisht for very forrow.

When that a prince hath a will, whose will doth stand for a reason,

Lulled in errors lappe, that will infectes as a poyfon Both to the king and realme. For wherein proud fory princes

Fondly delyre, pitiles subjects ar plagu'd with a witnesse. Thankes be to God, our Queene doth rule with singuler advice,

And with mercy benigne as a prince doth quallifie justice: Our Soveraigne doth apeare, as goulden Cynthia shining, Glides by the firme element, her bright beames cheerefuly shewing

Unto this earthly chaos: fo her grace (glorius extant)
Shines to the common wealth, with love and mercy
regardant:

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* Genesis, ch. 10 and 11. † Act. 12, v. 21, 13. 

‡ Suetonius, fol. 162, cha. 49. § 2 Chro. ch. 13, vers. 20.
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<sup>|| 2</sup> of Kings. ch. 9, ver. 24.

<sup>¶</sup> Horace. Quicquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi.

Whose speciall rare gifts and vertues daintily lusture,

Like orient diamonds, or splendent pearles on a vesture.\*

All you princely regents, you kings (well knowne to be rulers)

Learne to refraine from finne. Our Lord God terribly finners

Impenitent doth plague: not a king, not an emperor, he fpares;

All estates are alike. Who with Gods dignitie compares? Cast downe your diademes, your crownes and dignity despise; Meere vanities count them, but seeke to do good, to do justice.

Yeald reverence to the Lord, to the Lord your duty to performe:

You are Christes subjects, your subjects peaceably governe. Your pre'minence but a charge, your life but a blob, but a blossom:

When death strikes with a dart, what availeth a king or a kingdom?

That Platonift, Socrates, did afirme, that a mans bodie living Was but a grave to the foule; which to felicitie lafting, Should by deferts demigrade: most divine speach of an heathen!

For by the faith in Christ we come to the kingdome of heaven.

As radiant rud-y Phœbe exhales his vapory moyfture‡
Unto the firme element, with his ardent hot fun-y lufture,
So the God omnipotent, our foules with finnes hevie loden,
Freely by mercy benigne, extolles to the kingdom of heaven.
Death bringes every thing to decay; for like as a fresh
flower§

<sup>\*</sup> Similie. † Erafmus in decla. de morte. ‡ Similie. § Similie.

Springs for a time redolent, but can not possibil endure. So doth a king for a while reigne with great dignitie present, Whose great glorie decaies, whose prowde pompe dures but a moment.

Like as a man doth in yeares wax ould, fo fhould he be wifer;

And as he groweth in age, so should his life be the beter. Thinke this world to be vaine, and thinke this life to be mortal.

And to the King of kings let us yeald our felves to be loyal; Who to redeeme our foules, ordained his only begotten, Only beloved fonne, to be fent downe freely from heaven, And to be here crucifi'd (as a finlesse man for a finner) To mitigate Gods wrath, t' appease his infinit anger: Who by the death that he di'd hath cleans'd us freely from

evill,
For that he conquered hath sinne, death, and also the divell.

Whiles we do live, let us al live well. Time stailes away leapes,\*

Like as a cloud vanisheth. For, as every steppe that a man steppes,

Is but a steppe to the grave, so plodding age, pedetentim, Stouping, creepes on a pase. Age is to death as a pilgrim, Which for a time doth abroad wander, but in end he returnes home;†

So for a time we do live, but in end death will be the bridegroome.

No body can stay time. Time staies for no body.‡ Time swift

Flyeth away on apase, as a bird that flyes from a mans sight.

\* Similie. † Similie. ‡ Sentence. § Similie.

Therefore, princely regentes, both vice and tyrranny forgoe; For what availeth a king, what availeth an emperor also, If that he lose his soule, to live here fortunat alway?\*

As patient Job said, each mortall king to thy selse say,

Naked I came to the world, fro the world hence naked I shall go:†

Formed of earth was I first, to the earth yet againe shall I turne to.

That fapient Salomon naught here but vanitie could finde,‡ With manyfould miseries, with great vexation of minde.

What man alive can afourd (as Gods word plainely doth expresse)

One cubit unto his height by carking cares that ar endlesse? Let not a man be to bolde, though God be mercifull, and staies,

For when he strikes, his stroke is a stroke importabil alwaies: And then he plagues when he strikes. For where th' almighty Jehova

Rightfuly plagues for ofense, what availeth a mans cataplasma?

For with a flouthfull pase Gods anger goes to revengement; But when he comes, he rewards eternall paines for a torment. Here I wil end, O Queen. O Lord! our only creator,

(Our Lord Emmanuel, our Christ and sole mediator)

Adde to thy life many yeares, as he did to the king Ezechias;¶

Sasely desend thee from harme, as he sasely preserved Elias:

And that he graunt to thy Grace, after this life (as a chosen



The Epistle, etc.

30

Vessel of his, purify'd) joyes in celestiall heaven; Joyfully there to remaine with Jesus Christ the Redeemer, Imparadiz'd as a faint, with saints in glory for ever. As two Greeke letters in Grecian alphabet, Alpha First letter plaste is, but placed last is Omega: So wil I continuall, first and last, praise thee for ever, If that I could poetize, as I would, thy glory to surther.

Your Graces subject, in faith, love, duty to

commaund:

### THE FIRST BOOKE OF

The preservation of King Henry the vij. when he was but Earle of Richmond.

PATHER Omnipotent, our Lord and only Redeemer, (Which on a throne, deifi'd, there fits, and shines as a jasper,

And as a fardine stone, incompast round with a raine-bow,\*
Like to the bright emeraud) with thy grace my spirit endow:
From which throne lightnings, voices, with lowde slashy
thunders

Duly proceed: where fowre and twenty colaudibil elders Seated in as many feats, all cloth'd with a white lily garment, Crown'd with crownes of gould, on their heads ftately refulgent:

Seaven lampes of fire ar there eternaly burning,
Gods very godly spirits, on God there faithful atending.
Neare to the throne is a sea of glasse, which shin'd as a crystall:
There sowre beasts sul of eyes ar about that stately tribunal.
First was like a lyon, next seemed a calse to resembel,
Third had a sace of a man, sourth beast was sorm'd as an eagel.

Every beast of them six wings had them to belonging, And sul of eyes ar within, day and night joyfully singing

• The first part of the Revelation of Saint John in effect verbatim.

Three times holy be God th' almightie, that ever is holy:
Holy before which was, which is, which shall be God only.
And when those fowre beasts gave praise to the Lord God
Iesus.

Which on that throne fate (who for ever liv'd, who redeem'd us)

Those reverent elders their crownes commendably threw downe,

And fell flatly before that Lord that fate on a tribune, Worshiped him that liv'd, and lives with glory for ever. For thou glory deferv'st that made all things by thy power: Unto whom Archangels and Angels greatly rejoycing, With Cherubins, Seraphins, are there eternaly singing. Thou sather only my God, which art, wast, shalt be for ever: Who the terestriall orbe (which staies itselfe by the center)\* Quadruply partiting, fire, ayre, earth, watery substance, Out of an ugly chaos did'st frame, and store with abundance Of severall creatures, and made man last (as an image Like to thyselfe) upright, to behold this globe with a visage: † Placed him in Paradice, in a facred garden, in Eden; Where, by the sondness of Eve, they lost those joyes then of heaven:

Thou Lord only for aye, whose power and glory supernall This star-y spang'd element, and this whole world universal Made; (as a mightie monarche) in six daies; only the seaventh

Day he referv'd, to be kept as a facred day, as a Saboth, Which God by Moyfes did apoint and confecrat holy: And that day to be kept (by the cov'nant) from labor, only.

Thou, he the fame very God, three persons, one God in essence,

Raife up aloft to thy felfe, my weake spirit hale to thy presence.\*

Leavy the lines that I write, let thy law ftill be my load-starre,

Still to direct mee my course, here trewly to write; that I differ,

No not a word, fro thy word; that I may in minde as a Christi'an

Glorify Christ crucifi'd, to detest that sect of a pagan.

Sanctify me, my Jehove, in Christ I repose al afiance:

Therefore I humbly befeech of thee, my Lord, an afiftance.

Grant that I may poetize that credibil history, written

By Sir Thomas Moore, of an English story the maiden,

For why? The learned knight wrote that, that he knew to be certaine;

Trouth with his art to deline, credit of both fafely to maintaine.

For that he was then alive in court, in prime of his young yeares,

And by that experience, that he knew and learned of others By good inteligence, he referv'd for his historie faultlesse,

Thereby the truthe to deline; quite voide of flattery doubtleffe.

Which when he had manupend, in briefe profe skilfuly finnisht.

Streight he the same (to be knowne) in print did apoint to be publisht.

In which book I do meane, by the grace of God, to deliver

<sup>\*</sup> Exod. ca. 20, ver. 8, 9, 10.

Nothing els but a trouthe; Gods name and glory to further.

Nor with a penne that is hyr'd I write, verse smoothly to compile,\*

Like glavering parasite, with a veile, lewde states to depensile: If so that envy repine, and slaundring tongues do calumnize, Trouth wil in end be my praise, and shame the reward to the divelish.

Feare not at all, fil-y Muse, to report so thankles an errant; Boldly declare to the best their faults, trouth shal be thy warrant.

This knight, Sir Thomas, was made Lord Chauncelor after, Who was knowne to be learn'd, of a chiefe affembly the fpeaker:

He both lost his life, of his office made a refusall,†
For that he would not agree to the king's supremacy regal.
My Muse incouraged (first praising God as a giver
Of all good benefits) these words she began to deliver.
North Soveraigne Phænix, thou stout Queene, samus Eliza,
Of grace and sapience (peerelesse prince) facred idea,
Deigne with a gratius eye to peruse (O Christian Empresse)
This prety booke manupen'd, manumiz'd to thy gratius
Highnesse.

Al you earthly kings, you kings adventurus, hearken; You states pontificall, with atentive eares to me listen: You lords imperiall, of her Highnesse wise privie counsel, (Whose sapient wisdomes to record my wits are unabel) You lords in generall, that atend in court on a princesse (Only the world's soveraigne) lend listning eares to my verses.

\* Similie.

+ Grafton.

You catholike divines, graduat divinity doctors,
Which be the favory falt, of Gods word lively professors;
You fapient senators of Innes of Court, that are ordain'd
To minister justice, by the Queenes authoritie constrain'd;
Arts reverent amatists, of both\* university famus
(Whose orient fine wits of Romane verse be desirus)
Deigne to beholde this verse, although it seem but a trifel.
For many times you see that a pearle is found in a muskel.†
Here I do meane to recite how our Queenes grandsather,
Henry,

That king magnanimus, with a ftout and conquerus armie, With valerus chivifance did a tyrant manfuly conquer, Richard, lately the king, that vile and fhameful ufurper: Henries fame to report, in fcanning verfe, as I purpofe, Prince Edward ftratagiz'd, and Richards tyranny difclofe. When ftout King Edward, at a field neere Teuxbury gotten,‡

Where Queene Marg'ret was, with her eld'ft fonne, forcibly taken.

Nam'd to be Prince Edward: which was there bluddily murdred

By tyranus Richard,

And the tent prisoner to London: where the remained Till that her owne father had (that French duke nam'd to be Reiner.

Of Sicyl alfo the king) with a raunfome kindely redeem'd her.

When Jasper (stout Earle of Pembrooke), natural uncle Unto this Earle Richmond, when he knew how stoutly the battel

\* Figure.

† Similie.

# Grafton.

Was fought and manupriz'd, and faw all things to go backward,

How ftout Earle Warwick was flaine by conquerus Edward, And how Henry the fixt in Towre fafe kept was abiding; How London citizens difdain'd him now to be their king; How his confederates and frieends grew weaker on each fide.

And how King Edward, himselse and his cosen envi'd, Wittily considering (as a wise Earle) sought to prevent it, Both their lives to preserve, where they might safer inhabit. In peril ambiguus that course is best to be taken,\*

Which shal availe to do good. In time privy danger is holpen,

As by the fequel apeares.

Mindfuly, Muse, memorize, first how this vertuus Henry (Saved alive many times by the Lords protection only)

Came to the crowne as a king, here sent by the Lord his apointment;

Sent to the realme as a prince, that should here make an atonement:

For Gods facred elect are straungely preserv'd by the Lord God.†

Our Lord and Saviour was fav'd from murtherus Herod; From the lyons, Daniell; from ftrength of mighty Golias, Holy David; Joseph, from brethren; faithful Elias, From wicked Jezabel; that younger godly Tobias Sav'd by the Lords Angell: and was not trustily Jonas Kept in a whales bely safe, three nights? God sav'd Machabeus;

Noe with his owne families was fav'd from deftiny grievus;

Sentence.
 † Exampels in divers places of the Bibel.

Mofes, throwne in a flagge to be drown'd, was fav'd by the daughter

Of tyranus Pharaoh,\* manumiz'd to be nurst by the mother: Israel and Shadrach, Meshach with Abednego likewise, Gods divine providence his blessed will wil acomplish. First, when he was but an earle, he being then but of young yeares,†

Was by the Lords providence preferved from many dangers And peril of lofing his life; and life of his uncle, Martial Earle Pembrocke, who behav'd himfelfe as a nobel And valiant chival'ir, when they were like to be taken By Roger hight Vaghan, who thought them furely to murder, ‡

Rightly received a death that he purpos'd falfely for other. Those fraudulent judges, that accused falfely Susanna, Rightfully were condemn'd by the Prophet sent by Jehova; Worthily ston'd to death, as they had wrongfuly judged Godly Susanna to die: thus God th' ungodly rewarded. And on a gallow tree that proud presumptuus Hamon Rightly was hang'd, that aledg'd to guiltlesse Mardoche treason.

This forefaid Vaughan was charg'd, by the king his apointment,

For to aprehend those Earles; but he therein mist of his intent.

Each felf-will of a king, or commaund, is not a godly Thing to be done; for a prince enraged fiercely with envy Seekes to do wrong causelesse, which God will avenge in his anger:

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* Exod. cha. v, 6, 7, 8, 9. 

† Grafton, fol. codem. 

† Grafton, fol. 712, Edw. 4. 

† Grafton, fol. codem. 

| Efter.
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(For God on high, God above, knowes all) for he plagues an ofender.

Marke what a chance foloed. These Earles fled thence to the castel

Of Pembrooke;\* who were eftfoones purfu'd by the fubtil Fierce Morgan Thomas, who the castel strongly besieged, Environed with a trench, yet they were safely preserved By David ap Thomas, who the siege rais'd; yet very brother Unto the said Morgan. Can men Gods purposes alter? Was not godly David, by the meanes and saithful atonement Of Jonathan, preserv'd from King Saules murderus intent? Henry the sixt propheci'd (who this Earles state and very favor

View'd for a while, noting his princelike witty behavi'or.)

Lo, this is he, for a trouth, that in end shall surely by wisdome,‡

By valor of knighthood, and stoutnes, ataine to the kingdome.

This good king (as a prince inspir'd) did prophecy trewly, For what he told proov'd trew, by Gods revelation only: For God alowes his elect severall gifts. Every perfit Good gift comes fro the Lord, by the gift of Gods very spirit.

For the Prophets propheci'd of Christ: God gave his Apostels

Marvelus and strange gifts, as he gave his glorius Angels. || Now to my matter againe.

These Earles, safely preserv'd, durst not stay there any longer, But got away in all hast from thence for seare of a danger.

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# Grafton. † 1 Sam. ch. 20, ver. 35, &c. ‡ Grafton, fol. 692, Edw. 4. § Sam. 1, 17. || 1 Pet. 1, v. 10, 11.
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Like as a light foote roc, from quick-fent houndes to the greene-wood\*

Lustily bounceth away, to fave life, skips on a maine scud; So these Earles got away from thence to Timby, that haven

Towne in Wales; to the which by conftraint luckily driven, They made provision for shippes. And like as a swallow Quickly the skyes doth sheare; to rrather, like as an arrow Flies from a strong mans bow, so they from thence with a navie

Sail'd to the Duke Francis,‡ who received them both very friendly;

Faithfully them promifing that they should have his assistance

For to do them pleasure, and what they wanted, alowance. Where these fortunate Earles, in great security living, Sasely remained a while, King Edward's anger avoiding, Joyfully there passing their time; where he with his uncle, Highly regarded at armes, at tylt and turnee did excell. Every time hath a chaunge: we in times mutabil alter: § Gods will prescient prescribes a determinate order, His great glory to raise.

Can mindes affociat to kingdomes amity fofter?
Or perfit lovers, can they rivality fuffer?
Cæfar could not abide to be fubmiffe, or to be loyall
To valiant Pompey, || that accounted no man his equall.
Every king hath his heyre, or next to the crowne, in a

fuspect;
For that he thinks that he will not prove so trew as a subject.

Love to be kings, and kings breed brothers mutual hatred,\*
No faith observing, like tyrants set by no kindred.
Can faith and falshoode in selfe same seat be resiaunt?
Such contrarieties are placed stally repugnant.†
Marke what a chaunce hapned, that counter-chekt, in a moment,

All their courtly delights to their cleane contrary judgement;

For when as Edward, namely the fourth, did know for a certaine

That these venturus Earles were sailed safely to Brittaine, Unto the foresaid Duke, and there liv'd friendly together, Highly regarded of him, nor at all did seare any danger, These sory new tidings did assist his minde not a littel,‡ For that he thought those Earles might bring him quickly to trubbel.

Embassadors, therefore, to the Duke he sent of a purpose, With grave discretion his message wisely to disclose; Who did acomplish his heafts, like wise states, made many proffers

Unto the Duke, promising large gifts and bountiful offers, So that he would vouchsafe those English lords to deliver. Unto whom immediate this Duke thus framed an answere: So to do, it were not requisite, nor stood with his honnor. But least that those lords should seeke elswhere any succor, To prejudice their king, he devis'd to seclude them as under With vigilant persons, to be safe kept one from another, And from them to remove each page and every servant Which was an English man, that there were on them atendant.

<sup>\*</sup> Sentence.

<sup>†</sup> Sentence.

<sup>‡</sup> Grafton, fol. 715, Edw. 4.

Answered in this fort, they toke their leave with obeisance, And so return'd to the king, to shew their saithful atendance. Who, when he heard these newes, he beleev'd that he stoode in a safety;

His minde was quieted, quite freed from factius envy.

Therewithal, he to the duke forth with them wrote in a letter,

How that he would him yearely reward, with thankes for his answer;

Friendly requesting him that he would those words but acomplish,

Which of his owne free will he did fo faithfuly promife.

See what a fuspitius minde works: how greedines of gould Princelike mindes doth ataint, by force of flattery contrould! Like as a fulphurus heate (encompast round) lyeth hollow,\* Clos'd in a vapory clowd, there struggling strives for an issue;

Which, with a straunge rattling, with a rumbelo lowd flashy thunder.

Filles th' element with a noyfe, and center of earth with a wonder:

So privy fuspition, conceived in heart with a fury,

Breedes great displeasure, and raging cankerus envic.

For when King Edward had bettere pondered all things,

He (that had experience) fought first to prevent the beginnings,†

Least that he might be depos'd. When a wound with mallady festreth,

And growes inveterate, that fore what furgery cureth? When nature vanisheth, which cannot worke any longer.

Similie. † Ovid. Principiis obsta. Serò medicina paratur, &c.

#### The prefervation of K. Henry the feaventh,

42

What medicine can availe mans former health to recover? Flexibil at first is young tender tree to be bowed;

Growne by continuance very bigge, disdeignes to be moved. For when he considered that rightly this Earle fro the lynage Sprouted of Henry the sixt, then he sought for a surther avantage,

For that he knew wel inough, if that there were any living\* Righteus heire to the crowne, that lin'aly came from his ofspring,

Might bring his diademe and regal fcepter in hazard.

Therefore againe to the duke he charg'd grave men to go forward,

Doctor Stillinton with two more, fent with a treasure Once yet againe to present his grace more largely to pleasure,

If that he would but alow and permit curteus Henry (Nam'd Earle of Richmond) with them to returne in a fafety, For speciall causes; that their king, bountiful Edward,

Would joyne in mariage (wherein then he feem'd to be forward)

Elizabeth to this Earle; which was wel knowne to be daughter

To their liege Soveraigne: which luckily fortuned after. Thereby this Earle might have those landes that he claim'd in afurance.

If that he were maried so nere to the king in alyance. And so the king stood fure that none might make any tytel Unto the crowne, but he might all forraine saction expel. They in al hast get away their message wisely to transpose, Who to the duke at large each particularity disclose.

<sup>\*</sup> Grafton, fol. 732, Edw. 4.

When that he their meffage did know, he paus'd for a good while

What was best to be done, since th' earle liv'd there but in exile;

But when he confidered that he should be match'd with a virgin,

Their owne kings daughter, to be linkt in league with his owne kinne,

Where that he might be prefer'd to some great dignity present,

There as an earle, or a duke, to rule by the king his apointment,

First he began to deny, but pleas'd with treasure given,

What with foliciting, and gould so gainfully gotten, Kindly this answer he gave: that he was content to deliver

Henry that Earle, not a sheepe to the wolfe, but a sonne to

the father;\*

And in a letter he wrote how th' Earle was much had in

Both for his own wifdome, valiaunce, and witty behavi'our.

They then feiz'd of a prey, which they had greatly defired,

Thankfully tooke their leave, and from thence quickly departed

Unto the towne of Saint Malo, bord'ring neare to the fea shore,

Minding thence to depart when ships were made ready.

Wherefore

Th' Earle, when he knew that he should be return'd home, for very forrow

Since that he was fo betrai'd, he fell fore ficke of an ague;

<sup>\*</sup> Similie.

44

Be ftratagiz'd. But fee! who can Gods dignity withftand? Gods divine providence and facred dignity fupreame

Ruleth al humane cause, though humane causes ar extreame.\*

Marke Gods omnipotence, whose workes ar wonderus, extant,

Still to be feene; who preferv'd this venturus Earle at an instant,

Sav'd (as a strange miracle) by the faithfull love of a stranger.

For many times men ar helpt, and fav'd by the meanes of another;

Like as a physition doth seeke mans health to recover,

So wil a friend for a friend in trubbels stand a desender. Vulcan against Troy was, but Trojans friend was Apollo,

And Venus indiferent, Pallas not: mortally Juno

Malliced Æneas, as alyed wholly to Turnus;

Yet was he by Venus helpe preferv'd from her enmitie grievus.

Undubitate Pylades was a friend to woful Oreftes;
To Damon, Pythias; Patrocles friended Achilles;
Alcyde ayded Hylas, Æneas friend was Achates,†
Eurialus, Nifus; Diomedes friended Uliffes;‡
And to be chiefe memoriz'd, that firme and trufty Zopirus
Who cut his owne cares off Babilon to procure Darius.
Darius, ftout king, in his hand faire pomegranat having,§
One of his especial friends askt him (merrily jesting)
What things especiall (if he might have that he wished)

<sup>\*</sup> Sentence. † Divers examples. ‡ Virg. § Plutarch in Apo.

Would he request for his owne? As there were graines to be counted,

So many friendly, Zopyres (as a wife king) wifely did answer:

For what more pretius then a friend that friendeth another?\*
As fire and heate both cannot be parted afonder,

So love and friendship cannot be without one another.

For when on John Chewlet (that was for a courtier only Counted a frout man at arms) who lov'd this gratius Henry,

Heard that he was very fick, and from thence like to be conveigh'd,†

Shortly to King Edward, he (therewith wofuly difmaid)

Posted amaine to the court, and present stept to the Kings

Grace.

Heavily perplexed; who, looking fad with a pale face,

Stood as amafed afore this duke, with a steame hevy count'nance,

And not a word did speake, as a man that wanted his uttrance.

Therewithal aftonied to behold fo feareful an object

(Like as a prince vigilant) he did some treachery suspect;

Yet, when he confidered this knights state, chearcfuly thus spake:

Shew me the cause (good John) that thou so monefuly dost looke.

Therewithal he, to the duke reverent, with an humbel obeyfance,

Boldly declar'd what he meant, and spake with a treatibel uttrance.

Pardon I crave, Soveraigne, if I speake: Truth verely never‡

Pluta. in Apo. † Grafton, fol. 738, Edw. 4.

‡ Sentence.

Shameth his own master. What availes than fondly to flatter?

Heare then a truth, O Duke! for like as Cynthia shining, Inveloped with a clowde, obscures her-selfe from ilustring, Semblably truth for a time obscur'd, many times lieth hidden:\*

Truth yet in end wil apeare: truth never permaneth unknowne.

O my renowned Duke! wilt thou now falfify promife, Firmely betroth'd to this Earle? What a fault is this, what a blemmish?

O that I were buried! Shal I live to know thy dishonor? Truly my minde (O Duke) is vext with an infinit horror,

For that I greatly to grieve, that this stout Earle to the slaughter

Should (as a lambe) be betrai'd, and there to be flaine of a butcher.†

This wil bring thy renowne, O Prince (which every mans mouth

Extols up to the clowdes) to decay. For (plainely to tell trouth)

If so be (my Soveraigne) thou wilt so shamefuly suffer Henry this Earle to depart, thou stain'st thy glory for ever: Thy former valiance and same, that shine to the world's end.

Shall as a fmoke pas away. Shall a Prince fuch craftines intend?

Peace, good John (quoth the Duke) peace, peace! I pray thee, beleeve me;

For these embasadors do protest and say that he shal be

\* Similie.

† Similie.

Spows'd to the kings daughter (which their king faithfuly promist\*)

And to be next to the king plaste in authority chiefest.

Well, said John to the duke, in whom shall shame be reputed, If that he dye by the way, or in English realme be beheaded? For that I dare venture my life, that it is but a practice This sily soule to deceive, this sicke Earles life to relinquish. If that he shal be beguil'd in such sort, let me no longer Live to repaire to thy court: if he should dye, dye had I rather.

When Dionife the tyrant would needes have Plato beheaded,†

Zenocrates answer'd: not afore that mine be deprived.

But many fay that a king that knowes not how to difembel Knowes not at all to rule: fuch fleights be devis'd by the divell.

If that I may be so bould to speake but a word in his absence,

O my benigne Soveraigne! lend eare and give to me credence,

For why? This Earle of a truth lyes fick, and likely to perish.

If fro thy realme he depart, what prince will trust to thy promise?

Nothing more perilus then a compound poyfonus honny;‡ No body more treacherus then a foe that feemes to be friendly.

With tunes harmonicall sweete singing merrily mermaides Falsly betray mariners: so these men, sent as aforesaid,

\* Grafton, fol. 738, Edw. 4. † Laertius, lib. 4, chap. 2. ‡ Simile. \$ Simile. Smoothly deceive your grace with faire fpeach and mony given:

Under a cloake of love his conceal'd craftines hidden.

O fond difcretion, on faire words wholly relying !\*

Experiment best is where wordes and deedes are agreeing. Craft hath a godly pretence, but a murderus end. For a fowler

Merrily playes on a pipe when he craftily taketh a plover.†
Ifcariot Judas, that false and wicked apostel,

Falfely betrai'd with a kiffe, and fould our Lord for a trifel.

Laomedons falshood (Priamus father, and fon of Ilus)

Caufed his owne bludy death, and loffe of Troy, city famus.

Was not Alexander, by craft of King Ptolemæus,‡

His false fath'r in law, depriv'd of his empery famus?

Bluddy Polymnestor (which of gould was so desirus)

Beaftly did obtruncate Priamus fonne, young Polidorus.

More to recite, what availes?§

Therefor I humbly befeech your Grace (O Duke) to remember

This disconsolate Earle, that lyes neare dead of a fever. || Send that he may be retain'd. Let not thy glory be blemmisht:

Keepe faith inviolate, let a prince performe what he promist. Thus this knight to the duke his whole minde (wosuly distrest)

Plainely without any guile or diffimulation exprest.

Lastly by persuasions this wise Duke (ruled by the counsell Of good John Chewlet, who this earles state knew to be seebel)

Sent Peter Landoyse, chiese Treasurer, only the soresaid Embassadors to delay, that th' Earle might safely be convai'd

Unto the Sanct'ary there; which was with speede then esected, Which so delighted his heart that his health there quickly revived.

Like as an hart in a chace, that is hurt or pincht with a greyhound,

Bounceth away on a maine, and runnes most swiftly, to get ground,\*

Yer that he should b' imbost, fro the greyhound speedily doth get,

And privy lewnes in a brake, imbaies himselfe in a thicket, There to recover his hurt: so this Earle (escapt from a daunger)

Liv'd in a place priviledg'd, his former health to recover.

Would to God every prince, that ruleth in every kingdome, Would be fo rul'd by the good wife counfell, and by the wifdome

Of plaine trouth-speakers, and also that every courti'er Would not aledge any lyes to the Prince to desame on another.

Now to my matter againe.

When these embasadors perceiv'd they were so deluded, Both of an Earle, their prey, and of gould freely deliver'd, Tould Peter Landoyse, their king would take it in ill part,†

They to retorne, so deceiv'd of their Earle and mony, homeward:

But Peter Landoyse assured them that he should be Safe in a fanct'ary kept (which they would warily foresee)

Similie.

<sup>+</sup> Grafton, fol. 739, Edw. 4.

Or to be streightly detein'd in a safer custody forthwith; So they neede not at all to doubt or seare any mischiese. They, pacifi'd by the meanes of Landoyse curteus answere, Thought it a folly to stay in Brittain realme any longer, But willed Landoyse (to the Duke their duty remembring) Those promises to be kept, their leave there thankfuly taking:

Who promifed that he would.

So these embasadors sail'd thence, and landed in England,\*
And there tould to the king each chiefest point of his arrand.
Who, when he heard their speach, perswaded partly by reason,
How that he should be detein'd there sase, or sase in a prison,
(He not at all searing th' intendment of sory persons)
Shew'd himself as a prince more bountiful unto the
commons,

And liberal to the poore.

But time his course hath; time staylesse daiely doth happen,+ With swift breach curelesse, with gould not againe to be gotten.

O wavering fortune! when thou feem'ft most to be smiling,‡ Mutabil intendment meanest, and mischievus ending.

Every time hath an end. O worldly varietie, never

Knowne to remaine constant! What is here that permaneth ever?

For frout King Edward, when he found himselfe to be fore sick,

And when he thought that he was (in a manner) past any physick,

Streight to the Queenes kindred did fend on away in a poste-haste

<sup>\*</sup> Grafton, fol. 755, Edw. 4. † Sentences. ‡ Poetice.

Unto the Lord Rivers\* (whom he knewe to be firme, to be ftedfaft)

And to the Lord Hastings (Lord Chamberlaine then of England)

And to the Lord Marquesse (whom she first had by her husband

Named Sir John Gray, which was made knight in a battel Fought at Saint Albons, & there was flaine: who did excell In valor of knighthood)

Willing them to repaire to the court with speedines effsoones, And to refort to the king for divers and many reasons.

Who to the court in all hast did come, who courtly saluting Were resaluted againe, on another semblably greeting.

Every lord that came to the courte, by the king his apointment.

Went to the kings presence. When he saw them there to be present,

He took them by the handes (though inward pangs with a forrow

Greatly molested his heart) and, underset with a pillow, Spake to them as followeth.

My lordes and kynfmen, your presence hartily welcom,†
Whose frendshippes I found more sure to me than a kingdom.

My life is but a blaft, I feele death woful aproching, And I rejoyce that I have my freendes here at my departing: My body wasteth away, I fynd myself to be seebel, Also my blud to decay; I feele myself but unabel

<sup>#</sup> Grafton, fol. 760 & fol. 761, Edw. 5.

<sup>†</sup> King Edward's last will, or admonition to the Queene, his children, and nobility.

#### The prefervation of K. Henry the feaventh,

For to pronounce many wordes. Therefore, my lordes, to me liften.

Concord in friendship, be faythful unto my children;

And to my fonne, your Prince, I charge you for to be loyall, Safe to preferve his grace, to defend this realme univerfall.

For the Cicil tyrants could find no greater a torment

Then cruel envy, that hagge, which fosters deadly revengement.

Marcus Agrippa declar'd that fmall thinges, daily, by concord,\*

Estsoones grow to be great; and great thinges, fondly by discord,

Quickly declyne to ruine.

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That grave ould fapient Scyllurus, named Chironefis,†
(Fowre fcore fonnes who begate) when he lay fick, thus did
he publish.

Every one, deare sonnes, in his hand here take but an arrow, And break them forthwith. Which they did speedily. But now

Each on a sheafe of shaftes, my sonnes, take, forcibly break them:

Which to do each did asay, but could not. Then with a solemne

Speach thus he fpake: As you could not them break, fo, my children, ‡

Trew fyrme and conftant conjunction of many brethren No body can diffolve. Therefore, live frendly together. If so be you seperate your selves each one from another, Then shall your enemies (as a prey snatcht up of a tyger)

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<sup>Seneca in Epift. lib. 14.
† Plutark in reg. Apotheg, & Stob. fer. 82.
† Similie.</sup> 

You (difagreeing fo) with a small force easily conquer.
So, my beloved lordes, if you, by malicius envy,
Shall fall at variaunce, which of you stands in a fasety?
Prosperus are kingdomes, publick weales statefuly florish,
Where states concording do persect amity stablish;\*
But when a realme disagrees, that realme is seene very
seldom

Long to remaine a monarche. For certaine, every kingdome Hatefully differenced (fayth and tranquillity wanting)
Turned is up fide downe, ruinus disconsolat ending:
Hate doth a realme ruinate. Therefore, my lordes, I befeech you,

Every one to be frendes, my precepts duly to follow.

Every lord by the hand there prefent tooke on another

(Who did apeare to be frendes) though their heartes were far afunder.

And then he spake to the Queene fore greev'd, who mournefuly looking,

Teares from her eyes gusht forth, as bubbling blobbes from a welfpring.

Farewell, dearly belov'd; your children charily cherish; See them well to be bred with good and singular advise. And you, my children, be dutiful unto the mother: Use these your kinsmens counsayle, in stead of a father; For litel yong children should wisely be rul'd by the counsayle

Of wity grave fenators, whose fame and vertue doth excell. And, with a forroful hart his children sadly beholding, Stretched his hand to them all, these same wordes faintily speaking.

<sup>\*</sup> Sentence.

#### The preservation of K. Henry the seaventh,

God bleffe you children, farewell lordes dearly beloved;

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Who with trickling teares (fad fighing) wofully mourned.

And then he held up his hands to the Lord, his mercy befeeching,

And to receive his foule to the joyes that ar ever abiding.

Therewithal he faynting in a fwoune grewe straight to be speachlesse:

Gasping breath who did yeald, with a pale face and body fenselesse.

Whose soule imparadiz'd, I believe is with the Creator,

Our Lord Emmanuell, our Christ, and sole mediator.

Who, when he had regaliz'd 3. yeares and credibly twenty, Tomb'd in a faire monument, at Windsore lies, in an abbey.

How that he dy'd many men did doubt, for he dy'd on a fuddayn.

Sundry by furfet afirm'd, which no body knew to be certayn;

But many thought that he was put away by the vile privy treason

Of tyranus Richard, by the meanes of fome fory poyfon;

As Sir Thomas More, in his owne book skilfuly penned,

Thought (by the speach that he learn'd) that he was sure privily poysned.

And not a thing unlyke; for he spared no body, whose life Might dominire for a king, whose life might work him a mischiefe.

He was a vile Machavile, and still tooke time at avauntage:
To worke such stratagemes his lew'd mind gave him a
courage.

As wax is molify'd, and clay made hard, by the fun-shine,\*

\* Similie.

So to the word of God good mens hearts daily wil enclyne; But lewd are hardned by the word. Such obstinat error Permaneth in reprobates, whose end is damnable horror. This valiaunt Edward was a prince of a beautiful aspect,\* Whose face shyn'd with a faire sanguine complexion indeckt; Whose yelo burnished haire did shyne like glorius amber, Whose gray eyes twinkling, like starres, did cheerefuly glister:

Comelines of perfon, very tall of bodily stature;
Exquisit every part was seatured; and of a nature
Merciful and liberal; whose stout hart (bouldly by wisedom
And politick valiaunce) of right did atayn to the kingdom.
He was a prince patient, in great prosperity pleasant,
And not at all arogant; in great adversity constant,
Not timorous, wavering; to steadsast friend very saithfull;
To fra'dulent enemyes severe, implacabel, hatefull;
Fortunat in warsare; but somewhat gi-ven (in excesse)
To womanish daliaunce, as his historye plainly doth
expresse.

This flout king Edward many times would fay, that he lov'd well

Three special paragons, in sev'ral gifts who did excell: First was wily by kind; but another seem'd to be godly; Shores wife was meriest, as a woman void of al envy.

• Description of Edward the fowerth.

+ Similies.

## The just and lawful title that Richard Duke of Yorke, father to King Edward, made to the Crowne of England.

Richard Plantagenet, Duke of Yorke, rightly the garland Sought by law to regaine, his right to the Crowne then of England;

And he preferred a byll to the nobil common afembly\*
Held at Westminster. Where, after merciful Henry
(Namely the sixth) his death, they all (there jointly together)

Gave this realme to the Duke, his right heires in the remainder.+

But this flout Richards flout lucklesse mynd was unabel For to prolong so long; but in end was slaine in a battel, Neare to the towne Wakefield (and lest here these many children:

Edward, George, Richard; all three well knowne to be brethren)

And yet he fware many times by folemne othes, that he never‡

Would any treason atempt, or against him raise any power. His three sonnes, whom I nam'd, were like three martial Hectors.

All of a stoutnes alike, on anothers glory detractors. This foresaid Richard to the foresaid fortunat Edward Was sather undubitate; sonne and heire namely to Richard,

Grafton, fo. 757 et 758.
 Stow, fol. 944 & fol. 972.

Stout Earle of Cambridge.

Who maried Dame Anne, fole heire and daughter of Edmund

Mortimer, Earle of March, Richards niece, namely the fecond: So that he was by the lawes right lawfull heire to the kingdome,

Which Edward did ataine by force, and partly by wisdome. Henry the fourth did usurpe, and put downe wrongfuly Richard,

Second king by name, at Pomfret flaine by the coward Sir Pierce of Exton; who ftrake him downe, as a butcher Striketh an ox on his heade. Wo worth fo fhameful a monfter!

This trecherus bludy Duke did bring eight tal men in harnesse,

Each man a bill in his hand, like thieves, to murder his Highnesse;

Who, with a bill that he got by force, did manfuly withftand\*
Those Machavile hypocrites (for he kild soure men with his
owne hand)

Till that he was ftruck down by the knight; who leapt in a chay-er,

Like cravenus coward, to repose himself from a daunger.

<sup>\*</sup> Grafton, fol. 412, Hen. 4.

## The second Booke of the tyranny and usurpation of king Richard: and how king Henry the seaventh, when he was Earle of Richmond, was preserved in his time.

#### A praier.

I (he, that here doth apeale to the facred feate of a kingly, Kingly tribunall throne, of a King celeftial only, Only the King of kings, the triumphant Lord God imortall, Three perfons, one God, deifi'd with glory coequall) Humbly before thee, my God, that King, and Lord God of heaven,

Wholly my-felfe proftrate: give eare, O Lord, to me, liften: Sanctify me by thy grace, and justify me by thy mercy,\*
For by the grace of God comes our falvation only.

Graunt that I may paraphrase from Henries glory to

Graunt that I may paraphrase, stout Henries glory to publish,

And to promulgat abroad King Richards tyrrany divelish.

I he, that only before (in Romane rythmery verses)
Did modulate, with a thinne oten pype, fortunat Henries
Flight that he made to the Duke, with his uncle there in a
safety

Both to remaine for a time, till time should proove to be friendly.

Which was a worke of thanks: But now, now, murtherus horror.

<sup>\*</sup> Ephe. 2, 5, 8.

And Machavile stratagemes I recorde, of a lewde malesactor, That did usurpe as a king, that killed his own very brethren, Murdered his nephues wise, and many peeres, on a sudden, Mournesuly, Muse, manisest the detested deedes of a tyrant, Monster of all mankinde, whose sinnes to the world ar aparant:

With falt watery teares this wofull tragedy penfill:

Teares, from a fabel penne of direfull ebony, diftill.

I to the clowdes feeke not to mount, like Icarus, in fky;\*

Nor, like proud Phaëton, with a minde prefume to be lofty.

Witty Thales maiden, that fawe him looke up on heaven,

And in a ditch to decline: he is wel ferv'd, quoth the maiden.

For that he looked aloft when he should have lookt on his owne feete.

Looke not aloft, fily Muse, but shew thy selfe to be discreet. Here do I mean to declare (O Queene) how shamefuly Richard

That Duke of Gloster (but a younger brother of Edward, Lately the king) did ataine to the crowne, and dignity regal.

Trewly my minde doth abhorre that I should here make the recitall,

What Machavile policies, what shifts, what crafty devices, What tyranus stratagemes he devis'd, to crucifie princes.

First of all, here to beginne: he stab'd and kill'd with a dagger

Henry the fixt, when he was fafe kept (as a prisoner) in Tower.+

For that he confidered King Henries life was an hindr'ance

• Ovid. Poetice.

† Grafton, fol. 713, Edw. 4.

Both to the king and him, by the which they wanted afurance;

Therefore he did this fact, his brother firmly to fettel In throne of regiment (whose state he knew to be fickel)

For that he knew that he might, when a fure foundation is laide.

Build as he would himselfe. Can a building stand that is unstaid?

Like as a hungry lyon (ramping) will feeke to devow-cr Every beaft that he meetes, til he hath ful apeafed his hunger,\*

So this vile bludy Duke their deathes did wilfuly conspire,†
Which did opose themselves that he might not ataine to
this empire.‡

For greedy thirst of gould, and fervent love of a kingdome, All felo mates doth abhor; there faith is found very feldom.

Like as a weak patient that lyes fore fick of a dropsy§

Drinkes yet is alwaies dry, so that no liquor his hasty,

Or greedy, thirst can alay: so minds that proudly desi-er

Imperial regiment, still thirst and long for an empyre. || Next he, the Duke of Clarence (his brother) caus'd in a

malmfey
Butte to be drown'd, as a duke (thought guiltleffe) found to

be guilty;

Immagining that he might then fooner ataine to the

kingdom,

When that he was put away. For he div'd each drift to the bottom.

Like Auroras birde, that fluttereth up to the welkin,¶

\* Similie. † Sentence. ‡ Nulla fides, regni fociis, &c. § Similie. || Grafton, fol. 781 & fol. 719, Edw. 5. ¶ Similie.

Soareth aloft higher then a groffe mans fight can imagine; So this proud greedy duke (whose minde so lofty did aspire) Reached a thought higher than meane wits thought to this empire.

O what a vile perilus ferpent, what a cormoran helhound,\*
Is cruell ambition, which feekes mans glory to confound!
For mindes infatiate wil atempt still, still to be highest;
First to be greatly prefered; next equal; then to be chiefest.

Ambitius wisdome comes not from above, but is earthly, Sensual, and divelish, contentius, and ful of envy;†
But sapience from above is gentel, merciful, harmelesse, Wrongfully not judging, but void of hypocrisie doubtlesse. Now to proceede, as I meant.

King Edward, when he knew that he was fo spitefuly drowned,

His fory misfortune and lewd luck greatly repented:

For when as other lords would speake for a lewde fory person (Humbly befeathing him that he would vouchsafe him a parson)

Sadly the king would fay, many times, O brother unhappy! For whom no body would once feeme to request any mercy: But many men do repent when it is too late to redresse it. That privy vile bludy fact that he did so shamefuly permit Strake a remorse in his hart,

Surely the more that a mind is clogd with a grevius offence, More dolor and anguish doth torment daily the conscience. Sundry report divers reasons of their privy mallice

Fiercely revived againe; each cause yet prov'd but a surmise.

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<sup>\*</sup> Sentence.

<sup>+</sup> See James 3, v. 16, 17.

For why? The King and Queene suspected a prophecie fore-tould,\*

Which they immagined would prove to be true; that a G fhould

(Thought to be George Clarence) their nobil progeny fupplant:

Which foon was verify'd and prov'd to be true by the tyrant, That Duke of Glofter, when he was proclaim'd a Protector, Who to the Kings children did prove their fole malefactor. O fond suspicion of mindes! Who can the characters Of suture happes foretell set downe by celestial orders? Like as a cockes crowing, or crackling slame of sy-er, Daunteth a lusty lyon, which slies for seare of a daunger: So doth a suspicion, conceiv'd by the bruit of a rumor, Breed in a princes mind, but an inward seare, but a terror. Some did afirme this Duke should match with Mary, the daughter

Of Charles Duke Burgon, which Edward daily did hinder; Which was a griefe to the Duke, as a fore that festereth inward,

For that his owne brother fo dealt that apeard to be for-ward.

Thirdly, the cause was aledg'd, that this Duke, George, had a servant

Wrongfuly condemned, that should as a forcerer enchant Their regall persons and their posterity. Wherefore,

This Duke complayning to the King, was araign'd as a traytour;

With fory wordes who revyl'd, and still did murmur against them:

<sup>\*</sup> Grafton, fol. 741, Edw. 4.

Whereby the King, in a rage, this Duke did fpeedily condemne.

There is a time for a man both where and when to do wisely;

As did apeare by the Duke, who prov'd too daungerous hafty.

Silence feldom ofendes, large speach oft stirreth up anger.\*
That wity grave Socrates his schollers charg'd to remember†
Three speciall documents: to be shamefast, wise, to be silent;
Most requisite for them, that they may prove to be prudent:
For let a man see much, let him heare, and say but a littel,
For littel meddling doth seldom bring any troubel.‡
As litel hoat sparkles many times do kindel a sy-ers
Great, sierce and violent; so lewd speech stirreth up anger
Sore, sharpe, and vehement: and as sire forcibly great
streames

Upflaming fpreadeth, fo lewd wordes enmitie by meanes Endamaging disperse. And as fire quenched is hardly || Till that it hath burned to the full, and that very fiercely, Whose force doth ruinate, burne and consumeth in ashes Great, large, huge tenements, faire, fine, and sumptuus houses;

Semblabel (in like fort) is an anger merciles, ardent,
Continuing vehement; whose madde rage and sury fervent
Doth townes depopulate, subverteth flatly the citties,
Upturneth castels, murdreth kinges, and many princes
Stout, wise and valiaunt. What is it, but mischievus Envy
Cankereth up in her hart? To do wrong she practiceth
only,

\* Sentence. † Maxim. Serm. ‡ Proverbes. § Similie.

#### 64 The preservation of K. Henry the scaventh,

Which she delights most in. With pride she jettes as a copesmate,

Immagining vengeance. Wo worth fo fpiteful [a] brewbate! Better a ftaf that bendes than a ftaf that breaketh afunder;\* Better a man patient than a man that ftirreth up anger.† No wrath fo vehement as brothers enmity; whose rage,‡ Fiercely revived againe, what man may possibil asswage? As for an exampel: since Typhon killed Osyris, Romulus also Remus, Cambifes wrongfully Smerdis.

#### TO HER MAJESTIE.

Here I desift for a time, O Queene! For like an abortive Droupeth afore he be ripe, fo my booke may prove but offensive,§

If that he passe to the print, yet my poore skill hath adornist That, that I meane to deline. Soft syre makes malt to be sweetest.

And God graunt thee to rule as a joyful prince to thy peepil, Princely fo long to live, as an hart, as an oke, or a woofel. If fo be your Highnes this verse and history fancy, Then will I gladly proceed, els not; for I count it a folly.

Here is a Book that I made, which pagan Jove in his anger, Nor fteele shall outweare, nor time authentical, ever.¶

#### THE AUTHOR TO HIS MUSE.

Here let us harbor a while: thinges ar to be done in a measure;

Every tyde hath an ebbe; paines past to recount is a pleasure.

\* Similie. † Sentence. ‡ Sentence. § Similie. Proverbe. ¶ Jam opus exegi, &c.

Glory to God, God above! which was God from the beginning,

Which is, which shal be our Lord eternal abiding.

#### Screnissimæ Reginæ.

En meliora canam, si placant carmina, Princeps: Sin tibi displiceant, hic murus aheneus esto.

Certaine Latine verfes, that were made long fince by one Doctor Bufte, a phisitian, in commendation of the Queenes Majesty, when she came to Oxford.

Juno, Minerva, Venus, nemerofæ vallibus Idæ, Judicium formæ dum fubiere fuæ, Juno jactat opes. Quid tum? Prudentior illis Est Pallas; Pallas haud opulenta tamen. Inter formosas, si tu Dea forte suisses, Vicisti reliquas, O Dea, quarta Deas. Quam Juno jeuna foret! Quam pallida Pallas! Quam Dea vana Venus! Quam Dea sola fores! Sit Venus alma viris; regni virtutis egena est. Omnia funt tua: tu Juno, Minerva, Venus.

Translated into English Hexameters and Pentameters, verse for verse.

Juno, Minerva, Venus, in vales of wodded hil Ida,Whyles, which was fayreft, they did agree to be try'd.Juno she brag'd of wealth. What then? Then thought to be wiseft

Was Pallas; Pallas was not a wealthy godesse. If that among those fair godeses thou, fair godes, hadst ben, Thou hadst surpast them (there, as a fourth godes) all.

#### 65 The preservation of K. Henry the seaventh.

Juno, she how jejune! How pale had Pallas apeared! And Venus how vainelike! Thou then an only godesse. Let Venus all men please, yet throne of vertue she wanteth. All thinges are thine; thou Juno, Minerva, Venus.

And Saphickes in English I have made thus:
Godly Queene Princesse president remayneth
Only our fortresse, resident apeareth,
Duly like Empresse pre'minent requireth
All us apointed,
Stoutly with bouldnes provident, to venter
Bouldly soes fiercenes violent to conquer,
Manly with stoutnes diligent desend her,
Which is anoynted.

[FINIS.]

#### INTRODUCTION.

We have here reprinted two of old Thomas Churchyard's Poems—the first utterly unknown, but of little worth excepting in a historical point of view—the second, the most popular piece that he ever wrote, and which originally, and in a shorter form, made its appearance in "The Mirror for Magistrates," a well-known series of supposed autobiographical productions in verse, first published in 1559, and again, with Sackville's famous "Induction," in 1563.

The "Wished Reformation of wicked Rebellion" was put forth at the period of the breaking out of the insurrection in Ireland, which Robert Earl of Essex was sent to subdue. Two poems, the "Fortunate Farewell" of the Earl of Essex, and the "Welcome Home" of the same nobleman, have been included in all the lists of Churchyard's productions; but the "Wished Reformation of wicked Rebellion," which necessarily preceded them, has not even been mentioned. The writer never displayed any striking powers of imagination or happiness of invention; and in the later part of his career (failing, perhaps, other attractions) he endeavoured to draw attention to his labours by the adoption of a very peculiar system (if system it can be called in which no established principle seems to have been observed) of spelling and punctuation, both of which are continued in the reproduction in the hands of the reader. Having been born at

Shrewsbury about 1520, Churchyard was, probably, in his seventyeighth year when the tract (of only four leaves) appeared, and he died six years afterwards.

His "Tragedy of Shore's Wife" (not a drama, although the subject was dramatised late in the reign of Elizabeth) had been known for more than thirty years before it was enlarged and altered as it appears in the following pages. In 1593, its author gave to it his latest improvements, and it was then made to form a separate tract in "Churchyard's Challenge," a collection of poems which the author "challenged" as his own, although he complained that his enemies had, in several instances, denied the paternity. Such had especially been the case with his "Shore's Wife;" but in the year following its reappearance in 1593, it was warmly applauded by no less a critic than Thomas Nash, who, among other points, thus addressed Churchyard in the Epistle before "Christ's Tears over Jerusalem:" "I love you unfeignedly and admire your aged Muse, that may well be grand-mother to our grand-eloquentest Poets of this present. Sanctum et venerabile Shore's Wife is young, though you be stept vetus omne Poema. in years: in her shall you live when you are dead."

We doubt whether the modern reader will accord entirely in Nash's eulogy, which was, perhaps, more highly spiced, because Gabriel Harvey had done his best to detract from the old poet's merits. Besides the peculiarity of spelling, especially in the "Wished Reformation," Churchyard purposely, and obviously, set grammatical concords at defiance: the verb and its nominative often disagree.

J. P. C.



#### A

#### WISHED REFORMACION

OF

#### WICKED REBELLION.

Newly fet foorth by

Thomas Churchyard

Esquier.



IMPRINTED AT LONDON by Thomas Efte, dwelling in Aldersgate streete. 1598.

# To all the right noble of birth or mynd, with the true hartted Gentlemen and loyall subjects of England, Thomas Church-yard wisheth hevenly happinesse, with worldly honour, rest, peace and parfait selicite.

people of all degrees, whoes goodnes and wisdom I dowt not, but have offtten ballanced in brest the terryble trobuls and broyls that treson and rebellion hath broght to many quyet kingdoms by parrelos practises, proud attempts, and seditios disorders, a soer pestilent sicknes that breeds many dangeros dessects in a publyck staet. If thear wear no other president, make Ierland an example; what cursed callamitees aer set a broetch by theas wicked and unwelcom cawsis, canckers in a common weall, blayns and botchis in a sound body, and gnawing worms and caetter pillars to every honest hart. If a wyes world accounts theas rotten byells no better, how shuld a true wrytter give them any better naem? Wherefore I pray

you with pacyence and fweet confitheracion (and no fowre fenssure) read what followeth in mield manner of vers, albeit fomwhat byetting the gawlls of such, whoes wounds cannot bee healed but by fom sharp and ferching medson: thear is ment, by the wryttars good will, a fodayn wished reformacion of wicked rebellion, and over great boldnes that shuld maek them bloesh that aer actters and doers in theas tragecall commedies and mizerable pagants, I crave but your good juegments and layzar to loek with frindly eyes on the versis that wear well ment and lovingly offred.

THOMAS CHURCHYARD.

### A wished reformacion of wicked rebellion.

GOOD men wear glad at Gods great glorie feen
(By fpefhall grace) on Englands joy to shyen,
Which grace prezarvd our quinttefenssed Queen,
That skaeped faef from skaeth throw power devien.
O falls forsworn, what ear you aer, give place
To mightty Jovs Liestenant heer on earth!
O haetfull slock of traytors, heid your face
From rightfull kings and queens well boern by byrth!
Fy, tretcheros trash, that wind will blo a way;
Pluck up your sight, and see your own decay!

Have you not hard how birds of theayr discloes
Fowll treasons oft, and brings traytors to shaem?
His conshence doth condemp him whear hee goes,
That seeks to torn a kingdom out of fraem;
Cowncell a broed, and bad device at hoem,
Ritches ill won, and gold that enmies give,
Baerfoet lyek freers to wrangling Roem may roem;
In England long heer may no traytors live.
O Jezuwits! can you your selves eskues,
Whan Jhesus naem and docttrin you abues?

Hee preached peace, you fow discord and war, All duety done to Sezar Cryst dyd lyek; But you in rage and errors run so far, Yee care not whom yee poyson, kill, or stryek: A shamelesse swarm off Seminaries now, Disguisd lyek dogges that whine beefore they bite, Fills every towne with truthlesse traytors throw, Whoes words, lyke swords, are ready drawne to smite; But blo of axe comes oft ere they bee waer, And stryeks of head, and leaves the body baer.

All fpeeds a lyek, and all comes to one end;
Hee dyes to day, next moern his fellow goes:
No warning farves, nor may the mischiese mend,
So fast and far the floods of folly floes.
Runs ore the brym beeyond obedience bounds,
Tears up great trees, and throwes good houses downe,
Harms common weales, maeks cuerles foers and wounds,
And cuts them off that ought farve prince and crowne.
What win you then, when lyves of many a man
Are spilt and lost, since you theas broyls beganne?

To ryed in poest from Spayne to Tybron streight Is fure a knack of coosnaeg in a coerd.

Some swyngars say, hanging is but a sleight, Yet drawing suer, and quartring is abound Of honest harts. Fy, helhounds! hunt no moer Among true men, your haunt is soen espyed:

To bee trust up, and get no thank thersoer, Is boldnesse great, so lyek a traytor tryed.

O England! wayll the baebs boern in thy woem, Who never brings no better fruet from Roem.

Poyfons do mutch, but murthers fmell the fmoek, (A fit perfuem for Plutoes fellows all)

They are fent ore, under a cunning cloek,
To fhrowd a plaeg that one fome fhoulders fall.
The Sacrament, first, traytors must receive
To doo fowll deeds. Is that relygion good?
Fy on that fayth that shall mans fowll disceave
By bold attempts, and bathing hands in blood!
Without eskues theas faults must suffer blaem,
(In secret sayd) aut com to open shaem.

Treafons do end with plaegs and skorgis great,
A just reward for wilfull fowll offence:
Than, what is won by bloddy angers heat?
As Judas fold our Christ for thirtty pens,
Hee hangd himself for doing such a deed:
The law loeks well on all those divisin drists
Which coms to nought, for strangly still they speed
That wold gro great by cruell shaemles shifts:
Death, hell, and sier at heells doth follow those
That from the prince and staet a gadding goes.

No kingdom shoes so many rebells yet,
Althoguh a Freer in France wold sellows have;
Yee run to far with over weening wit,
For traytors wants the powre to powll and shave,
Or cut our throets, sharp razors how you may.
Tiem tells us taclls of all your practyes throw,
Then fly hens, soells, your deeds do you becwray:
Fowll murther brings your naems in question now,
Escaep is noen, but only throw the pyeks,
For all the world your doings mutch mislyeks.

Kill oen, kill all; kill all, first hang your selvs, So all is faess, for hee that all doth see Loeks down on thoes that dayly digs and delvs, To save from harms all such as harmles bee: So, on thoes props that holds up publyek staet Hee loeks, and doth thearin as hee doth pleas, And for a pawne hee givs you all check maet, Boern heer at hoem, or bred beeyond the seas. Than, think on all you wish to overthrow, So is your fall moer neerar than you know.

For as you wish a change for hired cause,
So evry staet haets thoes that traytors bee;
No frinds you find in common world or lawse,
Whear constant fayth your changing minds may see.
Think you our world loves traytors half so well,
That children, wievs, and goods they do sorget?
And will loes land and housis whear they dwell,
And roet up all, untyemly twigs to set?
Goe, bloody brood, hatcht up in rebell rowt,
Hyed heads in hoells, else world will find you out.

God may convert vyell men from vicyous arts,
Reform the mind, the body vertuous grows;
When shaem maeks blush the face that playes bad parts,
God's grace will work moer goodnesse then man knoes:
Ill lyes foer thought fils hart with hoep and grace,
Repentance brings sweet rest and blessings boeth;
Obedience fraems a conscience in good cace,
True feare and love delights in loyall troeth;
But who seeks blood in blood shall glotted bee,
And his own end by blood shall quickly see.

I can but wish the wicked wear reform'd,
And all the rust and kancker skowred clean;
If no, bee sure thear madnesse will bee worm'd,
And troblos tongs bee tawght to sing a mean.
Thear poysonings aer reveald by thear own crue,
Thear treasons hath no powre to passe unknown;
Sedishoes books and sawsy lybels nue,
In sier and slaem aer utterly oerthrown;
Themselves in doubt of death and daunger still,
Under Gods wrath, and rightfull princes will.

Finis qd. Thomas Churchyard.



#### THE TRAGEDIE

OF

#### SHORES WIFE.

Much augmented, with divers new Additions.

By THOMAS CHURCHYARD.



LONDON.
Printed by John Wolfe.
1593.

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#### To the right honorable the Lady Mount Eagle and Compton, wife to the right honourable the Lord of Buckhursts son and heire.

OOD Madame, for that the vertuous and good Ladie Carie, your fifter, honourablie accepted a discourse of my penning, I beleeved your Ladiship would not refuse the like offer, humbly prefented and dutifully ment, I bethought me of a Tragedie that long laye printed and many speake well of, but some doubting the shallownesse of my heade (or of meere mallice disdaineth my doeings) denies me the fathering of fuche a worke, that hath won fo much credit; but as fure as God lives, they that fo defames me, or doth disable me in this cause, doth me such an open wrong, as I would be glad to right with the best blood in my body, fo he be mine equal that moved fuch a quarrell: but mine old yeares doth utterly forbid me fuch a combat, and to contend with the malicious, I think it a madnesse; yet I protest before God and the world the penning of Shore's wife was mine, desiring in my hart that all the plagues in the worlde maie possesse me, if anie holpe me

either with scrowle or councell to the publishing of the invencion of the same Shores wife. And to show that yet my spirits faile me not in as great matters as that, I have augmented her Tragedie, I hope in as fine a forme as the first impression thereof, and hath sette forth some more Tragedies and tragicall discourses no whit inferior, as I trust, to my first worke; and, good madame, because Rosimond is fo excellently fette forth (the actor whereof I honour) I have fomewhat beautified my Shore's wife, not in any kind of emulation, but to make the world knowe my device in age is as rife and reddie, as my disposition and knowledge was in youth. So having chofen a noble perfonage to be a patrone to support poore Shores wifes Tragedie againe, I commend all the verses of her (olde and newe) to your good Ladiships judgment, hoping you shall lose no honour in the supportation of the same, because the true writer thereof with all humblenesse of mind and service prefents the Tragedie unto your honourable censure, wishing long life and encrease of vertues same to make your Ladiships daies happie.

T. CHURCHYARD.

## Heere followes the Tragedie of Shores wife, much augmented with divers new aditions.

A MONG the rest by fortune overthrowne,
I am not least that most may waile her sate:
My same and brute abroade the world is blowne:
Who can forget a thing thus done so late?
My great mischance, my fall, and heavy state
Is such a marke, whereat each tongue doth shoote,
That my good name is pluckt up by the roote.

This wandring world bewitched me with wiles,
And won my wits with wanton fugred joyes:
In Fortunes freakes who trusts her when she smiles
Shall find her false and full of fickle toyes.
Her triumphs all but fills our eares with noyse,
Her flattering giftes are pleasures mixt with paine,
Yea, and all her words are thunders threatning raine.

The fond defire that we in glorie fet
Doth thirle our hearts to hope in flipper hap;
A blast of pompe is all the fruite we get,
And under that lies hid a sodaine clap.
In seeking rest unwares we fall in trap:
In groping flowres with nettles stung we are;
In labring long we reape the crop of care.

Oh darke deceite with painted face for tho!
Oh poysned baite that makes us eager still!
Oh fained friend, deceiving people so!
Oh world, of thee we cannot speake too ill!
Yet sooles we are that bend so to thy skill.
The plague and scourge that thousands daily feele
Should warne the wyse to shun thy whirling wheele.

But who can stop the streame that runnes full swift, Or quench the fire that crept is in the straw? The thirsty drinkes, there is no other shift, Persorce is such that neede obayes no lawe. Thus bounde we are in worldly yokes to drawe, And cannot stay nor turne againe in time, Nor learne of those that sought too high to clime.

My felfe for proofe, loe! here I now appeare
In womans weede, with weeping watred eyes,
That bought her youth and her delights full deare,
Whose lewd reproch doth sound unto the skies,
And bids my corse out of the ground to rise,
As one that may no longer hide her face,
But needes must come and shewe her piteous case.

The sheete of shame wherein I shrowded was Did move me oft to plaine before this day, And in mine eares did ring the trompe of brasse, Which is desame, that doth each thing bewray: Yea, though full dead and low in earth I lay, I heard the voyce, of mee what people saide, But then to speake, alas! I was affraide.

And nowe a time for me I fee preparde.

I heare the lives and falls of many wights;

My tale therefore the better may be heard,

For at the torch the little candle lights:

Where Pageants be, fmale things fill out the fights.

Wherefore give eare, good Churchyard; doe thy best My Tragedy to place among the rest.

Because the truth shall witnes well with thee,
I will rehearse in order as it fell,
My life, my death, my dolefull destene,
My wealth, my woe, my doing every deale;
My bitter blisse, wherein I long did dwell:
A whole discourse, by me Shores wife by name,
Now shalt thou heare, as thou hadst feene the same.

Of noble blood I cannot boast my byrth,
For I was made out of the meanest moulde:
Mine heritage but seven soote of th' earth,
Fortune ne gave to me the gists of gold;
But I could brag of nature, if I would,
Who fild my sace with savour fresh and saire,
Whose beautie shon like Phæbus in the ayre.

My beautie blafd like torch or twinckling starre, A lively lamp that lends darke world some light: Faire Phœbus beames scarse reacheth halfe so farre As did the rayes of my rare beautie bright. As summers day exceedes blacke winters night, So Shores wives face made soule Browneta blush, As pearle staynes pitch, or gold surmounts a rush.

The damaske rose, or Rosamond the faire,
That Henry held as deere as jewells be,
Who was kept close in cage from open ayre,
For beauties boast could scarse compare with me.
The kindly buds and blossomes of brave tree
With white and red had deckt my cheekes so fine,
There stood two balles like drops of claret wine.

The beaten fnow, nor lily in the field,
No whiter fure then naked necke and hand:
My lookes had force to make a lyon yeeld,
And at my forme in gaze a world would stand.
My body small, framd finely to be spand,
As though dame Kind hap sworne in solemne fort
To shrowd herselse in my faire forme and port.

No part amisse when nature tooke such care
To set me out as nought should be awry,
To fornish forth (in due proportion rare)
A peece of worke should please a princes eie.
O, would to God that boast might prove a lie!
For pride youth tooke in beauties borrowde trash
Gave age a whippe, and lest me in the lash.

My shape, some saide, was seemely to each sight,
My countenance did shewe a sober grace;
Mine eies in lookes were never proved light,
My tongue in wordes was chast in every case:
Mine eares were dease, and would no lovers place,
Save that, alas! a prince did blot my browe:
Loe! there the strong did make the weake to bowe.

The majestie that kings to people beare,
The stately port, the awefull cheere they shewe,
Doth make the meane to shrinke and couch for seare,
Like as the hounde that doth his maister know.
What then? Since I was made unto the bowe,
There is no cloake can serve to hide my fault,
For I agreede the fort he should assault.

The eagles force subdues ech bird that flies: What metell may resist the flaming fire? Doth not the fun dasill the cleerest eyes, And melt the yse and make the frost retyre? Who can withstand a puissant kings desire? The stiffest stones are perced through with tooles, The wisest are with princes made but sooles.

Yf kinde had wrought my forme in common frames, And fet me forth in colours blacke and browne; Or beautie had beene parcht in Phœbus flames, Or fhamefast waies had pluckt my feathers downe, Then had I kept my fame and good renowne: For natures gifts were cause of all my griese. A pleasant pray entifeth many a theese.

Thus woe to thee that wrought my peacocks pride By cloathing me with natures tapeftry! Woe worth the hewe wherein my face was dyde, Which made me thinke I pleafed every eie! Like as the starres make men beholde the skye, So beauties showe doth make the wife full fond, And brings free hearts sull oft in endlesse bond.

But cleere from blame my frends can not be found: Before my time my youth they did abuse. In mariage yoke a prentise was I bound When that meere love I knewe not how to use. But wel away! that cannot me excuse. The harme is mine, though they devise my care, And I must smart, and set in slaunderous snare.

Yet giue me lieve to pleade my cause at large.
Yff that the horse doe run beyonde his race,
Or any thinge that keepers have in charge
Doe breake their course where rulers may take place,
Or meate be set before the hungries sace,
Who is in fault? th' offender, yea or no?
Or they that are the cause of all this woe.

Note well what strife this forced mariage makes, What lothed lives doe come where love doth lacke, What scratching briers doe growe upon such brakes, What common weales by it are brought to wracke; What heavy loade is put on patients backe, What strange delights this branch of vice doth breed, And marke what graine springs out of such a feede.

Compell the hauke to fit that is unmande,
Or make the hounde unraind to drawe the deere,
Or bring the free against his will in band,
Or move the fad a pleasant tale to here,
Your time is lost and you no whit the nere:
So love ne learnes of force the knot to knit,
She serues but those that feeles sweete sancies fit.

The less defame redounds to my dispraise;
I was intiste by traines and trapt by trust:
Though in my force remained yeas and nayes
Unto my friends, yet needes consent I must
In every thing, yea, lawfull or unjust.
They breake the bowes and shake the tree by sleight,
And bend the wand that mought have growne sull straight.

What helpe is this? the pale once broken downe, The deere must needes in danger run astray: At me therefore why should the world so frowne? My weaknes made my youth a princes pray. Though wisdome should the course of nature stay, Yet try my case, who list, and they shall prove The ripest wits are soonest thralls to love.

What neede I more to cleere my felfe fo much? A king me wan and had me at his call:
His royall ftate, his princely grace was fuch,
The hope of will that women feeke of all;
The eafe and wealth, the gifts which were not small Befeeged me fo strongly round about,
My powre was weake: I could not holde him out.

Duke Hanniball in all his conquest great,
Or Cæsar yet, whose triumphes did exceed,
Of all their spoyses, which made them toyle and sweate,
Were not so glad to have so rich a meede
As was this Prince when I to him agreede,
And yeelded me a prisner willingly,
As one that knew no way away to fly.

The nightingale, for all his merry voyce,
Nor yet the larke that still delights to sing,
Did neuer make the hearers so rejoyce,
As I with wordes have made this worthy king:
I neuer jarde, in tune was euery string:
I tempred so my tongue to please his eare
That what I said was currant every where.

Sweete are the fongs that merry night-crow finges, For many parts are in those charming notes; Sweete are the tunes and pipes that pleaseth kings; Sweete is the love wherein great lordings dotes; But sweets of all is fancie where it flotes, For throwe rough seas it smoothy swimmes away, And in deepe flouds where skulles of sishe doe play.

And where love slides it leaves no signe nor showe Where it hath gon, the way so shuts againe. It is a sport to heare the fine night-crow Chaunt in the queere upon a pricke song plaine: No musicke more may please a princes vaine Then descant strange and voice of savrets breest In quiet bower, when birds be all at rest.

No fuch comfort as plaine two parts in one, Whose rare reports doth carry cunning clean: Where two long loves and lives in joy alone They sing at will the treble or the meane. Where musicke wants the mirth not worth a beane. The king and I agreed in such concorde, I ruld by love, though he did raigne a lord.

I joynd my talke, my jeftures and my grace
In wittie frames that long might last and stand,
So that I brought the king in such a case
That to his death I was his chiefest hand.
I governd him that ruled all this land:
I bare the sword, though he did weare the crowne;
I strake the stroke that threwe the mightic downe.

If justice said that judgement was but death, With my sweete wordes I could the king perswade, And make him pause, and take therein a breath Till I with suite the sautors peace had made: I knewe that way to use him in his trade; I had the art to make the lyon meeke; There was no point wherein I was to seeke.

I tooke delight in doying each man good,
Not scratting all my selfe, as all were mine,
But lookt whose life in neede and danger stoode,
And those I kept from harme with cunning fine.
On princes traine I alwayes cast mine eine;
For lifting up the servants of the king
I did throwe court my selfe in savour bring.

I offered ayde before they sued to me,
And promised nought but would performe it streight;
I shaked downe sweete fruit from top of tree,
Made apples fall in laps of men by sleight.
I did good turnes whiles that I was in height,
For seare a slawe of winde would make me reele,
And blowe me downe when Fortune turnd his wheele.

I fild no chefts with chynks to cherifh age, But in the harts of people layde my gold; Sought love of lord, of maifter and of page, And for no bribbe I never favour folde. I had enough, I might doe what I would, Save, fpend, or give, or fling it on the ground: The more I gave, the more in purfe I found.

Yf I did frowne, who then durft looke awry?
Yf I did fmile, who would not laugh outright?
Yf I but spake, who durst my wordes denye?
Yf I pursude, who would forsake the flight?
I meane, my powre was knowne to every wight.
On such a height good hap had built my bowre,
As though my sweete should nere have turnd to sowre.

My husband then, as one that knewe his good, Refusde to keepe a princes concubine, Forseeing the end, and mischiese as it stood, Against the king did never much repine. He sawe the grape whereof he dranke the wine: Though inward thought his hart did still torment, Yet outwardly he seemde he was content.

To purchase praise and win the peoples zeale,
Yea, rather bent of kind to doe some good,
I ever did upholde the common weale:
I had delight to save the guiltles blood:
Each suters cause, when that I understood,
I did preser, as it had beene mine owne,
And helpe them up that might have beene orethrowne.

My powre was preft to right the poore mans wrong, My hands were free to give where neede required: To watch for grace I never thought it long; To doe men good I neede not be defired; Nor yet with giftes my hart was never hyred, But when the ball was at my foote to guide, I playde to those that Fortune did abide.

My want was wealth, my woe was ease at will; My robes were rich and braver then the sunne: My fortune then was far above my skill, My state was great, my glasse did ever runne. My fatall threed so happely was spunne That then I sate in earthly pleasures clad, And for the time a goddesse place I had.

But I had not so soone this life possest,
But my good hap began to slide aside,
And Fortune then did me so sore molest,
That unto plaints was turned all my pride.
It booted not to row against the tide:
Mine oares were weake, my heart and strength did saile;
The winde was rough, I durst not beare a saile.

What steps of strife belong to high estate! The climing up is doubtfull to endure; The seate it selfe doth purchase privy hate, And honours same is sickle and unsure, And all she brings is slowres that be impure, Which sall as sast as they doe sprout and spring, And cannot last, they are so vaine a thing.

We count no care to catch that we doe wish,
But what we win is long to us unknowen:
Till present paine be served in our dish,
We scarse perceive whereon our griese hath growen.
What graine proves well that is so rashly sowen?
If that a meane did measure all our deedes,
In steede of corne we should not gather weedes.

The fetled mind is free from Fortunes power:
They neede not feare who looke not up aloft;
But they that clime are carefull every hour,
For when they fall they light not very foft.
Examples hath the wifeft warned oft,
That where the trees the smallest branches beare
The stormes doe blow, and have most rigour there.

Where is it strong, but neere the ground and roote? Where is it weake but on the highest sprayes? Where may a man so surely set his soote But on those bowes that groweth lowe alwayes? The little twigs are but unstedsaft stayes, Yf they breake not, they bend with every blast: Who trusts to them shall never stand full saft.

The winde is great upon the highest hilles,
The quiet life is in the dale belowe;
Who treades on yse shall slyde against their wills;
They want no cares that curious artes doe knowe.
Who lives at ease, and can content him so
Is persect wise, and sets us all to schoole:
Who hates this lore may well be calde a soole.

What greater griefe may come to any life
Then after sweete to taste the bitter sowre,
Or after peace to fall at warre and strife,
Or after mirth to have a cause to lowre?
Under such props false Fortune buildes her bowre;
On sodaine change her slittering frames be set,
Where is no way for to escape the net.

The hafty fmart that Fortune sends in spite Is harde to brooke where gladnes we embrace; She threatens not, but sodainely doth smite; Where joy is most there doth she forrow place. But sure I think this is too strange a case For us to seele such griese amid our game, And know not why until we tast the same.

As erft I fayde, my bliffe was turnd to bale: I had good caufe to weepe and wring my hands, And showe fad cheere with countenance full pale, For I was brought in forrowes wofull bands: A pirry came and fet my ship on fands. What should I hyde, and colour care and noy? King Edward dyde, in whome was all my joy.

And when the earth received had his corfe,
And that in tombe this worthy prince was layde,
The world on me began to showe his force:
Of troubles then my part I long assayde;
For they of whome I never was affrayde
Undid me most, and wrought me such despite,
That they berest me of my pleasure quite.

Brought bare and poore, and throwne in worldes difgrace, Holds downe the head, that never cafts up eye; Caft out of court, condemned in every place, Condemnd perforce at mercies foote must lye. Hope is but small when we for mercie crye: The bird halfe dead that hauke hath fast in foote; Lay heade on blocke, where is no other boote.

The rowling ftone that tumbleth downe the hill Fynds none to ftay the furie of his fall; Once under foote for ever daunted ftill: One cruell blowe ftrikes cleane away the ball. Left once in lacke feeles alwayes want of will: A conquerd mind must yeeld to every ill: A weake poore foule, that Fortune doth forfake In hard extreames, from world her leave may take.

From those that sall such as doe rise and run;
The sound with sicke doe seldome long abide,
Poore people passe (as shadowes in the sun)
Like seeble sish that needes must sollowe tyde.
Among the rich a beggar soone is spied.
When weake Shores wise had lost her staffe of stay,
The halt and blind went limping lame away.

The poore is pincht and pointed at in deed,
As baited bull were leading to the stake.
Wealth findes great helpe, want gets no friend at neede:
A plaged wight a booteles mone may make.
A naked soole in street for colde may quake;
But colde or hot, when mischieses comes a roe,
As salles the lot the backe beares of the bloe.

Prefarment past the world will soone forget:
The present time is daily gazd upon.
Yf merchant rich from wealth doe sall in debt,
Small count is made of his good fortune gon.
We seede on flesh, and fling away the bone:
Embrace the best, and set the world aside,
Because saire flowers are made of in their pride.

You yonglings, nowe, that vaine delights leads on To fell chaft life for lewd and light defires, Poore gaine is gote when rich good name is gon; Foule blot and shame lives under trimme attires. World soone casts of the hackney horse it hiers, And when bare nagge is ridden out of breath, Tibbe is turnd lose to feed on barren heath.

Of flowers a while men doe gay poses make; The sent once past, adue dry withered leaves.

Love lasts not long prickt up for pleasures sake,

Straw little worth when corne forsakes the sheaves;

A painted post the gazers eie deceives,

But when soule sauts are sound that bleard the sight,

The account is gon of girlls or gugawes light.

Young pooppies play small season lasts, you see, Old appish sportes are quickly out of grace, Fond wanton games will soone forgotten be; As sowre as crabbe becomes the sweetest sace. There needes no more be spoken of this case: All earthy joyes by tract of time decayes; Soone is the glase runne out of our good dayes.

My fall and facte makes proofe of that is fpoke, Tels world to much of shadowes in the sunne, Dust blowne with winde, or simple proofe of smoake That slies from fire, and fast throwe aire doth run: It ends with woe that was with joy begun: It turnes to teares that first began with sport; At length long paine finds pleasure was but short.

As long as life remaind in Edwards breft, Who was but I? who had fuch friends at call? His body was no fooner put in cheft, But well was he that could procure my fall. His brother was mine enemy most of all, Protector then, whose vice did still abound, From ill to worse, till death did him consound.

He falfely fainde that I of counfell was
To poyson him, which thing I never meant;
But he could set thereon a face of brasse
To bring to passe his lewde and false intent,
To such mischiese this tyrants heart was bent.
To God ne man he never stood in awe,
For in his wrath he made his will a lawe.

Lord Hastings bloud for vengeaunce on him cryes, And many moe that were to long to name; But most of all, and in most woefull wise, I had good cause this wretched man to blame. Before the world I suffered open shame: Where people were as thicke as is the sand, I pennance tooke with taper in my hand.

Each eye did stare and looke me in the face; As I past by the rumours on me ran, But pacience then had lent me such a grace, My quiet lookes were praised of every man. The shamesast bloud brought me such collour than, That thousands sayde, that sawe my sober cheere, It is great ruth to see this woman heere.

But what prevayld the peoples pitie there? This raging wolfe would spare no guiltles blood. Oh wicked wombe, that such ill fruit did beare! Oh cursed earth that yeeldeth forth such mud! The hell consume all things that did thee good, The heavens shut their gates against thy spreete, The world tread downe thy glory under seete!

I aske of God a vengeance on thy bones.
Thy stinking corps corrupts the aire, I knowe:
Thy shamefull death no earthly wight bemones,
For in thy life thy workes were hated so,
That every man did wish thy overthroe;
Wherefore I may, though parciall nowe I am,
Curse every cause whereof thy body came.

Woe worth the man that fathered such a childe! Woe worth the howre wherein thou wast begate! Woe worth the brests that have the world begylde To norish thee, that all the world did hate! Woe worth the Gods that gave thee such a sate To live so long, that death deserves so oft! Woe worth the chance that set thee up alost!

Woe worth the day, the time, the howre and all When subjects clapt the crowne on Richards head! Woe worth the lordes that fat in sumptuous hall To honour him that princes blood so shead! Would God he had bin boyld in scalding lead, When he presumde in brothers seat to sit, Whose wretched rage ruld all with wicked wit!

Ye princes all and rulers everechone,
In punishment beware of hatreds yre:
Before yee fcourge, take heede, looke well thereon,
In wraths ill will if malice kindle fyre,
Your harts will burne in such a hote defyre,
That in those flames the smoke shall dim your sight,
Yee shall forget to joyne your justice right.

You should not judge till things be well descernd, Your charge is still to maintaine upright lawes: In conscience rules you should be throwly lernd, Where clemencie bids wrath and rashnes pause, And surther saith, strike not without a cause: And when yee smite, doe it for justice sake, Then in good part ech man your scourge will take.

If that fuch zeale had movd this tyrants mind To make my plague a warning for the rest, I had small cause such fault in him to finde: Such punishment is used for the best. But by ill will and powre I was opprest: He spoylde my goods and lest me bare and poore, And caused me to beg from dore to dore.

What fall was this! to come from princes fare To watch for crumes among the blind and lame! When almes were delt, I had an hungry share, Because I knewe not how to aske for shame; Till force and neede had brought me in such frame, Than starve I must, or learne to beg an almes, With booke in hand to say S. Davids Psalmes.

Where I was wont the golden chaines to weare, A payre of beads about my necke was wound; A linnen cloth was lapt about my heare, A ragged gowne that trailed on the ground; A dish that clapt and gave a heavie found, A staying staffe, and wallet therewithall, I bare about as witnesse of my fall.

The fall of leafe is nothing like the spring:
Ech eye beholdes the rising of the sunne,
And men admire the savour of a king,
And from great states growne in disgrace they run.
Such sodaine claps ne wit nor will can shun,
For when the stoole is taken from our seete,
Full flat on sloore the body salls in streete.

I had no house wherein to hide my head,
The open streete my lodging was perforce;
Full oft I went all hungry to my bed,
My flesh consumde, I looked like a corse.
Yet in that plight who had on me remorse?
O God! thou knowste my friends forsooke me than;
Not one holpe me that succred many a man.

They frownd on me that fawnd on me before, And fled from me that followed me full fast; They hated me by whome I fet much store, They knewe full well my fortune did not last; In every place I was condemnde and cast. To pleade my cause at bar it was no boote, For every man did tread me under soote.

Thus long I livd, all weary of my life,
Till death approcht and rid me from that woe.
Example take by me, both maide and wife;
Beware, take heede, fall not to folly fo;
A mirrour make by my great overthroe:
Defye the world and all his wanton wayes,
Beware by me that spent so ill her dayes.

T. Churchyard.

#### INTRODUCTION.

WITH the exception of one other of Dekker's productions (which the editor may hereafter reproduce in its original but neglected shape) there is, perhaps, no tract in our language which contains so many and such curious illustrations of the language, opinions, and manners of our ancestors as the tract here reprinted. It is, from beginning to end, a species of prose allegory, but in all places extremely intelligible; and it exposes unsparingly the frauds, abuses, and vices prevalent in the metropolis soon after the demise of Elizabeth: "the seven deadly sins of London" are all pourtrayed in their turn; and if anything incongruous appear in the details supplied by the author, it must be attributed to the peculiar form he has chosen for the display of the severity of his reproof.

The literary and dramatic allusions are very remarkable, especially as regards Shakespeare; and severe as are Dekker's reflections upon all classes, he intermixes no personal matter, and assails no individual delinquents. One passage near the end is peculiarly noticeable as fixing the date of the original appearance of a woodcut broadside, the existence of which, in a single copy, is known in our day, and which is valuable upon all accounts, but most of all, as an early specimen of politico-religious caricature.

We are probably to take Dekker's assertion, that his effusion was the opus septem dierum, as a statement of fact. He was

generally a struggler against poverty; and we may presume that such was the case in 1606, and that Nathaniel Butter, the stationer, who was generally the patron of needy and speedy authors, offered, or advanced to Dekker a sum of money, on condition that he produced his work by a certain day: the printer was Edward Allde, who was often employed on an emergency; and his battered type bears witness of the service it had gone through, while inaccuracies and bad workmanship shew the haste with which the piece was composed by the typographer, as well as written by the author. Considering it as only a week's labour, "The Seven Deadly Sins of London" is proof of the ready resources of Dekker, as well of his industry, in a very original species of composition. We are aware of nothing precisely like it in our language, either for invention, or for accuracy and The aim of the writer was not, in this vivacity of description. instance, to display his poetical powers; and he addressed himself to a class of readers, including the apprentices of the metropolis, who would be little able to estimate the merit of a work of higher genius, but would be ready purchasers of a production like that here reproduced. It is of the greatest rarity.

J. P. C.

#### THE

### SEVEN DEADLY

# Sinnes of London:

DRAWNE IN SEVEN SEVERALL COACHES THROUGH THE SEVEN SEVERALL GATES OF THE CITTLE

Bringing the Plague with them.

Opus septem Dierum.

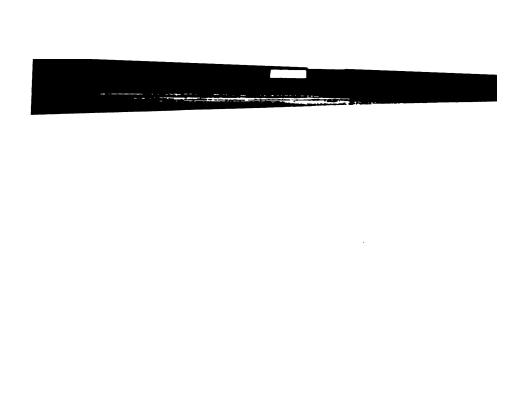
THO: DEKKER.



#### AT LONDON

Printed by E. A. for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be folde at his shop neere Saint Austens gate.

1606.



AM fory (deare fir) that in a time (fo abundant with wit) I shold send unto you no better fruit then the sins of a city: but they are not common (for they were never gathered till this yeare) and therefore I fend them for a rarity. Yet now I remember my felfe, they are not the finnes of a citie, but onely the picture of them; and a drollerie (or Dutch peece of Lantskop) may fometimes bread in the beholders eye as much delectation as the best and most curious masterpeece excellent in that art. Bookes being fent abroad after they are begotten into the world, as this of mine is, are in the nature of orphans; but being received into a gardianship (as I make no doubt but this shall) they come into the happie state of adopted children. That office must now be yours, and you neede not bee ashamed of it, for kings have beene glad to do them honour, that have bestowed such a never-dying honour uppon them. The benefite you shall receive is this, that you see the building up of a tombe (in your life time) wherein you are fure to lie, as that you cannot bee forgotten, and you

read that very epitaph that shal stand over you, which by no envie can bee defaced, nor by any time worne out. I have made choise of you alone, to bee the onely patron to these my labours; by which word (onely) I chalenge to my felfe a kinde of dignitie; for there hath beene a generation of a fort of strange fellowes (and I thinke the race is not yet eaten out) who when a booke (of their owne) hath bin borne in the lawfull matrimonie of learning and industrie, have basely compelled it either, like a bastard, to call a great many father (and to goe under all their names) or else (like a common fellow at a sessions) to put himselse (as they tearme it) upon twelve godfathers. In which case (contrarie to all law) the foreman is most dishonoured. That art of skeldring I studie not: I stand upon stronger The current of a mans reputation being divided into fo manie rivolets must needes grow weake. give intertainment to this in your best affection, you will binde me (one day) to heighten your name, when by fome more worthy columne (by me to be erected) I shall conse-

crate that and your felfe to an everlasting and facred memorie.

Most affectionately desirous to be yours:

THO. DEKKER.

#### READER,

TT is an ordinarie custome (for us that are bookish) to have a bout with thee, after wee have done with a patron, as for fchollers (in the noble fcience) to play at the woodden rapier and dagger, at the ende of a maisters prize. In doing which we know not upon what fpeeding points wee runne, for you (that are readers) are the most desperate and fowlest players in the world: you will strike when a mans backe is toward you, and kill him (if you could for shame) when he lies under your feete. You are able (if you have the tokens of deadly ignorance and boldnes at one time upon you) to breede more infection in Pauls Church-yard then all the bodies that were buried there in the Plague-time, if they had beene left still above ground. You stand somtimes at a stationers stal, looking fcurvily (like mules champing upon thiftles) on the face of a new booke, bee it never fo worthy, and goe (as il favouredly) mewing away. But what get you by it? The bookefeller ever after, when you passe by, pinnes on your backes the badge of fooles to make you be laught to fcorne, or of fillie carpers to make you be pittied. Conradus Gesner

never writ of the nature of fuch strange beasts as you are; for where as we call you Lectores, readers, you turne your felves into Lictores, executioners and tormenters. not have him that writes better than I to reade this, nor him that cannot do fo well to raile; or if hee cannot chuse but raile, let him doe it to my face: otherwife (to me being absent) it is done cowardly; for Leonem mortuum mordent etiam catuli: cats dare scratch lions by the sace when they lie dead, and none but colliers will threaten a Lord Maior when they are farre enough from the cittie.

laide no blockes in thy way: if thou findest ftrawes (Vade, vale) cave

ne titubes.

The names of the Actors in this old Enterlude of Iniquitie.

- 1 Politike Bankeruptisme
- 2 Lying
- 3 Candle-light
- 4 Sloth
- 5 Apishnesse 6 Shaving
- 7 Crueltie

Seven may eafily play this, but not without a Divell.

#### \_\_i\_\_i

#### THE INDUCTION TO THE BOOKE.

T FINDE it written in that Booke where no untruthes can be read; in that Booke whose leaves shall outlast sheetes of brasse, and whose lines leade to eternity; yea, even in that Booke that was pend by the best Author of the best wisedome, allowed by a Deity, licensed by the Omnipotent and published (in all languages to all nations) by the greatest, truest and onely Divine, thus I finde it written: that for finne angels were throwne out of heaven; for finne the first man that ever was made was made an outcast: he was driven out of his living that was left unto him by his Creator. It was a goodlier living than the inheritance of Princes: he lost Paradice by it (he lost his house of pleasure): hee lost Eden by it, a garden where Winter could never have nipt him with cold, nor Summer have fcorcht him with heate. He had there all fruits growing to delight his tafte, all flowers flourishing to allure his eye, all birds finging to content his eare: he had more than he could desire; yet because he desired more than was fit for him, he loft all. For finne all those buildings which the great workemaster of the world had in sixe dayes rayfed were swallowed at the first by waters, and shall at last be consumed in fire. How many samilies hath this leviathan devoured! how many citties! how many kingdoms!

Let us awhile leave the kingdomes, and enter into citties:

Sodom and Gomorrah were burnt to the ground with brimstone that dropt in flakes from heaven: a hot and dreadfull vengeance. Jerusalem hath not a stone lest upon another of her first glorious foundation: a heavy and fearfull downefall. Jerusalem, that was Gods owne dwellinghouse: the schoole where those Hebrew lectures, which he himselfe read, were taught: the very nursery where the Prince of Heaven was brought up: that Jerusalem whose rulers were princes, and whose citizens were like the sonnes of kings: whose temples were paved with gold, and whose houses stood like rowes of tall cedars: that Jerusalem is now a dezert: it is unhallowed and untrodden: no monument is left to shew it was a citty, but onely the memoriall of the Iewes hard-hartednes in making away their Saviour. now a place for barbarous Turks, and poore despised Grecians: it is rather now (for the abominations committed in it) no place at all.

Let us hoyft up more fayles and lanch into other feas, till we come in ken of our owne countrey. Antwerp (the eldest daughter of Brabant) hath falne in her pride; the citties of rich Burgundy in theyr greatnes; those feventeene Dutch virgins of Belgia (that had kingdomes to theyr dowries, and were worthy to be courted by nations) are now no more virgins: the souldier hath deslowred them, and robd them of theyr mayden honor: warre hath still use of their noble bodyes, and discovereth theyr nakednes like prostituted strumpets. Famine hath dryed up the fresh bloud in theyr cheekes, whilst the pestilence digd up theyr fields, and turned them into graves. Neither have these punishments bin layd upon them onely, for bloud hath bin also drawne of their very next neighbours. France lyes

yet panting under the blowes which her owne children have given her. Thirty yeres together fuffred she her bowels to be torne out by those that were bred within them: she was full of princes, and faw them lye mangled at her feete: she was full of people and faw in one night a hundred thousand massacred in her streetes: her kings were eaten up by civill warres, and her subjects by fire and famine. O gallant monarchy! what hard fate hadst thou, that when none were left to conquer thee, thou shouldst triumph over thy felfe. Thou haft wynes flowing in thy veynes, but thou madest thy selfe druncke with thine owne The English, the Dutch, and the Spanish stoode aloofe and gave ayme, whilft thou shotst arrowes upright that fell upon thine owne head, and wounded thee to Wouldst thou (and the rest) know the reason why your bones have bin bruzed with rods of iron? It was because you have risen in arch-rebellion against the Supremest Soveraigne: you have bin traytors to your Lord, the King of heaven and earth, and have armed your felves to fight against the Holy Land. Can the father of the world measure out his love so unequally that one people (like to a mans yongest child) should be more made of than all the rest, being more unruly than the rest?

O London! thou art great in glory, and envied for thy greatnes: thy towers, thy temples and thy pinnacles stand upon thy head like borders of fine gold, thy waters like frindges of silver hang at the hemmes of thy garments. Thou art the goodliest of thy neighbors, but the proudest, the welthiest but the most wanton. Thou hast all things in thee to make thee sairest, and all things in thee to make thee foulest; for thou art attirde like a bride, drawing all

that looke upon thee to be in love with thee, but there is much harlot in thine eyes. Thou fitft in thy gates heated with wines, and in thy chambers with luft. What miferies have of late overtaken thee! yet (like a foole that laughs when hee is putting on fetters) thou haft bin merry in Ou. Elizabeths height of thy misfortunes. She (that for almost halfe a hundred of yeeres) of thy nurse became thy mother, and layd thee in her bosome, whose head was full of cares for thee, whilft thine flept upon foster pillowes than downe: she that wore thee always on her brest as the richest jewell in her kingdome; who had continually her eve upon thee, and her heart with thee; whose chaste hand clothed thy rulers in scarlet, and thy inhabitants in roabes of peace, even she was taken from thee, when thou wert most in feare to lose her; when thou didst tremble (as at an earth-quake) to thinke that bloud should runne in thy channels, that the canon should make way through portcullifes, and fire rifle thy wealthy houses, then, even then, wert thou left full of teares, and becamft an orphan. behold! thou hadft not fat many howres on the banks of forrow, but thou hadft a loving father that his coronation. adopted thee to be his owne: thy mourning turnd presently to gladnes, thy terrors into triumphs. Yet, left this fulnesse of joy should beget in thee a wantonnes, and to try how wifely thou couldst take up affliction, ficknes was fent to breathe her unholfome ayres into thy nofthrils, fo that thou, that wert before the only gallant and minion of the world, hadft in a short time more diseases (then a common harlot hath) hanging upon thee: thou fuddenly becamft the by-talke of neighbors, the fcorne and contempt of nations.

Heere could I make thee weepe thy felfe away into waters by calling backe those fad and difmall houres wherein thou confumedst almost to nothing with shrikes and lamentations in that Wonderfull Yeere A booke fo called, written when these miserable calamities entred in at by the author, describing the thy gates, slaying 30,000 and more, as thou horror of the heldst them in thine armes; but they are fresh Plague in 1602, when in thy memory, and the story of them (but there ayed 30578 of that halfe read over) would strike so coldly to thy heart, and lay fuch heavy forrow upon mine (Namque animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit) that I will not be thine and my owne tormentor with the memory How quickly, notwithstanding, didst thou forget that beating! The wrath of him that fmot thee was no fooner (in meere pitty of thy stripes) appealed, but howrely (againe) thou wert in the company of evill doers, even before thou couldst finde leyfure to aske him forgivenes.

Ever fince that time hath hee winckt at thy errors, and fuffred thee (though now thou art growne old, and lookest very ancient) to goe on still in the follyes of thy youth: he hath ten-fold restor'de thy lost sonnes and daughters, and fuch fweete lively fresh colours hath he put upon thy King of Eng. cheekes, that kings have come to behold thee. land and and princes to delight their eyes with thy Christierne King of Den. bewty. None of all these favours (for all this) can draw thee from thy wickednes. have powrd downe out of heaven uppon thee and thou art rich in all things, faving in goodnes; fo that now once againe hath he gone about (and but gone about) to call thee to the dreadfull barre of his judgement. And no marvaile; for whereas other citties (as glorious as thy felfe) and other people (as deare unto him as thine) have in his indignation bin quite taken from the face of the earth, for fome one peculiar finne, what hope hast thou to grow up still in the pride of thy strength, gallantnes and health, having seven deadly and detestable sinnes lying night by night by thy lascivious sides?

O thou beawtifullest daughter of two united monarchies! from thy womb received I my being, from thy brests my nourishment; yet give me leave to tell thee that thou hast feven divels within thee, and till they be cleane cast out the arrowes of peftilence will fall upon thee by day, and the hand of the invader strike thee by night. The sunne will shine, but will not be a comfort to thee, and the moone looke pale with anger when she gives thee light. lovers will disdayne to court thee: thy temples will no more fend out divine oracles: Justice will take her flight and dwell elfe-where; and that defolation, which now for three yeeres together hath hovered round about thee, will at last enter, and turne thy gardens of pleasure into churchyards, thy fields that ferved thee for walks into Golgotha, and thy hye built houses into heapes of dead mens sculs. I call him to witnes, who is all truth; I call the cittizens of heaven to witnes, who are all spotlesse, that I slander thee not in faying thou nourishest seven serpents at thy brests that will destroy thee. Let all thy magistrates and thy officers speake for me: let strangers that have but seene thy behaviour be my judges: let all that are gathered under thy wings, and those that sleepe in thy bosome give their verdict upon me: yea, try me (as thy brabblings are) by all thy petit and graund jurors, and if I belye thee, let my country (when I expire) deny me her common bleffing,

buriall. Lift up therefore thy head (thou mother of fo many people): awaken out of thy dead and dangerous flumbers, and with a full and fearlesse eye behold those seven monsters that with extended jawes gape to swallow up thy memory; for I will into so large a field single every one of them, that thou and all the world shall see their uglinesse, for by seeing them thou mayst avoyd them, and by avoyding them be the happiest and most renowned of citties.

#### POLITICK BANKRUPTISME

OR

## THE FIRST DAYES TRIUMPH OF THE FIRST SINNE.

It is a custome in all countries, when great personages are to be entertained, to have great preparations made for them; and because London disdaines to come short of any city, either in magnificence, state or expences on such an occasion, solemne order was set downe, and seven severall solemne dayes were appointed to receive these seven potentates; for they carry the names of princes on the earth, and wheresoe're they inhabit, in a short time are they lords of great dominions.

The first dayes triumphs were spent in meeting and conducting Politick Bankruptisme into the freedome; to receive whom the master, the keepers and all the prisoners of Ludgate, in their best clothes, stood most officiously readie: for at that gate his Deadlinesse challenges a kind of prerogative by the custome of the citie, and there loves he most to be let in. The thing they stood upon was a The maner scaffold erected for the purpose, stuck round Bankruptisme is entertained, and about with a few greene boughes (like an aleat what gate. house booth at a fayre) and covered with two or three threed-bare carpets (for prifoners have no better) to hide the unhandsomenes of the carpenters worke: the boughes with the very strong breath that was prest out of

the vulgar, withered and like Autumnian leaves dropt to the ground, which made the broken Gentleman to haften his progresse the more, and the rather, because Lud and his two sonnes stood in a very cold place, waiting for his comming. Being under the gate there stood one armed with an extemporall speech to give him the onset of his welcome. It was not (I would you should well know) the clarke of a country parish, or the schoolemaster of a corporate towne, that every yeere has a saying to Master Maior; but it was a bird pickt out of purpose (amongst the Ludgathians) that had the basest and lowdest voice, and was able in Terme time, for a throat, to give any prisoner great ods for the boxe at the grate.

This organ-pipe was tunde to rore for the rest, who with a hye found and glib delivery made an encomiastick paradoxicall oration in praise of a prison, proving that captivity was the only bleffing that could happen to man, and that a Politick Bankrupt (because he makes himselfe for ever by his owne wit) is able to live in any common wealth, and deserves to go up the ladder of promotion, when five hundred shallow-pated fellowes shall be turnd off. poore orator having made up his mouth, Bankruptisme gave him very good words and a handful or two of thanks, vowing he would ever live in his debt. At which all the prisoners, rending the ayre with shouts, the key was turnd, and up (in ftate) was he led into King Luds house of Bondage, to furvey the building, and to take possession of the lodgings; where he no fooner entred, but a lufty peale Solamen mile of welcomes was shot out of kannes in stead of ris focios habucanons, and though the powder was exceeding wet, yet off they went thick and threefold. The day was

proclaymed holiday in all the wardes; every prisoner fwore if he would ftay amongst them, they would take no order about their debts, because they would lye by it too; and for that purpose swarmd about him like bees about comfitmakers, and were drunke according to all the learned rules of Drunkennes, as Upsy-freeze, Crambo, Parmisant, etc., the pimples of this ranck and full-humord joy rifing thus in their faces, because they all knew that, though he himfelfe was broken, the linings of his bags were whole; and though he had no conscience (but a crackt one) yet he had crownes that were found. None of all these hookes could fasten him to them: he was (like their clocks) to strike in more places than one, and though he knew many citizens hated him, and that if he were encountred by some of them, it might cost him deare, yet under so good a protection did he go, (as he faid) because he owed no ill will even to those that most fought his undoing; and therefore tooke his leave of the house with promise to be with them or send to them once every quarter at the least. So that now, by his wife instructions, if a puny were there amongst them, he Milery makes might learne more cases and more quiddits in men cunning. law within feven dayes, than he does at his Inne in fourteene moneths.

The Politician, beeing thus got into the citie, caries himfelf fo discreetly that he steales into the hearts of many. In words is he circumspect, in lookes grave, in attire civill, His qualities. in diet temperate, in company affable, in his affaires serious; and so cunningly dooes he lay on these colours, that in the end he is welcome to, and familiar with the best. So that now there is not any one of all the twelve Companies in which (at one time or other) there

are not those that have forsaken their owne Hall to be free of his: yea, fome of your best shop-keepers hath he inticed to shut themselves up from the cares and business of the world to live in private life; nay, there is not any great and famous streete in the city wherein there hath not (or now doth not) dwell fome one or other that hold the points of his religion. For you must understand that His difguifes. the Politick Bankrupt is a harpy that lookes fmoothly, a hyena that enchants fubtilly, a mermaid that fings fweetly, and a cameleon that can put himfelfe into all colours. Sometimes hee's a Puritane; he sweares by nothing but "indeede," or rather does not sweare at all, and wrapping his crafty ferpent's body in the cloake of religion, he does those acts that would become none but the Divell. times hee's a Protestant and deales justly with all men till he fee his time, but in the end he turnes Turke. you shall beleeve me, I will give you his length by the scale, and anatomize his body from head to foote. Heere it is.

Whether he be a tradefman, or a marchant when he first sets himselse up, and seekes to get the world into his hands (yet not to go out of the City), or first talks of countries he never saw (upon the Change), he will be sure to keepe his dayes of payments more truly than lawyers keepe their termes, or than executors keepe the last lawes that the dead injoyned them to, which even insidels themselves will not violate: his hand goes to his head to his meanest customer (to expresse his humilitie): he is up earlier then a sargeant, and downe later then a constable to proclaime his thrist. By such artificiall wheeles as these he winds himselse up into the height of rich mens savors, till he grow rich himselse, and when he sees that they dare

build on his credit, knowing the ground to be good, he takes upon him the condition of an affe to any man that will loade him with gold, and useth his credit like a ship freighted with all forts of merchandize by ventrous pilots; for after he hath gotten into his hands fo much of other mens goods or money as will fill him to the upper deck, away he fayles with it, and politickly runnes himselfe on ground to make the world beleeve he had fufferd ship-Then flyes he out like an Irish rebell, and keepes aloofe hiding his head when he cannot hide his shame; and though he have fethers on his back puld from fundry birds, yet to himselfe is he more wretched then the cuckoo in winter, that dares not be seene. The troupes of honest citizens (his creditors) with whom he hath broken league and hath thus defyed, muster themselves together, and proclaime open warre: their bands confift of tall yeomen that serve on foot, commanded by certaine sargeants of their bands, who for leading of men are knowne to be of more experience than the best Low-countrey Captaines. In ambufcado do thefe lye day and night, to cut off this enemy to the City, if he dare but come downe. But the Politick Bankrupt barricadoing his sconce with double locks, treble dores, invincible bolts and pieces of timber, four or five storyes hye, victuals himselfe for a moneth or fo, and then, in the dead of the night, marches up higher into the country with bag and baggage. Parlies then are fummond, compositions offred, a truce is sometimes taken for three or four yeeres, or (which is more common) a dishonorable peace (feeing no other remedy) is on both fides concluded, he (like the States) being the only gayner by fuch civill warres, whilft the citizen that is the lender is the

loser: Nam crimine ab uno difce omnes: looke how much he snatche from one mans shease hee gleanes from every one, if they bee a hundred.

The victory being thus gotten by basenes and trechery, back comes he marching with spred colours againe to the City, advances in the open streete as he did before, sels the goods of his neighbor before his face without blushing: he jets up and downe in his silks woven out of other mens stocks, seeds deliciously upon other mens purses, rides on his ten pound geldings in other mens saddles, and is now a new man made out of wax; that's to say, out of those bonds whose seales he most dishonestly hath canceld. O velvet garded theeves! O yea-and-by-nay cheaters! O grave and right worshipfull couzeners!

What wretchednes is it by fuch fteps to clime to a counterfetted happines! So to be made for ever is to be utterly undone for ever: fo for a man to fave him felfe is to venture his own damnation; like those that laboring by all meanes to escape shipwrack, do afterwards desperatly drown themselves. But, alas! how rotten at the bottom are buildings thus raifd! How foone do fuch leafes grow out of date! The third house to them is never heard of. What flaves then doth mony (fo purchast) make of those who by fuch wayes thinke to find out perfect freedome! But they are most truly miserable in midst of their joyes; for their neighbors scorne them, strangers point at them, good men neglect them; the rich man will no more trust them; the begger in his rags upbraydes them. Yet, if this were all, this all were nothing. O thou that on thy pillow (lyke a spider in his loome) weavest mischevous nets, beating thy braynes, how by casting downe others to raise up thy felfe!

Then Politick Bankrupt, poore rich man, then ill-painted foole, when thou art to lye in thy last inne (thy loathsome grave) how heavy a loade will thy wealth bee to thy weake corrupted conscience! Those heapes of silver, in telling of which thou hast worne out thy singer's ends, will be a passing bell tolling in thine eare, and calling thee to a searefull audit. Thou canst not dispose of thy riches, but the naming of every parcell will strike to thy heart, worse then the pangs of thy departure: thy last will at the last day will be an inditement to cast thee; for thou art guilty of offending those two lawes (enacted in the Upper House of Heaven) which directly forbid thee to steale, or to covet thy neighbors goods.

But this is not all neither; for thou lyest on thy bed of death, and art not cared for: thou goest out of the world, and are not lamented: thou art put into the last linen that ever thou shalt weare (thy winding sheete) with reproch, and art sent into thy grave with curses: he that makes thy sunerall sermon dares not speake well of thee, because he is ashamed to belye the dead; and upon so hatefull a syle doest thou hang the records of thy life, that even when the wormes have peckt thee to the bare bones, those that goe over thee will set upon thee no epitaph but this—Here lyes a knave.

Alack! this is not the worst neither: thy wise being in the heate of her youth, in the pride of her beawty, and in all the bravery of a rich London widow, flyes from her nest (where she was thus fledg'd before her time) the City, to shake off the imputation of a bankrupts wise, and perhaps marries with some gallant: thy bags then are emptied to hold him up in riots: those hundreds which thou subtilly

tookst up upon thy bonds do sinfully serve him to pay taverne bills, and what by knavery thou gotft from honest men is as villanously spent upon pandars and whores. Thy widow, being thus brought to a low ebbe, grows desperat, curses her birth, her life, her fortunes; yea, perhaps, curses thee when thou art in thy everlasting sleepe, her conscience perfwading strongly that she is punished from above for thy faults; and being poore, friendlesse, comfortlesse, she findes no meanes to raise her selfe but by falling, and therefore growes to be a common woman. Doth not the thought of this torment thee? She lives basely by the abuse of that body to maintaine which in costly garments thou didst wrong to thine owne foule: nay, more to afflict thee, thy children are ready to beg their bread in that very place where the father hath fat at his dore in purple, and at his boord like Dives, furfeting on those dishes which were earned by the sweat of other men browes. The infortunate marchant, whose estate is swallowed up by the mercilesse feas, and the provident tradefman, whom riotous fervants at home, or hard-harted debtors abroad undermine and overthrow, blotting them with the name of bankrupts, deferve to be pittied and relieved, when thou that hast cozend even thine owne brother of his birth-right, art laught at, and not remembred but in scorne when thou art plagued in thy generation.

Be wife, therefore, you grave and wealthy cittizens; play with these whales of the sea, till you escape them that are devourers of your merchants: hunt these English wolves to the death, and rid the land of them; for these are the rats that eate up the provision of the people: these are the grashoppers of Egypt, that spoyle the corne-sields of the

husbandman, and the rich mans vineyards: they will have poore Naboths piece of ground from him, though they eate a piece of his heart for it. These are indeede (and none but these) the Forreners that live without the freedome of your city better than you within it: they live without the freedome of honesty, of conscience and of Christianitie. Ten dicing-houses cheate not yong gentlemen of so much mony in a yeare as these do you in a moneth. The these that dyes at Tyburne for a robbery is not halse so dangerous a weede in a common-wealth as the Politick Bankrupt: I would there were a Derick to hang him up too!

The Russians have an excellent custome: they beate them on the shinnes that have mony and will not pay their debts: if that law were well cudgeld from thence into England, barbar-surgeons might in a few yeeres build up a hall for their Company larger then Powles, only with the cure of Bankrupt broken-shinnes.

I would faine see a prize set up, that the welted usurer and the Politick Bankrupt might rayle one against another for it: ô, it would beget a riming comedy! The challenge of the Germayne against all the masters of the Noble Science would not bring in a quarter of the money; for there is not halfe so much love betweene the iron and the loadstone, as there is mortall hate betweene those two suries. The usurer lives by the lechery of mony, and is bawd to his owne bags, taking a fee that they may ingender. The Politick Bankrupt lives by the gelding of bags of silver. The usurer puts out a hundred pound to breede, and lets it run in a good pasture (thats to say, in the lands that are mortgag'd for it) till it grow great with soale, and bring forth ten pound more. But the Politick Bankrupt playes

the alchimist, and having taken a hundred pound to multiply it, he keepes a puffing and a blowing, as if he would fetch the philosophers stone out of it, yet melts your hundred pound so long in his crusibles, till at length he either melt it cleane away, or (at the least) makes him that lends it thinke good, if every hundred bring him home sive with principall and interest.

You may behold now in this perspective piece which I have drawne before you, how deadly and dangerous an enemy to the state this Politick Bankrupt hath bin, and still is. It hath bin long enough in the Citty, and, for any thing I see, makes no great haste to get out. His triumphs have bin great, his entertainment rich and magnificent: he purposes to lye here as Lucifers Legiar: let him therefore alone in his lodging (in what part of the Citty soever it be) tossed and turmoyled with godlesse slumbers, and let us take up a standing neere some other gate to behold the entrance of the Second Sinne. But before you go, looke upon the chariot that this First is drawne in, and take speciall note of all his attendants.

The habit, the qualities and the complexion of this embassador sent from hell are set downe before. He rides in a chariot drawne upon three wheeles, that run fastest away when they beare the greatest loades. The bewty of the chariot is all in-layd work, cunningly and artificially wrought, but yet so strangely, and of so many severall-sashioned pieces (none like another) that a sound wit would mistrust they had bin stolne from sondry worke-men. By this prowd counterset ran two pages; on the left side Conscience, raggedly attirde, ill-sac'd, ill-coloured and misssapen in body. On the right side runs Beggery, who, if

he out-live him, goes to ferve his children. Hipocrify drives the chariot, having a couple of fat well-coloured and lufty coach-horses to the eye, cald Covetousnes and Cosenage, but full of diseases, and rotten about the heart. hind him follow a crowd of tradefmen and merchants, every one of them holding either a shop-booke or an obligation in his hand, their fervants, wives and children ftrawing the way before him with curses; but he carelesly runnes over the one, and out-rides the other; at the tayle of whom (like the pioners of an army) march troop-wife, and without any drum struck up, because the leader can abide no noise, a company of old expert sarjeants, bold yeomen, hungry baylifs, and other brave martiall men, who, because (like the Switzers) they are well payd, are still in action, and oftentimes have the enemy in execution, following the heeles of this citty-conqueror fo close, not for any love they owe him, but only (as all those that follow great men do) to get mony by him. We will leave them lying in ambush, or holding their courts of gard, and take a muster of our next regiment.

#### 2. LYING

OR

# THE SECOND DAYES TRIUMPH.

When it came to the eares of the finfull Synagogue how the rich Jew of London (Barabbas Bankruptisme), their brother, was received into the Citty, and what a lusty reveler he was become, the rest of the same progeny (being 6 in number) vowd to ride thither in their greatest state,

and that every one should challenge to himselfe (if he could enter) a severall day of Tryumph, for so he might doe by their owne customes. Another, therefore, of the broode being presently aptly accoustred and armed capa-pe with all furniture fit for fuch an invader, fets forward the very next morning, and arriv'de at one of the gates before any of the porters eyes were unglewd. To knocke hee thought it no policy, because such fellowes are commonly most churlish when they are most intreated, and are key-cold in their comming downe to strangers, except they be brybed: to ftay there with fuch a confusion of faces round about him, till light should betray him, might call his arrivall, being strange and hidden, into question: besides he durst not fend any spy he had to listen what newes went amongst the people, and whether any preparation were made for him, or that they did expect his approche; because indeede there was not any one of the damned crewe that followed his tayle whom he durft trust for a true word. He resolves, therefore, to make his entrance not by the fword, but by fome fleyght, what ftorme or fayre weather foever should happen.

And for that purpose taking asunder his charriot (for it stood altogether like a Germane clock, or an English jack or turne-spit upon skrewes and vices) he scatters his troops upon the fields and hye-way into small companies, as if they had bene Irish beggers, till at last espying certayne colliers with carts most sinfully loaden for the Citty, and behind them certayne light country horse-women ryding to the markets, hee mingled his soote-men carelesly amongst these, and by this stratagem of coales bravely thorow Moore-gate got within the walles; where marching not like

a plodding grafyer with his droves before him, but like a Citty-captayne with a company (as pert as taylours at a wedding) close at his heeles (because nowe they knewe they were out of seare) he musters together all the hackneymen and horse-coursers in and about Colman-streete.

No fooner had these sonnes and heyres unto horse-shooes got him into their eyes, but they wept for joy to behold him; yet, in the ende, putting up their teares into bottles of hay, which they held under their armes, and wyping their slubberd cheekes with wispes of cleane strawe (provyded for the nonce) they harnessed the Grand Signiors caroach, mounted his cavallery upon curtals, and so sent him most pompously (like a new elected Dutch burgomaster) into the citty.

He was lookt upon ftrangely by all whom he met, for at the first few or none knew him, few followed him, sew bid him welcome. But after hee had spent heere a very little peece of time, after it was voyc'd that Monsieur Mendax came to dwell amongst them, and had brought with him all forts of politick falshood and lying, what a number of men, women and children fell presently in love with him! There was of every trade in the citty, and of every prosession some that instantly were dealers with him: for you must note that in a state so multitudinous, where so many slocks of people must be fed, it is impossible to have some trades to stand, if they should not lye.

How quickly after the art of lying was once publiquely profest were false weights and false measures invented! And they have not since done as much hurt to the inhabitants of citties as the invention of gunnes hath done to their walles; for though a lye have but short legs (like a dwarfes) yet it goes farre in a little time, Et crescit eundo,

and at last prooves a tall fellow: the reason is that truth hath ever but one father, but lyes are a thousand mens bastards, and are begotten every where.

Looke up then (thou thy countryes darling) and behold what a divelish inmate thou hast intertained. The genealogy of truth is well knowne, for he was borne in heaven and dwels in heaven. Falshood, then, and lying must of necessity come out of that hot country of hell from the line of devils; for those two are as opposite as light and darknes. What an ungracious generation wilt thou mingle with thine, if thou draw not this from thee! What a number of unhappy and curfed children will be left upon thy hand! for Lying is father of Falshood, and grandsire to Perjury. Frawd (with two faces) is his daughter, a very monster: Treason (with haires like snakes) is his kinseman, a very fury. How art thou inclos'd with danger! The lye first deceives thee, and to shoote the deceit off cleanly, an oath (like an arrow) is drawne to the head, and that hits the marke. If a lye, after it is molded, be not smooth enough, there is no instrument to burnish it but an oath. Swearing gives it cullor and a bright complexion: fo that oathes are crutches upon which lyes (like lame foldiers) go and neede no other pasport. Little oathes are able to beare up great lyes; but great lyes are able to beate downe great families; for oathes are wounds that a man stabs into himselfe; yea, they are burning words that confume those who kindle them.

What fooles, then, are thy buyers and fellers to be abused by such hell hounds! Swearing and forswearing put into their hands, perhaps, the gaines of a little silver, but like those pieces which Judas received they are their destruc-

tion. Welth so gotten is like a tree set in the depth of winter: it prospers not.

But is it possible (thou leader of so great a kingdome) that heretofore so many bonfires of mens bodies should be made before thee in the good quarrell of truth, and that now thou shouldst take part with her enemy? Have so many triple-pointed darts of treason bin shot at the heads of thy princes, because they would not take truth out of thy temples, and art thou now in league with false witches that would kill thee? Thou art no traveler; the habit of lying, therefore, will not become thee: cast it off.

He that gives a foldier the lye lookes to receive the stab, but what danger does he run upon that gives a whole city the lye? Yet must I venture to give it thee. Let me tell thee, then, that thou doest lye with pride, and though thou art not fo gawdy, yet art thou more costly in attiring thy felfe than the court, because Pride is the Queene of Sinnes: thou hast chosen her to be thy concubine, and hast begotten many daughters upon her body, as Vainglory, Curiofity, Difobedience, Opinion, Difdaine, &c. Pride, by thy lying with her, is growne impudent: she is now a common harlot, and every one hath use of her body. The Taylor call her his lemman: he hath often got her great with child of Phantasticallity and Fashions, who no sooner came into the world, but the fairest wives of thy tenants snatcht them up into their armes, layd them in their laps and to their brests, and after they had plaid with them their pleafure, into the country were those two children (of the Taylors) fent to be nurst up; so that they live sometimes there, but ever and anon with thee.

Thou doest likewise lye with Usury: how often hast thou

bin found in bed with her! How often hath she bin openly disgraced at the Crosse for a strumpet! yet still doest thou keepe her company, and art not ashamed of it, because you commit sinne together, even in those houses that have paynted posts standing at the gates. What ungodly brats and kindred hath she brought thee! for upon Usury hast thou begotten Extortion (a strong but an unmannerly child); Hardnes of Heart, a very murderer; and Bad Conscience, who is so unruly that he seemes to be sent unto thee to be thy everlasting paine. Then, hath she sonnes in law, and they are all scriveners: those scriveners have base sonnes, and they are all common brokers: those brokers likewise send a number into the world, and they are all common theeves.

All of these may easily give arms; for they setch their discent from hell, where are as many gentlemen as in any one place in any kingdome.

Thou dooft lye with fundrye others, and committest strange whoredomes, which by use and boldnesse growe so common that they seeme to be no whoredomes at all. Yet thine owne abhominations would not appeare so vilely, but that thou makest thy buildings a brothelry to others; for thou sufferest Religion to lye with Hipocrisie, Charitie to lye with Ostentation, Friendship to lye with Hollow-heartednes, the Churle to lye with Simony, Justice to lye with Bribery, and, last of all, Conscience to lye with everie one; so that now shee is full of diseases. But thou knowest the medicine for all these seavers that shake thee: be, therfore, to thy selfe thine owne phisition, and by strong pilles purge away this second insection that is breeding upon the before it strike to the heart.

Falshood and Lying thus have had their day, and, like almanackes of the last yeare, are now gon out: let us follow them a step or two farther to see how they ride and then (if we can) leave them; for I perceive it growes late because Candle-light (who is next to enter upon the stage) is making himself ready to act his comicall scenes. The chariot, then, that Lying is drawne in is made al of whetftones: Wantonnes and Evil Custome are his horses: a foole is the coachman that drives them: a couple of fwearing fencers fometimes leade the horses by the reynes, and fometimes flourish before them to make roome. Worshipfully is this Lord of Limbo attended, for knights themfelves follow at his heeles: mary, they are not post and poyre knightes, but one of the post; amongst whose traine is fhuffled in a company of fcrambling ignorant petti-foggers, leane knaves and hungrie, for they live upon nothing but the scraps of the law, and heere and there (like a prune in white-broth) is ftuck a spruice, but a meere prating unpractifed, lawyers clarke all in blacke. At the tayle of all (when this goodly pageant is passed by) follow a crowde, of everie trade some, amongst whome, least we be smothered, and bee taken to bee of the same lift, let us ftrike downe my way. Namque odi profanū vulgus.

#### 3. CANDLE-LIGHT

OR

# THE NOCTURNALL TRYUMPH.

O, Candle-light! and art thou one of the cursed crew? Hast thou bin set at the table of princes and noblemen?

Have all fortes of people doone reverence unto thee, and ftood bare so some as ever they have seene thee? Have theeves, traytors, and murderers been affraide to come in thy presence, because they knewe thee just, and that thou wouldest discover them? And art thou now a harborer of all kindes of vices? Nay, doost thou play the capitall Vice thy selfe?

Hast thou had so many learned lectures read before thee, and is the light of thy understanding now cleane put out, and have fo many profound schollers profited by thee? Hast thou doone such good to universities, beene such a guide to the lame, and feene the dooing of fo many good workes, yet doest thou now looke dimly, and with a dull eye upon al goodnes? What comfort have fickmen taken (in weary and irkfome nights) but onely in thee! Thou hast been their phisition and apothecary, and when the rellish of nothing could please them, the very shadow of thee hath beene to them a restoritive consolation. hath stilled her wayward infant, shewing it but to thee. What gladnes hast thou put into mariners bosomes, when thou hast met them on the sea! What joy into the faint and benighted travailer when he has met thee on the land! How many poore handy-craftes men by thee have earned the best part of their living! and art thou now become a companion for drunkards, for leachers, and for prodigalles! Art thou turnd reprobate? Thou wilt burn for it in hell; and so odious is this thy apostacy, and hiding thy self from the light of the truth, that at thy death and going out of the world even they that love thee best wil tread thee under their feete: yea, I, that have thus plaid the herald, and proclaimd thy good parts, wil now play the cryer and

cal thee into open court to arraigne thee for thy mifdemeanors.

Let the world, therefore, understand that this tallow-facde gentleman (cald Candle-light), so soone as ever the funne was gon out of sight, and that darknes, like a thief out of a hedge, crept upon the earth, sweate till hee dropt agen with bustling to come into the Cittie. For having no more but one onely eye (and that fierie red with drinking and sitting up late), he was assamed to be seene by day, knowing he should be laught to scorne and hooted at. He makes his entrance, therefore, at Aldersgate of set purpose; for though the streete be saire and spatious, yet sew lightes in mistie evenings using there to thrust out their golden heads, he thought that the aptest circle for him to be raised in, because there his glittering would make greatest show.

What expectation was there of his comming! Setting aside the bonsiers, there is not more triumphing on Midfommer night. No fooner was he advaunced up into the most famous streetes, but a number of shops for joy beganne to shut in: mercers rolde up their silkes and velvets: the goldfmithes drew back their plate, and all the Citty lookt like a private play-house, when the windowes are clapt downe, as if some nocturnall or dismall tragedy were presently to be acted before all the trades-men. Cavaliero Candle-light came for no such solemnitie: no, he had other crackers in hand, to which hee watcht but his houre to give fire. Scarce was his entrance blown abroad, but the bankrupt, the fellon, and all that owed any money, and for feare of arrefts or justices warrants had, like fo many fnayles, kept their houses over their heads al the day before, began now to creep out of their shels, and to stalke up and down the streets as uprightly and with as proud a gate as if they meant to knock against the starres with the crownes of their heads.

The damask-coated cittizen that sat in his shop both forenoone and afternoone, and lookt more fowerly on his poore neighbors then if he had drunke a quart of vineger at a draught, fneakes out of his owne doores and flips into a taverne, where, either alone or with fome other that battles their money together, they fo plye themselves with penny pots, which (like fmall-shot) goe off, powring into their fat paunches, that at length they have not an eye to fee withall, nor a good legge to stand upon. pickle if anye of them happen to be justled downe by a post (that in spite of them will take the wall) and so reeles them into the kennell, who takes them up or leades them home? Who has them to bed, and with a pillow fmothes this stealing so of good liquor, but that brazen-face Candlelight? Nay more, he intices their verie prentices to make their desperate fallyes out, and quicke retyres in (contrarie to the oath of their indentures) which are feaven yeares a fwearing, onely for their pintes and away.

Tush! this is nothing. Yong shopkeepers that have but newly ventured upon the pikes of marriage, who are every houre shewing their wares to their customers, plying their businesse harder all day then Vulcan does his anvile, and seeme better husbands than fidlers, that scrape for a poore living both day and night, yet even these, if they can but get Candle-light to sit up all night with them in any house of reckning (that's to say in a taverne) they fall roundly to play the London prize, and that's at three severall weapons, drinking, dauncing and dicing, their wives lying all that

time in their beds fighing like widowes, which is lamentable, the giddie-braind husbands wasting the portions they had with them, which lost once they are (like maidenheades) never recoverable. Or, which is worse, this going bat-sowling a nights beeing noted by some wise yong man or other, that knowes how to handle such cases, the bush is beaten for them at home, whilest they catch the bird abroade; but what bird is it? The woodcocke.

Never did any cittie pocket up fuch wrong at the hands of one over whom she is so jealous and so tender that, in winter nights, if he be but missing and hide himselfe in the darke, I know not how many beadles are fent up and downe the streetes to crie him: yet you see there is more cause she should send out to curse him. For what villanies are not abroad fo long as Candle-light is stirring? ferving-man dare then walke with his wench: the private puncke (otherwife called one that boords in London), who like a pigeon fits billing all day within doores, and feares to step over the thresholde, does then walke the round till midnight, after she hath beene swaggering amongst pottle pots and vintners boyes. Nay, the fober Perpetuana fuited Puritane, that dares not (fo much as by moone-light) come neere the fuburb-shadow of a house where they set flewed prunes before you, raps as boldly at the hatch, when he knowes Candle-light is within, as if he were new chosen constable. When al doores are lockt up, when no eyes are open, when birds are filent in bushes, and beafts lie sleeping under hedges, when no creature can be fmelt to be up, but they that might be smelt every night a streets length ere you come at them, even then doth this Ignis fatuus (Candle-light) walke like a fire-drake into fundrie corners. If

you will not beleeve this, shoote but your eye through the iron grates into the cellers of the vintners, there you shall see him hold his necke in a jin made of a clift hoope-sticke, to throttle him from telling tales, whilest they most abhominably jumble together all the papistical drinkes that are brought from beyond sea. The poore wines are rackt and made to confesse anie thing: the Spanish and the French meeting both in the bottome of the cellar, conspire together in their cups to lay the Englishman (if he ever come into their company) under the boord.

To be fhort, fuch strange mad musick doe they play upon their facke-buttes, that if Candle-light, beeing overcome with the steeme of new sweete wines when they are at worke, shoulde not tell them tis time to goe to bedde, they would make all the hogges-heads that use to come to the house to daunce the Canaries till they reeld againe. When the grape-mongers and hee are parted, hee walkes up and downe the streetes squiring the old midwifes to anie house (verie fecretly) when any bastards are to be brought into the worlde. From them (about the houre when spirits walke and cats goe a gossipping) hee visits the watch, where creeping into the beadles cothouse (which standes betweene his legges that are lapt rounde about with peeces of rugge, as if he had newe strucke of [f] shackles) and seeing the watchmen to nodde at him, hee hydes himselfe presently (knowing the token) under the flappe of a gowne, and teaches them (by instinct) how to steale nappes into their heades, because he sees all their cloakes have not one good nappe upon them; and uppon his warrant fnort they fo lowde that to those night-walkers (whose wittes are up so late) it ferves as a watch-worde to keepe out of the reach of their

browne billes: by which meanes they never come to aunfwere the matter before maifter Conftable, and the bench upon which his men (that shoulde watch) doe sitte: so that the Counters are cheated of prisoners, to the great dammage of those that shoulde have their mornings draught out of the garnish.

O Candle-light, Candle-light! to howe manie costly facke-possets and reare banquets hast thou beene invited by prentices and kitchen-maidens! When the bell-man, for anger to spie (such a purloyner of cittizens goods) so many, hath bounced at the doore like a madde man, at which (as if Robin Good-fellow had beene conjur'd amongst them) the wenches have falne into the handes of the greene-sicknesse, and the yong fellowes into colde agues, with verie feare leaft their maifter (like olde Jeronimo and Isabella his wife after him) starting out of their naked bed should come downe (with a weapon in his hande), and this in his mouth, What outcryes pull us from our naked bcdde? Who calles? &c., as the players can tell you. O Candlelight, howe hast thou stuncke then, when they have popt thee out of their companye! Howe hast thou taken it in fnuffe, when thou hast beene smelt out, especially the maister of the house exclayming that by day that deede of darknesse had not beene. One vennie more with thee, and then I have done.

How a many lips have beene worne out with kiffing at the ftreet doore, or in the entry (in a winking blind evening)! How many odde matches and uneven mariages have been made there betweene young prentifes and there maisters daughters, whilest thou (O Candle-light) hast stood watching at the staires head, that none could come stealing downe by thee, but they must be seene! It appeares by these articles put in against thee, that thou art partly a bawd to diverse loose sinnes, and partly a coozener; for if any in the cittie have badde wares lying deade uppon their handes, thou art better than aqua vitae to setch life into them, and to send them packing. Thou shalt, therefore, bee taken out of thy proude chariot and bee carted: yet first will wee see what workmanship and what stuffe it is made of, to the intent that if it bee not daungerous for a cittie to keepe any relique belonging to such a crooked saint, it may bee hung up as a monument to shewe with what dishonour thou wert driven out of so noble a lodging, to desace whose buildings thou hast beene so envious, that when thou hast beene lest alone by any thing that would take fire, thou hast burnt to the ground many of her goodliest houses.

Candle-lights coach is made all of horne, shaven as thin as changelinges are. It is drawne (with ease) by two rats: the coachman is a chaundler, who fo fweats with yearking that he drops tallowe, and that feedes them as provender: yet are the lashes that he gives the squeaking vermine more deadly to them then all the rats baine in Bucklerfburie. Painefulnesse and Studdy are his two lackeyes, and run by him: Darknesse, Conspiracy, Opportunitie, Stratagems, and Feare, are his attendants: hee's fued unto by diggers in mines, gravers, schollers, mariners, nurses, drunkards, unthriftes, and shrode husbands: he destroyes that which feedes him, and therefore, Ingratitude comes behinde all this, driving them before her. The next divel that is to be commaunded up is a very lazie one, and will be long in rifing: let us, therefore, unbinde this, and fall to other charmes.

## 4. SLOTH

OR

### THE FOURTH DAYES TRYUMPH.

Man (doubtlesse) was not created to bee an idle fellow, for then he should be Gods vagabond: he was made for other purpose then to be ever eating as swine, ever sleeping as dormife, ever dumb as fishes in the fea, or ever prating to no purpose as birdes of the ayre: he was not fet in the univerfall orchard to stand still as a tree, and so to bee cut downe, but to be cut downe if he should stand still. And to have him remember this he carries certaine watches with larums about him, that are ever striking; for all the inginous wheeles of the foule are continually going: though the body lye never fo fast bounde in slumbers, the imagination runnes too and fro; the phantasie flyes round about, the vitall spirits walke up and downe; yea, the very pulses fhew activitie, and their hammers are still beating, so that even in his very dreames it is whispered in his eare that he must be a dooing something.

If hee had not these prompters at his elbowe, yet everie member of his body (if it could speake) would chide him if they were put to no use, considering what noble workmanship is bestowed upon them. For man no sooner gets upon his legges, but they are made so that either hee may run or goe? when he is weary they can give him ease by standing still: if he will not stand, the knees serve like hindges to bow up and downe, and to let him kneele. His armes have artificiall cordes and stringes, which shorten or slye out to their length at pleafure. They winde about the bodye like a filver girdle, and being held out before, are weapons to defend it: at the end of the armes are two beautifull mathematicall inftruments with five feverall motions in each of them, and thirtie other moving engines by which they ftirre both. His head likewise standes uppon three skrewes; the one is directly forward to teach him providence; the other two are on either side one, to arme him with circumspection: how busie are both the eyes to keepe danger from him everie way!

But admit hee had none of these wonderfull volumes to reade over, yet hee sees the clowdes alwaies working; the waters ever labouring; the earth continuallye bringing soorth: he sees the sunne have a hye colour with taking paines for the day: the moone pale and sickly with sitting up for the night: the starres mustring their armyes togither to guard the moone; all of them, and all that is in the world serving as schoolemaisters, and the world it selfe as Academ to bring up man in knowledge, and to put him still into action.

How, then, dares this naftie and loathsome sin of Sloth venture into the citie amongst so many people? Who doth he hope will give him entertainment? What lodging (thinks he) can be taine up where he and his heavy-headed company may take their afternoones nap soundly? for in every street carts and coaches make such a thundring, as if the world ranne upon wheeles: at every corner men, women, and children meete in such shoales that postes are sette up of purpose to strengthen the houses, least with justling one another they should shoulder them downe. Besides, hammers are beating in one place, tubs hooping in

another, pots clincking in a third, water-tankards running at tilt in a fourth: heere are porters fweating under burdens; there marchants-men bearing bags of money; chapmen (as if they were at leape-frog) skippe out of one shop into another; tradesmen (as if they were dauncing galliards) are lusty at legges and never stand still: all are busic as countrie attorneyes at an Assizes. How, then, can Idlenes thinke to inhabit heere?

Yet the worshipfull sir (that leades a gentlemans life and dooth nothing) though hee comes but slowly on (as if he trode a French march) yet hee comes, and with a great trayne at his tayle, as if the countrie had brought up some fellon to one of our gayles: so is hee convaide by nine or ten drowsie malt-men that lye nodding over their sackes, and even a most fleepie and still triumph begins his entrance at Bishopsgate.

An armie of fubstantiall housholders (moste of them living by the hardnesse of the hand) came in battaile array, with spred banners, bearing the armes of their severall occupations to meete this cowardly Generall, and to beate him backe. But hee summoning a parles hammered out such a strong oration in praise of Ease that they all struck up their drums, slung up their round cappes (and as if it had been another William the Conqueror) came marching in with him, and lodged him in the quietest streete in the cittie, for so his Lazinesse requested.

Hee then prefently gave licenses to all the vintners to keepe open house, and to emptye their hogsheads to all commers; who did so, dying their grates into a drunkards blush (to make them knowne from the grates of a prison) least customers should reele away from them, and hanging out new bushes, that if men at their going out could not fee the figne, yet they might not loofe themfelves in the bush. He likewife gave order that dicing-houses and bowling alleyes should be erected, wherupon a number of poore handy-crasts-men, that before wrought night and day, made stocks to themselves of ten groates and crowns a peece, and what by betting, lurches, rubbers and such tricks they never tooke care for a good daies worke afterwards. For as Letchery is patron of al your suburb colledges, and sets up vaulting-houses and dauncing-schooles; and as Drunkennesse when it least can stand does best hold up alehouses, so Sloth is a sounder of the almeshouses first mentioned, and is a good benefactor to these last.

The Players prayed for his comming: they loft nothing by it: the comming in of tenne ambassadors was never so sweete to them as this our sinne was: their houses smoakt everye after noone with stinkards, who were so glewed together in crowdes with the steames of strong breath, that when they came foorth their saces lookt as if they had beene perboylde: and this comicall tearme-time they hoped for at the least all the summer, because tis given out that Sloth himselse will come and sit in the two-pennie galleries amongst the gentlemen to see their knaveries and their pastimes.

But alas! if these were the forest diseases (thou noblest city of the now noblest nation) that Idlenes does insect thee with, thou hast phisick sufficient in thy selfe to purge thy bodie of them. No, no; hee is not slothfull, that is onelye lazie, that onelye wastes his good houres, and his silver in luxury and licentious ease, or that onely (like a

standing water) does nothing but gather corruption: no, hee is the true slothfull man that does no good. And how many would crie *Guilty* unto thee, if this were there inditement? Thy majestrates that (when they see most danger) put up the swordes that Justice hath guided to their loynes, and slie unto the countrie, leaving thee destitute of their counsell, they would crie guilty, they are slothfull.

Thy philitions that fearing to die by that which they live (ficknes) doe most unkindely leave thee when thou art ready to lye upon thy death bed, they are flothfull; they would crie guilty. Thy great men, and fuch as have been thy rulers, that being taken out of poore cradles, and nurfed up by thee, have fild their cofers with golde, and their names with honour, yet afterwards growing weary of thee (like mules having fuckt their dammes) most ingratefully have they stolne from thee, spending those blessings which were thine upon those that no way deserve them, are not these slothfull? They would crie guiltye. vet one more whome I would not heare to crie guiltye, because (of all others) I would not have them slothfull. O, you that speake the language of angels, and should indeed be angels amongst us, you that have offices above those of kinges, that have warrant to commaund princes, and controle them if they doe amisse; you that are stewards over the kings house of heaven, and lye heere as embassadors about the greatest state-matters in the world, what a dishonour were it to your places that it should bee knowne that you are floathfull! You are fworne labourers to worke in a vineyard, which if you dreffe not carefully, if you cut it not artificially, if you underprop it not wifely when you fee it laden, if you gather not the fruites in it when they bee

ripe, but fuffer them to drop downe, and bee eaten by fwine, O, what a deere account are you to make to him that must give you your hire! You are the beames of the sun that must ripen the grapes of the vine, and if you shine not cleerely he will eclipse you for ever: your tongues are the instruments that must cut off rancke and idle sprigs, to make the bearing-braunches to spred; and unlesse you keep them sharpe, and be ever pruning with them, he will cast you by, and you shall be eaten up with rust. The church is a garden, and you must weede it: it is a fountaine and you must keepe it cleere: it is her husbands jewell, and you must pollish it: it is his best belooved and you must keepe her chast.

Many merchants hath this cittie to her fonnes, of al which you are the most noble: you trafficke onely for mens soules, sending them to the Land of Promise, and to the heavenly Jerusalem, and receiving from thence (in exchange) the ritchest commoditie in the world, your owne salvation. O, therefore, bee not you slothfull! for if, being chosen pilots, you sleepe and so strike upon the rockes, you hazard your owne shipwracke more then theirs that venture with you.

What a number of colours are here grounded to paint out Sloth in his uglines, and to make him loathed, whilft he (yawning, and his chin knocking nods into his breft) regardes not the whips of the most crabbish satyristes. Let us, therefore, looke upon his horse-litter that he rides in, and so leave him.

A couple of unshodde asses carry it betweene them: it is all sluttishly overgrowne with mosse on the outside, and on the inside quilted through out with downe pillowes. Sleepe

and Plenty leade the fore-affe: a purfie double chind Læna riding on a fumpter-horse with provander at his mouth, and she is the litter-driver: shee keepes two pages, and those are an Irish beggar on the one side, and one that sayes he has been a soldier on the other side. His attendants are Sicknes, Want, Ignorance, Insamy, Bondage, Palenes, Blockishnes, and Carelesnes. The retayners that wear his cloth are Anglers, Dumb Ministers, Players, Exchange-Wenches, Gamsters, Panders, Whores, and Fidlers.

### APISHNESSE

OR

### THE FIFT DAYES TRIUMPH.

Sloth was not fo flow in his march when hee entred the citie, but Apishnesse (that was to take his turne next) was as quick. Do you not know him? It cannot be read in any chronicle that he was ever with Henrie the eight at Bulloigne, or at the winning of Turwin and Turnay; for (not to belie the sweete gentleman) he was neither in the shell then, no nor then when Paules-steeple and the weather-cocke were on fire; by which markes (without looking in his mouth) you may safely sweare that hees but yong; for hees a feirse dapper sellow, more light headed then a musitian, as phantastically attyred as a court jeaster, wanton in discourse, lascivious in behaviour, jocond in good companie, nice in his trencher, and yet he seedes very hungerly on scraps of songs: he drinkes in a glasse well, but vilely in a deepe French-bowle; yet much about the yeare when

Monsieur came in was hee begotten betweene a French tayler and an English court-feamster. This Signior Joculento (as the divell would have it) comes prawnfing in at Cripplegate, and he may well doe it, for indeede all the parts hee playes are but con'd speeches stolne from others, whose voices and actions hee counterfeites, but so lamely that all the cripples in tenne spittle-houses shewe not more halting. The graver browes were bent against him, and by the awfull charmes of reverend Authoritie would have fent him downe from whence he came, for they knew howe fmooth foever his lookes were there was a divell in his bofome. But hee, having the stronger faction on his side, set them in a mutenie: Sævitque animis ignobile vulgus: the manie headed monster fought as it had beene against Saint George, won the gate, and then with showtes was the Gaveston of the time brought in. But who brought him None but richmens fonnes that were left well, and had more money given by will, then they had wit how to bestow it: none but prentices almost out of their yeers, and all the tailors, haberdashers and embroderers that could be got for love or money; for these were prest sccretly to the fervice by the yong and wanton dames of the citie, because they would not be seene to shewe their love to him themselves.

Man is Gods ape, and an ape is Zani to a man, doing over those trickes (especially if they be knavish) which hee sees done before him: so that Apishnesse is nothing but countersetting or imitation; and this slower when it first came into the citie had a prettie scent, and a delightfull colour, hath bene let to run so high, that it is now seeded, and where it fals there rises up a stinking weede.

For as man is Gods ape, striving to make artificiall flowers, birdes, &c., like to the naturall, fo for the fame reason are women mens shee apes, for they will not bee behind them the breadth of a taylors yard (which is nothing to speake of) in anie new-fangled upstart fashion. men get up French standing collers, women will have the French standing coller too: if dublets with little thick fkirts (fo fhort that none are able to fit upon them) womens foreparts are thicke-skirted too. By surfetting upon which kinde of phantafticall Apishnesse in a short time they fall into the difease of pride: pride is insectious, and breedes prodigalitie: prodigalitie after it has runne a little closes up and festers, and then turnes to beggerie. Wittie was that painter, therefore, that when he had limned one of every nation in their proper attyres, and beeing at his wittes endes how to drawe an Englishman, at the last (to give him a quippe for his follie in apparell) drewe him starke naked, with sheeres in his hand, and cloth on his arme, because none could cut out his fashions but himfelfe.

For an English-mans suite is like a traitors bodie that hath beene hanged, drawne and quartered, and is set up in severall places: his codpeece in Denmarke; the collor of his duble[t] and the belly in France; the wing and narrow sleeve in Italy; the short waste hangs over a Dutch botchers stall in Utrich; his huge sloppes speakes Spanish; Polonia gives him the bootes; the blocke for his head alters safter then the seltmaker can sitte him, and thereupon we are called in scorne blockheades. And thus we that mocke everie nation, for keeping one sashion, yet steale patches from everie one of them to peece out our pride,

and are now laughing-stocks to them, because their cut so scurvily becomes us.

This finne of Apishnesse, whether it be in apparell or in diet, is not of such long life as his sellowes, and for seeing none but women and sooles keepe him companie, the one wil be ashamed of him when they begin to have wrinckles, the other when they seele their purses light. The magistrate, the wealthy commoner, and the auncient cittizen disdaine to come neare him: wee were best therefore take note of such things as are aboute him, least on a suddaine hee slip out of sight.

Apishnesse rides in a chariot made of nothing but cages, in which are all the strangest out-landish birds that can be gotten: the cages are stucke full of parats feathers: the coachman is an Italian Mownti-banck who drives a fawne and a lambe, for they draw the gew-gaw in winter, when fuch beafts are rarest to be had: in sommer it goes alone by the motion of wheeles. Two pages in light coloured fuites, embrodered full of butterflies, with wings that flutter up with the winde, run by him, the one being a dauncing boy, the other a tumbler. His attendants are Folly, Laughter, Inconstancie, Riot, Nicenesse and Vainglorie: when his Court removes hee is followed by Tobacconists, Shittlecock - makers, Feather - makers, Cob-web-lawneweavers, Perfumers, young countrie Gentlemen and Fooles. In whose ship whilest they are sayling, let us observe what other abuses the Verdimotes Inquest doe present on the lande, albeit they bee never reformed, till a fecond Chaos is to bee refined. In the meane time, In nova fert animus.

#### SHAVING:

OR

# THE SIXT DAYES TRIUMPH.

How? Shaving! Methinkes Barbers should crie to their customers winck hard, and come running out of their shoppes into the open streetes, throwing all their suddes out of their learned Latin basons into my face for prefuming to name the mysterie of Shaving in so villanous a companie as these seven are. Is that trade (say they) that for fo many yeares hath beene held up by fo many heades, and has out-bearded the stowtest in England to their faces -is that trade, that because it is evermore trimming the Citie, hath beene for fo many yeers past made up into a focietie, and have their Guild, and their Priviledges with as much freedome as the best, must that nowe be counted a finne (nay, and one of the Deadly Sinnes) of the Cittie? No, no: be not angry with me (Oh you that bandie away none but sweete washing balles, and cast none other then rofe waters for any mans pleafure) for there is shaving within the walles of this great metropolis which you never dreamed of-a shaving that takes not only away the rebellious haires, but brings the flesh with it too; and if that cannot fuffice, the very bones must follow. If therefore you and five Companies greater then yours should chuse a Colonel to lead you against this mightie Tamburlaine, you are too weake to make him retire, and if you should come to a battell, you would loofe the day.

For behold, what troopes forfake the standard of the

citie, and flie to him! Neither are they base and common fouldiers, but even those that have borne armes a long time. Be filent, therfore, and be patient; and fince there is no remedie but that (this combatant that is fo cunning at the sharp) wil come in, mark in what triumphant and proud manner he is marshalled through Newgate: at which bulwarke (and none other) did he (in policy) defire to shew himselfe. First, because he knew if the citie should play with him as they did with Wiat: Newgate held a number that, though they were false to all the world, would Couragiously, therfore, does he enter: be true to him. all of them that had once ferved under his colors (and were now to fuffer for the truth which they had abused) leaping up to the iron lattaces to beholde their general, and making fuch a ratling and shaking their chaines for joy, as if Cerberus had bin come from hell to live and die amongst them. Shaving is now lodged in the heart of the citie, but by whom? and at whose charges? Mary, at a common purse to which many are tributaries, and therfore no marvell if he be feafted royally. The first that paid their mony towards it are cruel and covetous land-lords, who for the building of a chimny, which stands them not above 30s., and for whiting the wals of a tenement which is scarce worth the daubing, raise the rent presently (as if it were new put into the Subfidy book) affeffing it at 3/i. a yeer more then ever it went for before: filthy widemouthed bandogs they are, that for a quarters rent will pull out their ministers throte, as if he were their tenant; and (though it turn to the utter undoing of a man) being rubd with quickfilver, which they love because they have mangy consciences, they will let to a drunken Flemming a

house over his own country-mans head, thinking hees safe enough from the thunderbolts of their wives and children, and from curses, and the very vengeance of heaven, if he get by the bargaine but so many angels as will cover the crowne of his head.

The next that laide downe his share was no sharer among the Players, but a shaver of yong gentlemen before ever a haire dare peepe out of their chinnes; and these are usurers, who for a little money and a great deale of trash (as fire shovels, browne paper, motley cloake-bags, &c.) bring yong novices into a sooles paradise till they have sealed the mortgage of their landes, and then like pedlers goe they (or some familiar spirit, for them raized by the usurer) up and downe to cry commodities which scarce yeeld the third part of the sum for which they take them up.

There are likewise other barbers who are so well customed that they shave a whole cittie sometymes in three dayes, and they doe it (as Bankes his horse did his tricks) onely by the eye and the eare: for if they either of them see no magistrate comming towardes them (as being called back by the common-weale for more serious imployments) or doe but heare that hee lyes sicke upon whom the health of a citie is put in hazard, they presently (like prentices upon Shrove-tuesday) take the lawe into their owne handes and doe what they list. And this legion consists of market-folkes, bakers, brewers, all that weigh their consciences in scales. And, lastly, of the two degrees of colliers, viz., those of char-coles and those Newcastle. Then have you the shaving of fatherlesse children, and of widowes, and thats done by executors: the shaving of poore clients

especially by the atturneyes clearkes of your courts, and thats done by writing their billes of costs upon cheverell: the shaving of prisoners by extortion, first taken by their keepers; for a prifon is builded on fuch ranke and fertil ground that if a poore wretches fow it with hand-fulles of fmall debts when they come in, if they lie thee but a while to fee the comming up of them, the charges of the houfe will bee treble the demaund of the creditor. Then have you brokers that shave poor men by most jewish interest: marry, the divils trimme them fo foone as they have washed others. I will not tell how vintners shave their guestes with a little peece of paper not above three fingers broade; for their roomes are like barbars chaires: men come into them willingly to be shaven. Onely (which is worst) bee it knowne to thee (O thou Queene of Cities) thy inhabitants shave their consciences so close, that in the ende they growe balde, and bring foorth no goodnesse.

Wee have beene quicke (you see) in trimming this Cutter of Queene Hith, because tis his propertie to handle others so: let us bee as nymble in praysing his houshold-stuffe; the best part of which is his chariot richly adorned. It is drawen by source beasts, the 2 formost are a wolse (which will eate till he be readie to burst) and he is coache fellow to a she-beare, who is cruell even to women great with childe: behinde them are a couple of blood-houndes: the coachman is an informer. Two pettisogers who have beene turned over the barre are his lackies: his houshold servants are Wit (who is his steward), Audacitie, Shifting, Inexorabilitie, and Disquietnesse of mind. The meanie are (besides some persons beforenamed) skeldring soldiers and begging schollers.

#### CRUELTIE.

OR

#### THE SEVENTH AND LAST DAYES TRIUMPH.

What a weeke of finfull reveling hath heere bin with these fixe proud Lords of Misrule! To which of your hundred parishes (O you citizens!) have not some one of these (if not all) removed their courts, and seasted you with them? Your percullifes are not strong enough to keepe them out by day, your watchmen are too fleepy to spie their stealing in by night. There is yet another to enter, as great in power as his fellowes, as fubtill, as full of mifchiefe. If I shoulde but name him to you, you would laugh mee to fcorne, because you cannot bee perswaded that such a one should ever bee suffered to live within the freedome; yet if I name him not to you, you may in time by him (as by the rest) bee undone. It is Crueltie. O strange! mee thinkes London should start up out of her follid foundation, and in anger bee ready to fall uppon him, and grinde him to dust, that durst say shee is possest with such a devill. Cruelty! The verie found of it shewes that it is no English word: it is a fury fent out of hel, not to inhabit within fuch beautifull walles, but amongst Turkes and Tartars. other fixe monsters transforme themselves into amiable shapes, and fet golden, enticing charmes to winne men to their Circæan love: they have angelical faces to allure, and bewitching tongues to inchaunt; but Cruelty is a hag, horred in forme, terrible in voice, formidable in threates, a tyrant in his very lookes, and a murderer in all his actions.

How, then, commeth it to passe that heere he seekes entertainment? For what cittie in the world does more drie up the teares of the widdowe, and gives more warmth to the fatherlesse than this anciend and reverend Grandam of Citties? When hath the orphan (that is to receive great portions) less cause to mourne the losse of parents? findes foure and twentie grave Senators to bee his fathers instead of one; the Cittie it selfe to bee his mother; her officers to bee his fervants who fee that hee want nothing; her lawes to fuffer none to doe him wrong; and though he be never fo simple in wit, or fo tender in yeares, shee lookes as warily to that welth which is left him, as to the apple of her owne eye. Where have the leaper and the lunatick furgery and phisicke so good cheape as heere? their payment is onely thankes. Large Hospitalls are erected (of purpose to make them lodgings), and the rent is most easie —onely their prayers. Yet for all this that Charitie hath her armes full of her children, and that tender-brefted compassion is still in one street or other dooing good workes: off from the hindges are one of the 7 gates readic to bee lifted to make roome for this giant: the Whiflers of your inferior and chiefe companies cleere the wayes before him; men of all trades, with shoutes and acclamations, followed in thronges behinde him; yea, even the filver-bearded and fevearest lookt citizens have given him welcomes in their parlors.

There are in Lond. and within the buildings that round about touch her fides, and ftand within her reach, thirteene strong Houses of Sorrow, where the prisoner hath his heart wasting away sometimes a whole prentiship of yeres in cares. They are most of them built

of free-stone, but none are free within them; cold are their imbracements, unwholfom is their cheare, dispaireful their lodgings, uncomfortable their focieties, mifer-O, what a deal of wretchedable their inhabitants. nes can make shift to lye in a little roome! If those 13 houses were built al together, how rich would griefe be, having fuch large inclosures! Doth Cruelty challenge a freemans roome in the city because of these places? no, the politicke body of the Republike wold be infected if fuch houses as these were not maintained to keep up those that are unfound. Claimes he then an inheritance here because you have whipping postes in your streetes for the vagabond? the stocks and the cage for the unruely beggar? or because you have carts for the bawde and the harlot, and beadles for the leacher? Neither. Or is it because fo many monthly sessions are held? so many men, women and children cald to a reconing at the bar of death for their lives; and fo many lamentable hempen tragedies acted at Tiburne? Nor for this: Justice should have wrong to have it fo reported. No (you inhabitants of this little world of people); Crueltie is a large tree, and Against forced you all stand under it: you are cruell in compelling your children (for wealth) to goe into loathed beds, for therby you make them bond flaves. What ploughman is fo foolish to youke young hecfars and old bullocks together? Yet fuch is your husbandry. fitting your coaches with horses you are very curious to have them (fo neere as you can) both of a colour, both of a height, of an age, of proportion; and will you bee carelesse in coupling your children? He into whose bosome three score winters have thrust their frozen fingers, if he

bee rich (though his breath bee rancker then a muck-hill, his bodye more drve than mummi, and his minde more lame than ignorance itselfe), shall have offered unto him (but it is offered as a facrifice) the tender bossome of a virgin upon whose fore-head was never written sixteene yeares: if the refuse this living death (for less than a death it cannot be unto her) she is threatned to be lest an outcast, cursd for disobedience, raild at daily and revilde howerlye: to fave her felfe from which basenes she desprately runnes into a bondage and goes to church to be married as if she went to be buried. But what glorve atcheive you in these conquests? You doe wrong to time, inforcing May to embrace December: you dishonour age in bringing it into scorne for insufficiency, into a loathing for dotage, into all mens laughter for jealousie. You make your daughters looke wrinckled with forrowes before they be olde, and your fonnes by riot to be beggars midst of their youth. Hence comes it that murders are often contrived, and as often acted: our countrie is woful in fresh examples. Hence comes it that the courtier gives you an open scoffe, the clown a secret mock, the citizen that dwels at your threshold a leery frump. Hence it is that if you goe by water in the calmest day, you are driven by fome fatall storme into the unlucky and dangerous haven betweene Greenewich and London.

You have another Cruelty in keeping men in prison so long til sicknes and death deale mildely with them, and (in Against cruel despite of al tyranny) baile them out of all creditors. Executions. When you see a poore wretch that to keep life in a loathed body hath not a house left to cover his head from the tempestes, nor a bed (but the

common bedde which our mother, the earth, allowes him) for his cares to fleepe uppon, when you have (by keeping or locking him up) robd him of all meanes to get, what feeke you to have him loofe but his life? The miferable prisoner is ready to famish, yet that cannot moove you: the more miserable wise is ready to runne mad with dispaire, yet that cannot melt you: the moste of all miserable, his children lye crying at your dores, yet nothing can awaken in you compassion. If his debts be heavie, the greater and more glorious is your pitie to worke his freedome: if they be light the sharper to the vengeance that will be heaped upon your heades for your hardnes of heart. Wee are moste like to God that made us when we shew love one to another, and doe moste looke like the divell that would destroy us when wee are one anothers tor-If any have fo much flint growing about his bosome that he will needes make dice of mens bones. I would there were a lawe to compell him to make drinking bowles of their sculs too, and that everie miserable debter that fo dyes might be buried at his creditors doore, that when hee strides over him he might thinke he still rifes up (like the Ghost in Feronimo) crying Revenge!

Crueltie hath yet another part to play: it is acted (like the old Morrals at Maningtree) by tradefmen: marrye, feverall companies in the cittie have it in study, and they are never perfect in it till the end of seaven yeares at least, at which time they come off with it roundly. And this it is: when your servants have made themselves bondmen to injoy your fruitefull hand-maides; thats to say, to have an honest and thriving art to live by; when they have fared hardly with you by

indenture, and, like your beafts which carry you, have patiently borne al labours and all wrongs you could lay upon them.

When you have gathered the blossomes of their youth, and reaped the fruites of their strength, and that you can no longer (for shame) hold them in captivitie, but that by the lawes of your country and of conscience, you must undoe their fetters, then, even then, do you hang moste weightes at their heeles to make them fincke downe for ever: when you are bound to fend them into the world to live, you fend them into the world to beg: they ferv'd you feven yeeres to picke up a poore living, and there in you are just, for you will be fure it shall be a poore living indeed they shall pick up: for what do the rich cubs? Like foxes they lay their heads together in conspiracy, burying their leaden consciences under the earth, to the intent that all waters that are wholesome in taste, and have the sweetnes of gaine in going downe may be drawne through them only, being the great pipes of their company, because they fee tis the custome of the citty to have all waters that come thither conveyed by fuch large veffels, and they will not breake the customes of the citty. When they have the fullnesse of welth to the brim, that it runs over, they scarce will fuffer their poore fervant to take that which runs at waste, nor to gather up the wind-fals when all the great trees, as if they grew in the garden of the Hesperides, are laden with golden apples: no, they would not have them gleane the scattered eares of corne, though they themselves cary away the full sheafes: as if trades that were ordaind to be communities, had loft their first priviledges, and were now turnd to monopolyes. But remember (ô you richman) that your fervants are your adopted children; they are naturalized into your bloud, and if you hurt them, you are guilty of letting out your owne, than which what cruelty can be greater?

What Gallenist or Paracelsian in the world, by all his water-casting, and mineral extractions, would judge that this fairest-fac'de daughter of Brute (and good daughter to King Lud, who gave her her name) should have so much corruption in her body, and unlesse (that beeing now two 2700 and odde thousand and seven hundred yeeres old) exyeeres fince treme age should fill her sull of diseases? Who London was first builded by durst not have sworne for her that of all loathfome finnes that ever bred within her she had never toucht the finne of cruelty? It had wont to be a Spanish sicknes, and hang long (incurably) upon the body of their Inquisition; or else a French disease, running all over the kingdome in a maffacre; but that it had infected the English, especially the people of this now once-againe new-reard Troy, it was beyond beliefe. But is she cleerely purg'd of it by those pills that have before bin given to her? Is she now found? Are there no dregs of this thick and pestilenciall poyson eating still through her bowels? Yes: the ugliest serpent hath not uncurld himselfe: she hath sharper and more black invenomed stings within her, than yet have bin shot forth.

There is a cruelty within thee (faire Troynovant) worse Against want and more barbarous then all the rest, because of places for burial in extremity of sickagainst thy dead sonnes and daughters. Against thy dead children wert thou cruell in that dreadfull, horrid, and tragicall yeere, when 30000 of them

(struck with plagues from heaven) dropt downe in windingsheets at thy feet. Thou didst then take away all ceremonies due unto them, and haledst them rudely to their last beds (like drunkards) without the dead mans musick (his bell). Alack! this was nothing; but thou tumbledst them into their everlasting lodgings (ten in one heape and twenty in another) as if all the roomes upon earth had bin The gallant and the begger lay together; the scholler and the carter in one bed; the husband saw his wife and his deadly enemy, whom he hated, within a paire of sheetes. Sad and unseemely are such funeralls. felons that are cut downe from the tree of shame and dishonor, are covered in the earth: fo fouldiers after a mercilesse battaile receeve unhansome buriall. But suppose the pestiferous deluge should againe drowne this little world of thine, and thou must be compeld to breake open those caves of horror and gastlinesse to hide more of thy dead houshold in them, what rotten stenches, and contagious damps would strike up into thy nosthrills! Thou couldst not lift thy head into the aire, for that (with her condenfed finnes) would stifle thee: thou couldst not dive into the waters, for that they being teinted by the ayre would poison thee. Art thou not cruell against thy selfe in not providing (before the land-waters of affliction come downe againe upon thee) more and more convenient cabins to lay those in that are to goe into such farre countries, who never looke to come back againe? If thou shouldst deny it, the graves when they open will be witnesses against thee.

Nay, thou hast yet another cruelty gnawing in thy bofome; for what hope is there that thou shouldst have pitty over others, when thou art unmerciful to thy self? Looke over thy walls into the orchards and gardens, and thou shalt fee thy fervants and apprentices fent out cunningly by their masters at noone day upon deadly errands, when Against want they perceive that the armed man hath struck of provision for those that dye in the fields. them, yea, even when they see they have tokens delivered them from heaven to hasten thither, then send they them forth to walk upon their graves, and to gather the flowers themselves that shall stick their own herse. And this thy inhabitants do because they are loth and ashamd to have a writing over their dores to tell that God hath bin there: they had rather all their enemics in the world should put them to trouble then that he should visit them.

Looke againe over thy walls into thy fields, and thou shalt heare poore and forfaken wretches lye groaning in ditches, and travailing to seeke out Death upon the common hye wayes. Having found him, he there throwes downe their insected carcases, towards which all that passe by looke, but (till common shame and common necessity compell) none stop to give them buriall. Thou sets up posts to whip them when they are alive: set up an Hospitall to comfort them being sick, or purchase ground for them to dwell in when they be well—and that is when they be dead.

The conclufron. It is now hye time to found a retreate, after form. fo terrible a battaile fought betweene the feven Electors of the Low Infernall Countryes and one little citty. What armyes come marching along with them! What bloudy cullors do they foread! What artillery do they mount to batter the walls! How valiant are their feven Generalls! How expert! How full of fortune to

conquer! Yet nothing fooner overthrowes them than to bid them battaile first, and to give them defiance.

Who can denye now but that Sinne (like the fevenheaded Nilus) hath overflowed thy banks and thy buildings (ô thou glory of Great Brittaine), and made thee fertile (for many yeeres together) in all kindes of vices? Volga, that hath fifty streames falling one into another, never ranne with fo swift and unresistable a current as these black-waters do to bring upon thee an inundation. thou (as thou hast done) kneelest to worship the Beast with feven crowned heads, and the Whore that fits upon it, the fall of thee (that hast out-stood so many citties) will be greater then that of Babylon. She is now gotten within thy walls: she rides up and downe thy streetes making thee drunke out of her cup, and marking thee in the forhead with pestilence for her owne. She causes violls of wrath to be powred upon thee, and goes in triumph away when she sees thee falling. If thou wilt be fase, therefore, and recover health, rife up in armes against her, and drive her (and the Monster that beares her) out of thy gates. Thou feeft how prowdly and impetuoufly fixe of thefe Centaures (that are halfe man, halfe beaft and halfe devill) come thundring alongst thy habitations, and what rabbles they bring at their heeles: take now but note of the last, and marke how the feventh rides; for if thou findest but the least worthy quality in any one of them to make thee love him, I will write a Retractation of what is inveyd against them before, and pollish such an Apology in their defence, that thou shalt be enamored of them all.

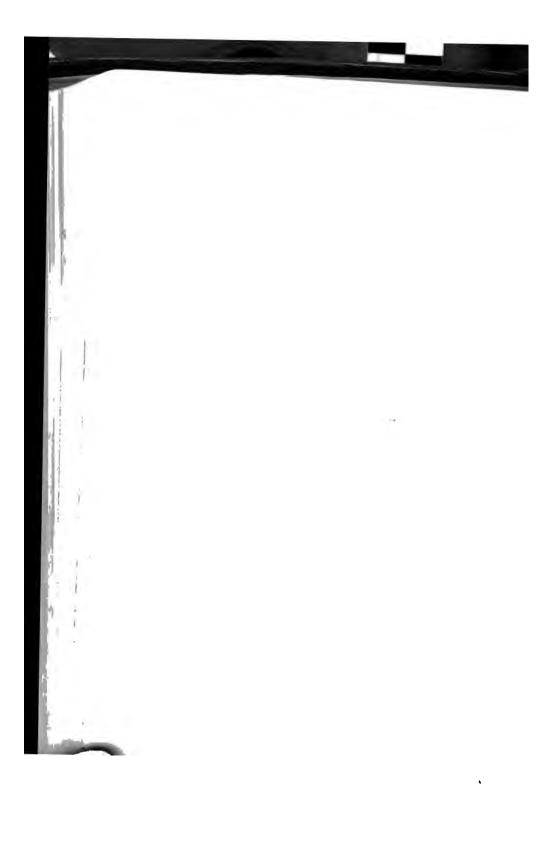
The body and face of this tyrannous Commander that leades thus the reareward are already drawne: his chariot

is framed all of ragged flint, so artificially bestowed that as it runnes they strike one another, and beate out fire that is able to confume citties: the wheeles are many and fwift: the spokes of the wheeles are the shin-bones of wretches that have bin eaten by mifery out of prison. A couple of unruly, fierce and untamed tygers (cald Murder and Rashnes) draw the chariot: Ignorance holds the reynes of the one, and Obduration of the other: Selfe-will is the coachman. In the upper end of the coach fits Cruelty alone upon a bench made of dead mens sculls. All the way that he rides he fucks the hearts of widdowes and fatherlesse He keepes neither foote-men nor pages, for none will stay long with him. He hath onely one attendant that ever followes him, called Repentance; but the beaft that drawes him runnes away with his good Lord and Master so sast before, that Repentance, being lame (and therefore flow) tis alwayes very late ere he comes to him. It is to be feared that Cruelty is of great authority where he is knowne, for few or none dare stand against him: Law only now and then beards him, and stayes him in contempt of those that so terribly gallop before him: but out of the Lawes hands if he can but fnatch a sheathed fword (as oftentimes hee does) prefently hee whips it out, fmiting and wounding with it every one that gives him the leaft crosse word. He comes into the Citty commonly at All-gate, beeing drawne that way by the smell of bloud about the Barres (for by his good will he drinks no other liquor); but when hee findes it to be the bloud of beafts (amongst the butchers) and not of men, he flyes like lightning along the causey in a madnes, threatning to over-runne all whom he meetes; but spying the brokers of Hownfditch shuffling themselves so long together (like a false paire of cards) till the knaves be uppermost, onely to doe homage to him, he stops, kissing all their cheekes, calling them all his deerest sonnes; and bestowing a damnable deale of his blessing upon them, they cry Roome for Cruelty! and are the onely men that bring him into the Citty: To follow whom up and downe, so farre as they meane to goe with him,

—— Dii mc terrent & Jupiter hostis.

FINIS.

Tho. Dckker.



#### INTRODUCTION.

The name of this author, Humphrey Crowch, is included in no list, and the production here reprinted is mentioned in no bibliographical catalogue that we have met with. Nevertheless, he was a voluminous ballad-writer of the period in which Martin Parker, Guy, Price and Climsell flourished; and it will be seen that his verse flows easily, though not very correctly. Crowch's grammar is also not unfrequently at fault, although we cannot say for how many of his false concords he was indebted to the printer. However, as is well known, our ancestors, especially if popular poets, were sometimes not very scrupulous about such matters. The misprints (which we have necessarily preserved) show that the old compositor was far from careful, and the curious blunder on p. 17 of "heart" for art, makes nonsense of a material passage, unless the word be cokainically read without the aspirate.

After reprinting it, we almost doubt its fitness for the present series: it rather belongs to the class of popular, than of general literature; and it was published in a shape (sm. 8vo. or 12mo.) and at a price which rendered it attainable by readers of a humbler class, than those ordinarily appealed to by authors of a higher grade and of loftier pretensions. The introduced ballad of "Dido and Æneas" was clearly the style of writing which Crowch preferred, and to which, as far as we know, he usually

confined himself. His "Love's Court of Conscience" is in some respects a meritorious work; and as it is characteristic of the time and of the man, we have thought it right to place the unique copy of it beyond the possibility of destruction.

It bears abundant internal evidence of the haste with which it was put together; and one of the speakers of an important part of the introduction is not even mentioned. It was published in Smithfield, perhaps, for sale during Bartholomew fair. In 1607, a person of the name of West (avowedly a Bartholomew-fair poet) had composed a tract called "The Court of Conscience," and although it is of a more satirical turn than that we now reproduce, it seems to have served Crowch for an example both in title and substance. There is no indication of conclusion, by the insertion of the word *Finis*, or of any equivalent; but the writer had probably arrived, not at the end of his subject, but at the end of so much of it as could be afforded for the money required by the publisher from the purchaser.

J. P. C.

# LOVES COURT

OF

# CONSCIENCE,

Written upon two several Occasions, with new Lessons for Lovers

Whereunto is annexed a kinde Husband's advice to his Wife.

By Humfrey Crowch.



LONDON.

Printed for *Richard Harper*, and are to be fold at his shop in Smithsield, at the Hospitall Gate 1637.

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## Loves Court of Conscience,

Wherein doth sit Reason, Discretion, Grace, Truth, and Wit.

The Cryer of the Court.

OVERS, stand by, and give your Judges place, Reason, Discretion, Wisdome, Truth, and Grace, Which here is come your causes for to try, Where Justice sits imbracing equity.

Intelligence.

My lords, here is a Lover newly flaine, Whose corps within this coffin doth remain; I come to give you notice that this else, Unjustly wrong'd, unjustly hang'd himselse: A wretched woman was the cause of all His sad laments, and his untimely fall.

Grace speaks.

I can not fee, though fhe have him abufed, How he can from the murder be excufed.

Reason speaks.

Tis true, my lord: had he been rul'd by mee, From this fame bloudy fact he had been free.

Truth speaks.

And had the woman tain me for her guide, The man had *liv'd*, and fhe had bin his bride. Wisdome speaks.

And had they both my precepts wel observ'd, From Reason, Grace, and Truth, they had not swerv'd.

Difcretion speaks.

And had they not refus'd me to imbrace,
Grace, Reason, Wisdom, Truth, had taken place.
How divine Wisdom will of them dispose,
We cannot say, no man this secret knows;
But cause that lovers should not be so doting,
Ile read some lessons to them worth the noting.

#### THE FIRST LESSON.

Such whose hands with heart agree, In true loves fweet fympathy; Such whose loves and true affection Doth to others give direction How to love, and love indeed, If in love they mean to speed; Such that can no rivall brook, Or fufpicious of a look, Or be angry for a kiffe, Or can wink at all amisse; Such whose jealous friends can never From their hearts true love dissever; Such who, when they play and toy, Do not work themselves annoy; Love fixt on each others hearts, Not upon the outward parts, Lest that when those parts decay, Love with glory passe away; Such that do not love to range; Such that cannot brook a change; Such that with a roving eye

Give no cause of jealousie; Such who, when their friends would part them, Neither friends nor foes can start them; Such who, like the cammamile. Thrive and flourish all the while, And the more they are opprest, They the more in love are bleft; Such as hate so foule a fact As to break a true contract. Or a true contract to make False when once they do sorfake Love, and friend, and honestie, In the twinkling of an eye; Such as when contract they are, Think a minute a whole yeare, Till they do enjoy their mates, Such shall live in happy states. Such as nought but death can fever, Happy be their fortunes ever! This is love, and worth commending, Ever living, never ending: These to marry need not seare Cause they honest minds do beare, Whilst the rest, that break their faith, Live in fear of Heavens wrath.

#### THE SECOND LESSON.

The turtle dove, when she hath lost her mate, Being expos'd to good or evill sate, Resuses comfort, and her mate being lost, Matches no more, her first love being crost. Contrariwife, made of another nature, Do lose themselves contrary to this creature; For when their lovers constant do expect them. Others do fue for love that do affect them, And fteals away their hearts, wins them and weds them. Unknowne to their first lovers, bords and beds them. This is a hell, a torture to the minde Of him that fuch discourtesie doth finde, Offerd by her whose credit lyes a bleeding: No good can come wher is fuch bad proceeding. And fuch a comedy most commonly Ends, for the most part, with a tragedie: Wofull experience manifeftly proves The wofull ends of fuch false-hearted loves. This should teach men to have a speciall care, Whom they affect, to whom they love do bear, Since women are fo fickle minded grown, That, when men think them fure, they finde them flown. Just like a boy, that finding in a hedge A fparrowes nest, the yong birds hardly fledge, Goes home with mirth, with melody and laughter, And thinks to come again a fortnight after, Then findes them gone: just so it is with men That fets their mindes on women now and then; But should they set a thousand watchfull eyes Over these winged birds, these butter-flies, Twere all in vain, if they intend to flie, They'l have their wills in spite of thee and I. As foon hedge in the cuckow, as conftrain A woman to be true, to[o] wilfull vain:

But yet I pitty them in fuch a case, That love such women, so much void of grace, Because I know the greater is the love, If truly plac'd, the harder to remove.

#### THE THIRD LESSON.

Concerning contract twixt a couple, now, Without their friends confents I not alow: But if the thing be done, I cannot fee Why friends should part friends that so well agree. To hurt the tender conscience of a maid. Who ere thou art that shalt her so perswade, To break her faith she plighted to her love, Shalt understand there is a God above That knowes the thoughts and fecrets of the heart, Will be reveng'd of thee, though they two part. Nor is shee free from Heavens punishment, Though it be done without her friends confent; For though rash vowes, in heat of loves affection, Are better broke then kept by wits direction, Yet how can this the conscience satisfie, Corrupted with the fin of perjury? As, for example: I do vow a thing, I vow performance this to passe to bring, Which if I break, and fay 'twas rashly done, Will this excuse me from prefumption? Besides, their words are very dirt and trash, That would affirme that lovers vowes are rash, That love is furely too too hot to last, That at the first sight is so firmely plac'd,

To move a contract in two lovers fo, To knit the knot, and after it undo. Children and inconfiderate fooles do use, To do and undo and themselves abuse; But lovers should be wifer, and so wise, Not to do any thing without advice.

#### THE FOURTH LESSON.

The confcience being stretched, God offended, The maid suborned, and the man suspended, Closely the marries, and he shall not know The time when he receives his mortall blow. She that ne're thought to do him fo much harme. Now keeps anothers bed and bosome warme, And all upon perswasion of some friend, Whose counsell proves as poylon in the end. The guilty confcience never can rest, But night and day the offender doth molest: Strange apparitions fometimes doth appeare Unto the party, filling her with feare: With strange aspects she is perplext a nights, In dreames and visions, which she termeth sprites. Sometimes shee thinks shee fees him whom shee wrongs, Comming to her with fiery burning tongs, To pull that tongue out that did falsifie -A spotlesse faith with foulest purgery. Sometimes she thinks men in white sheets she sees, Covered with white from head below the knees, And then she thinks, although the fight be fained, How white her conscience was before 'twas stained!

And though between her husbands arms she rest, The thought of her first love doth her molest; Her conscience stings, her troubled heart doth smite her, And dreadful dreams doth night by night affright her.

#### THE FIFTH LESSON.

The news being brought to the forfaken lover, As time will at the length all things discover, His love, fo truly plac'd, must be removed, From her which heretofore fo well he loved: That which he did must be again undone, The hardest taske thats underneath the sun; A man affoone a mountain may displace, As remove that his inward thoughts imbrace; Or fay that he will straightway take in hand To separate the ocean from the fand; For nature will be nature, sense be sense. And weaknesse unto both hath reference. Poor man! take Reason; she must be thy bride, And in this matter let her be thy guide. But O! why do I talk of reason so? Lovers have no fuch bride, nor none fuch know; For if they ruled were by her directions, Then might they learn to rule their own affections. I wish distressed lovers such a blisse, To understand and know what reason is: But all in vain: love, in another kinde, By violence thrusts reason from the minde. A grief to think: you heavenly powers above, Shew us the way but how to rule this love!

Or if it be a thing must govern us, Why are we brought to inconvenience thus? Pittie him, O his friends! in fuch a fit, In whose behalf these lines of grief I writ, And let his fufferings in a cause so right, Be thought upon when he is out of fight; Who, being croft, himselfe engaged hath, To crosse the seas from her that broke her faith; That being gone he might not fee the shame, Thats drawing on upon fo false a dame. Three yeares a faithfull friend to her he was, Three yeers contract before this came to passe, And now a three yeers voyage is he going, And all because he will not see her ruine. Maidens, be faithfull; yongmen, he that can Bridle affection, he's the wifest man.

#### THE SONET OF DIDO AND ENEAS.

After the Vertues they had playd their parts, Errour came in to alter lovers hearts.

Dido was a Carthage queen,
That lov'd a Trojan knight,
Which wandring many a coast had scen,
And many a dreadfull fight.
As they a hunting rode, a showre
Drove them in a lucklesse houre

Into a darksome cave;
Where Æneas with his charms
Lockt Queen Dido in his arms,
And had what he did crave.

Dido Hymens rites forgot,
Her love was wing'd with haste:
Her honour shee consider'd not,
But in her brest him plac't:
And when her love was new begun,
Fove sent down his winged sonne
To fright Æneas sleeping,
Who bad him by break of day
From Queen Dido sleale away;
Which made her fall a weeping.

Dido wept, but what of this?
The gods would have it so:
Æneas nothing did amisse,
For he was forc't to go.
Learn, lordlings, then, no vows to keep
With false loves, but let them weep;
Tis folly to be true.
Let this lesson serve your turn,
And let twenty Didoes mourn,
So you get daily new.

He, or she, that fancies wrong, May be ruled by this fong.

### A KINDE HUSBANDS ADVICE TO HIS WIFE.

My love, my bosom friend, to whom I owe My best respects, if you but this did know, That your curft and unadvifed words Doth pierce my heart, like daggers, knives, and darts: The reason is, because I well respect you; It would not be fo, did not I affect you. My Lord my God provides all needfull things, As well for me as for the greatest kings, And under God I carefully provide Meat for my children, and my wife beside. If you or they for whom I pains do take Deny obedience, cause my estate is weak, It is [a] figne fmall love to me you beare, As by your disobedience may appeare: For if you will not love me for my felf, You shall not love me, for I have no wealth. If you on wealth fo much did cast your eye, Why did you marry one fo poor as I? I had fmall wealth when first with thee I married. Nor do I wish that I unwed had tarried. Since I am richer then I was before, And who can justly say that I am poor, Since God fome children unto me hath given, That may, for ought I know, be faints in heaven: These are my riches and my chief content. Glory to God that mee fuch riches fent! Many a rich man that goes fine and brave,

Would give a thousand pound for one child to have. Gold cannot get a child, O! if it could, Then rich men would have children made of gold. If gold be counted riches, then have I Many good things that gold can never buy. Then, I am richer far then some that have Gold in their purfes, lands and livings brave; Yet I enjoy these blessings but in vain, Because I love, and am not lov'd again. O! would I did not love thee half fo well, I'de nere regard that firebrand of hell, I mean your tongue, that doth afflict my heart; For if a stranger should but act thy part, I would not care: I am of this belief, Where is great love, the greater is the grief; If that it be repulft by evill speeches, By a curft dame that strives to weare the breeches. Confider what I fay, and be advis'd: Silence in women kinde is highly pris'd. How canst thou say thou lov'st me with thy hart? Thy tongue doth flew thou lov'st me but in part: It will be fo, unlesse you rule your tongue, That member that hath done me fo much wrong. Those women love their husbands well indeed, That to their humours are fo well agreed, That though their husbands ne'r fo crosse appear, They filent are, because they love them deare. I do not wish, I, such a wife embrac't, But wish that such a tongue in thee were plac't; For fuch as they may have worse faults then thee, And fuch as they are fure no wives for me.

Onely, I wish thee silent as they are, And then none of them shall with thee compare. So well I do esteem of thee, sweet heart, That nothing but thy tongue shall us two part. Nor can I fay that I in haste did chuse One that good counfell fcorn'd, and did refuse: For I did never finde thee obstinate. That I should think my words are out of date. Or that I fpeak now out of time or place, Unto a woman wanting wit and grace: For wit I know thou hast, and that is this, To know what should be done, and what's amisse: And if this wit with grace together joyn, Thou art more dearer, and more neerer mine: For though for wit we both may go to schoole, Yet I do know thou art not fuch a foole, But that this thing thou well doth understand, That thou dost know th' art under my command: Unlesse you'l fay, the priest in vain did fay, That you must cherish, honour, and obey; Which if you do deny, you do herein Against your conscience, and your knowledge sin. Should you do fo, I think it not unfit, To fay that you have neither grace nor wit: Which God forbid, for you have read, I know, That after God on man did life bestow. He made the woman out of Adams side. Not his commander, but his loving bride. It is not good that man should live alone; This the Almighty faid, this think upon. So now you cannot chuse but understand,

Woman was made to comfort, not command. They are fweet comforts both at bord and bed; Alwayes provided they are not misled By evill company, or by the tongue To do their husbands and their neighbours wrong. But if their tongues, like thunder, trouble men, They may be faid to be commanders then. Sara obeyed Abraham, and did call Him lord and master: mark this, women all. O times, how are you changed! we, poor men, Can hardly find one Sara among ten. A shrew that hath a fair and comely face, Proves no decay in nature, but in grace: If nature do decay in any part, I wish it in the tongue, not in the heart. O! let the tongue decay of my fair bride, That the more love may in the heart abide. Dear heart, regard me, and the cause remove, That hinders the conjunction of our love. O! let it not be faid, that thou hast bin One that did move thy husband for to fin; One that did move me to impatiency, And adde affliction unto mifery. If you do know wherin I do offend, Tell me my fault, and I will quickly mend. And why shouldst thou not deale as well by mee, Since all good women labour to be free From all occasions that may make them ill; Nor do they ever strive to have their will, Because they know the husband is the head, Which all confesse, but such as are ill bred.

And fuch who must to shame and ruine run, As to my knowledge fome of them have done. O! if in thee remain true woman-hood, Then take advise by this my counsell good. And do not think that thou the power canst have, To make thy bosome friend to be thy flave; For though I fcorn o're thee to tyrannize, Because I sear the Lord that rules the skies, Yet I will ever bear my father's minde: I fcorn as much to ftoop to women kinde; For if I should, then all men would me hate, Because from manhood I degenerate. And furely I should have the love of no man, If I were fuch a flave unto a woman: Which to prevent, and to avoid ill speeches, I 'le look that thou shalt never wear the breeches. Gall was cast out from Junoes sacrifice. To shew no strife 'twixt man and wife should rise: All bitter anger must be banished From married folk, and from the marriage bed. Cast out this gall, sweeten what's bitter made, Call reason in, that long from thee hath stray'd: Examine well thy felf, and thou shalt finde How thou hast wronged me by being unkinde. It is reported that there is a stone Which, if so be it in the fire be thrown, That heat it doth receive, it will retain, And never after will be cold again. I am that stone, and thou the fire art, Such heat at first to me thou didst impart, That my affection never will be cold.

Though we should live till both of us were old; Nay, though old time should crop thy beauty fair, And in thy cheeks deep wrinkles should appear; Yea, though, I say, thy beauty sair should fail, Thy red rofe cheeks by want of bloud look pale; Yea, though I could not give, nor thou receive, Those comforts which we being yong may have, Yet I would love thee then, as I do now, And thou mayst live to finde my saying true. There is an heart, as Aristotle saith, That cures and kils, fuch properties it hath: Even fo it lyeth in a womans will, By kinde or unkinde words, to cure or kill. Look on the female creatures, beafts or fowle, Which of them do their mates crosse or controule? O! cast thine eye upon the turtle dove: Why should that bird out-strip thee in thy love? Is woman worse then is the sencelesse creature. That's onely guided by the light of nature? Woman out-strips them all for excellence, And should out-strip them for obedience. It is, I fay, the glory of your fexe, To love and to obey, and not to vexe Your husbands by ill language: 'tis unfit, And those that do so want both grace and wit. Rule but thy tongue, my love shall never sever, For where I lov'd at first, I love for ever.

God is the God of order, and each creature Is ruled by him in its proper nature: The fun, the moon, the fea, keepeth their bounds. The tide observes an order on the downs: Onely untutord men and women they, More then all other creatures, run aftray. Can I obedience to my Maker shew, That no good will unto my neighbour owe? Can God obedience, then, from you expect, If you your husbands counfell do reject? If we, like children, do not know our places, But ignorant of divine and humane graces, Women grow mankind, men effeminate, And the world turned upfide down by fate: Let Hercules, then, keep at home and spin, And fend his wife to wars where he hath bin. If women finde themselves that they be able. Men shall feed chickens underneath the table: Alwayes provided, if they go to warre, They shall not lose what men so labour for, Or basely yeeld that castle of defence, Where Chastity hath her chiefe residence. Admits no entrance unto any man But the right owner, fuch a woman can Behave her felfe most bravely in the wars, Without receiving any privy fcars, Obnoxious to her reputation, To bring her husbands forehead out of fashion. O! fuch a woman's worth her weight in gold, If it were fo that she were to be fold.

But I had rather thou should'st stay at home, Then with such Amazons abroad to rome, And wisely learn, if thou to sight be prone, To sight against thine owne corruption. O happy conquest! if thou conquer those, Thy strong temptations, home-bred, in-bred fors, More lasting glory thou shalt gain hereby, Then bravest champions by their chivalry.

### INTRODUCTION.

ONLY two, or at most three, perfect copies of this old, hastily written, historical romance have come down to us; and as its author, Thomas Lodge, was evidently under the pressure of necessity, we may presume that it answered the purpose of temporary relief: in 1593, as well as both earlier and later, he was a writer for his subsistence; and at one period, like many others, he coupled the professions of author and actor; but his plays are not of a degree of merit proportioned to his excellence as a lyric poet. As a novelist, it is enough to say that, he furnished Shakespeare with the story of "As You Like It;" and his popularity in this department of letters was considerable, though by no means so great as that of his contemporaries Lilly, whom he imitated, Rich, whom he nided, or Greene, whom he well knew.

Lodge was the son of a citizen who had at one time been wealthy—Sir Thomas Lodge—and how it happened that, between about 1580 and 1596, the son suffered so much from poverty, as to be driven from the university to the stage, we have no information. We may presume that early in his career he travelled; and we know that later in life, after he had been a student of Lincoln's Inn, he met with success in the medical profession (which he had taken up about 1600), and accomplished a journey upon the continent. In the work before us, and elsewhere, he

shows an intimate acquaintance with Italian literature by rendering into English some varied and elegant compositions.

One of his original pieces makes melancholy reference to his want of success in different spheres of life, and especially in connexion with the stage. These interesting autobiographical stanzas have never been noticed, perhaps on account of the difficulty of procuring a sight of the small volume in which they are printed, but with which, in truth, they have no connexion.

The story of "William Longbeard," as far as it is historical, was derived by Lodge from Stow (Annales, p. 240, edit. 1605) and similar authorities; but he introduced some new incidents and embellishments, and enlarged upon others, in order to render his subject attractive, as well as to fill his paper. Nevertheless, he appears to have been unable to draw his matter out to a length required by his publisher, and nearly half of his small volume is made up of curious, learned (for the age), but somewhat incongruous materials. We ought, however, to be thankful for them, because we may be tolerably sure that some of the narratives were, either previously or subsequently, employed by Lodge himself, or by dramatists of his day. It was a date when all sources, ancient and modern, were ransacked for matter out of which a play could be constructed. Among the tales of pirates we might have expected to find some notice of "Bargulus the strong Illyrian Pirate" (2 Henry VI, A. IV, Sc. 1; but neither he, nor R. Greene's "Abradas, the great Macedonian Pirate," are mentioned. Abradas is introduced both into Greene's "Menaphon," 1587, and into his "Penelope's Web," printed soon afterwards.

#### THE

# Life and Death

of William Long beard, the most famous and witty English Traitor, borne in the Citty of London.

Accompanied with manye other

most pleasant and prettie histories, by T

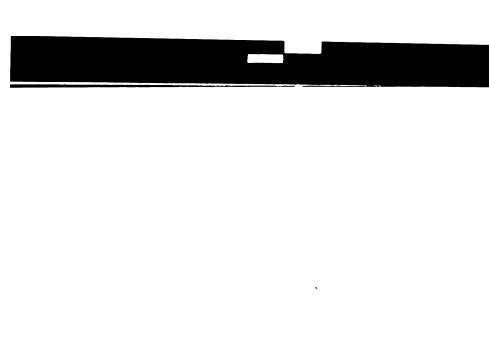
L. of Lincolns Inne, Gent.

Et nugæ feria ducunt.



Printed at London by Rychard Yardley and Peter Short, dwelling on Breadstreat hill, at the Signe of the Starre.

1593.



## To the right worshipfull sir William

Web, Knight, Tho. Lodge wisheth increase of worship in this life, and eternall bleffing in the life to come.

THE general care which you have had in the fatherlie government of the Cittie, and the worthy forwardnesse in establishing al vertuous councels for common good, have made me prefumptuous beyond my custome, in the behalfe of my contreymen, to prefent your worship with this short model of histories, wherein you maye both find matter worthy the reading, and circumstances of deepe confideration. I make you patron of these rare things, who are the very pattern and true Mecenas of vertue, feeking by your wisdome to establish the estate of poore Cittizens fonnes decaied, and renew by your care which they have loste through unadvisednesse. Accept, I beseech you, my poore talent, or my widdowes mite, with as great devotion as the hart can imagine, or opinion conceit, and command me who during life am your

worships most bounden

Tho. Lodge.

#### TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS.

THE world is growne to that excellencie now a daies, Gentilmen, that no conceits are held worthy commendations, but fuch as have coppy of new coined words. and matter beyond all marvaile. For which cause what shall I expect, who have neither the stile to indight so high, neyther the abilitye to please curious eares? Truly, my expectation shall be answereable to my skill: so that I will expect no more then I deserve, and desire no more than the curious will afford. Taylors and Writers nowadaies are in like estimate: if they want new fashions they are not fanfied; and if the stile be not of the new stamp, tut, the author is a foole. In olde time menne studied to illustrate matter with words; now we strive for words Since, therefore, the time is fuch, and beside matter. judgements are fo fingular; fince the manners are altred with men, and men are in thraldome to their fashionate manners, I will with the diar prepare my felfe to washe out the spots assoone as they are spied, and borrow some cunning of the drawer to coulour the imperfection fo well as I can, till fuch time I have cunning to cut my garment out of the whole cloath. And fo, refolved to thanke those that accept, and to shake off each reproofe of the envious as lightly as it is lent me, I take my leave.

> Yours in all friendship, T. L.

### THE LIFE AND

### death of William

Long beard.

Howe Willyam Long beard betraied his elder brother unto his death; of his falling in acquaintance with the Abbot of Cadonence in Normandy, and how cunningly and coulourably they got authority from the Kinge to accomplish their ambitious pretences.

WHILST all the world was in uprore, and schismes raigned in the Church, when God by prodigious signes threatened pestilent plagues; at such time as two sunnes appeared in our horison in England, and three moones were discovered in the west in Italie, William with the longe beard was borne in the famous cittie of London, of greater minde then of high parentage, a graff of mightie hope at the first, though (as it afterwards proved) his parents spent too much hope on so little vertue.

This free cittizen borne, tenderlie fostered in his infancie, was afterwards trained up in good letters, wherein he profited so suddenlie, that most men wondered at his capacitie, and the wisest were assaid of the conclusion: and for that the age wherein hee was bread (being the third yeare of Henrie the Second) was full of troubles, this yoong mans rare guists were raked up in the embers, little regarded because not yet ripened: but at last, as years increased, the minde

ordained for mightie thinges began to mount, the rather becaase ambition scaled his eies, which made him with the dove soare so hie, till his owne cunning and labour made him be overturned; for when he perceived his fathers soote alreadie prepared for the grave, his mother seased by age, and more besotted with affection, himselfe at mans estate and without maintenance, he thus began the first fruites of his impietie, the sequell whereos exceedeth all conceit, and testifieth his devilish and damnable nature.

He had a brother elder than himselfe in yeares, but yoonger in pollicie, who (having by his owne frugalitie gotten great wealth) was called to be a Burgesse of the cittie; a man beloved of all men for his upright dealing, and lamented of al men for his untimelie death. For William, little regarding the benefites he had received of him in his youth, the brotherlie kindnesse, the bountifull courtefies, fought all means possible to betray him who had trained him up, to fuck his hart bloud who had fought his harts rest, and to that intent, seeing the opportunitie fitted him, in the raigne of Richard the first, that noble prince of famous memorie, he suborned certaine lewd and finister confederates of his to accuse him of treason: for which cause, poore innocent man, being suddenlie apprehended, his goods were confiscate, his body imprisoned, his wife and children left fuccourlesse, whilst wicked William, being both complotter, informer, and witnes, wrought fo cunningly with the kings Councell that the goods were his, which his brother with his long labour had gotten, and the poore innocent man, brought out before the judges, with weeping eies beheld his younger brother both revelling in his ritches, and rejoicing at his ruine. Many were the obtestations before God, and protestations to the judges, manie his exhortations to his brother, and detestations of his periurie. But William, whose hart was the very harbour of all impietie, ceased not in his owne person to solicite, and by his companions to incense, the judges in such fort that his brother was at last by them condemned and adjudged to death, as some writers suppose, for coining. And being led forth to his execution, like an harmlesse innocent, the people mustering about the place, the curssed brother, the occasion and compacter of his confusion, accompanie[d] him, with these or such like words he finished his life: "Thou God, that knowest the cause of my untimelie death, canst in justice punish my unjust accusers: meane while take mercie on my poore foule, who am forfaken of my private friends. Be thou a fafeguard unto me, whoe am left without fuccors, and help the defolate widdow with hir diftreffed children." This faid, after some private conference, by permission, between his brother and him, he fuffered torment.

But William, having gotten wealth, began to take upon him state, and understanding his father and mother through hartie griese were, in their extreame age, committed to the grave, he seazed on their goods, carrieng such a countenance in London that all men wondered at him. In wit he was pregnant, in publike affaires pollitike, in revenges constant, in speeches affable, in countenance grave, in apparell gorgeous: yea, so cunning was he to infinuate himselse among the commons that, as the report went, he had more prentises clubs at his command, then the best courtier had servants to attend him.

And as the custome is, whilest thus he behaved himselfe,

it fortuned that he fell in companie and conference with the Abbot of Cadonence in Normandie, a man as high minded as himselfe. and more subtill than Sinon, by whose advice and directions he grew fo craftilie conceited, that under a holie pretext he wrought more mischiese than either the Councell of England could for a long time remedie, or by industrie reverse; and thus it fortuned. After that the noble and warlike Richard, the firste of that name, had to his immortall glorie recovered his rights in France, established peace with the French king, and by the perswafions of his mother, Dame Elianor, reconciled his brother John, who had before that time beene at deadlie feud with him, it pleafed his majestie, partlie for his own recreation fake, partlie to remedie the discontents of his subjects, to goe on progresse in the eight yeare of his reigne, and in the yeare of our Lord 1197; at which time the Abbot of Cadonence and William, watching an occasion and opportunitie, fo cunninglie wrought the matter, that they had audience of his Majesties hands, and obtained under the broad seale the whole fumme of their requests. The Abbot coulored his stratagem under the coppie of conscience, assuring the king that the corruption[s] of his officers were the chiefest groundes of publike contention, praieng him, in the bounty of an heroick and princelie potentate, to take fome order for the correction of them, leaft at the last it should turne to his owne confusion.

His Majestie, that had ever regard of the poore, with gracious good words thanked him for his good will, giving him warrant and authoritie to redresse those inconveniences, and promising him great promotions if he tooke any profite by his pollicie. William, now that he hath the second fubtiltie to enact, futed his lookes in all fobrietie, and ftroaking his long beard, which he curiouslie fostered even from the beginning, tolde the king of the insolence and outrage of rich men, who spared their owne and pilled the poore, robbed Irus and clawed Midas, beseeching in the commons behalfe a remedie for this inconvenience: whereunto the king easilie condiscended, so that he likewise was authorized to redresse such enormities, and both he and his fellowe Abbot were with manie princelie savours dismissed.

Mounted thus upon the wheele of Fortune, which everie waie sheweth hir selfe as fickle as she is favourable, as sul of gall as she hath honie, they both of them depart for London, carrieng fo high countenances as everie one were amazed at their manners. My lord Abbot first, suted in his pontificalibus, called forth divers officers, purpofing to examine their accounts, taunting them with untowarde languages, and accompanieng threates with imprisonment. But as the giants that threatened the heavens were overthrowne by their most hautinesse, and as Phaeton, usurping his fathers feat, was confounded for his ambitious pride by untimelie death, fo the Abbot of Cadonence, when he thoght to cavell at all accompts, was called to accompt himselse before the tribunall justice seat of God, and died midest of his jollitie. But William, who towred with the phænix to burne in the funne, and adventured to crosse the troblesome seas of this world to perish with overmuch wrastling in the same, now began his pageant, exhorting and stirring the commons to love and imbrace libertie, to fight and labour for freedome; brieflie to detest and blame the excesse and outrage of ritch men, whoe, as he tolde them, reaped the fweet, whilft they, poore foules, fweat

for it. Heereunto wrested he manie stories of antiquitie: first the Laconian state, next the popular government of Athens, wherein peace never flourished better, said he, than when the commons had freedome of speech. these and such like honie speech he so animated the multitude that, like a fecond Hercules, he drew them by the eares thorow the honie of his eloquence. And to his words he annexed action, undertaking manie poore mens causes who were overborne by the rich, handeling his matters with fuch pollicie as that he was held for a fecond God among the poore, and for a long time esteemed for a good subject by the Prince. Yet, notwithstanding this, the mightie maligned him greatlie, for that he had informed the king that by their meanes his Majestie lost manie forfeits and escheats which were due unto him; and for that his detested subttelties may be more apparant, where through he cloked his fucceeding treacheries, I have thought good to fette downe fome one of them, which may give a tafte to those tragike miseries which shall ensue.

How William with the long beard handled the cause of Peter Nowlay, a cobler, who was injuried by Robert Besant, sometime Bailise of London.

During the time that William long beard flourished after this manner in all pompe and pleasure, attended dailie and hourelie by hole troops of citizens, it fortuned that one Peter Nowlay, a cobler, a man of little capacity, lived in London, whoe, having gotten uppe by his owne handie labour and endevour the summe of fortie marks, and not knowing the meanes how to employ the same to his best commoditie, solicited one Robert Besaunt, sometimes Bay-

life of London, to take the fame money into his hands, and to employ it to fome good ufe, to the ende that after his decease his poore infants, which were twoe in number, might have some succour and maintenance.

This money Robert Befaunt accepted, having the ufe thereof for the space of ten yeares, accustoming poore Peter, as these great men are wont to doo, to a Sundaies dinner and sweet words, (which in these our daies is the verie poison of this world, and in that time was no small pestilence). At last [it] pleased God to call the cobler to his mercie, where through his poore wise lived distressed, his children complaine their miserie, and all his neighbors, considering the honestie of the man in his life, were compassionate, and pittied his orphans after his death. The poore mother, seeing her necessities increase, and hir abilitie quite overthrowne, separated apart from all companie, began to weepe verie tenderlie, recommending her poore babes to his mercy, who had no doubt lent them hir to a better end than samishment.

"Ahlas (faid she) my God, if the least sparrow is not uncared for by thee, what letteth me to trust my childrens helth unto thee, who having bestowed breath upon them, mayest likewise in savour bestow bread upon them. Thou seest, Lord, their friend is taken from them, and the mothers neastlings without thy helpe must become starvelings. Woe is me! would God I had forgon my life or forgotten love; or would my handes were as plentifull as my heart is pittifull. Ah pellican! I must imitate thee, and pierce mine own breast to the end I may softer my babes: otherwise the helpe is vaine which hope yeeldeth, since charitie is cold which should seede hope. Woe is me! where should

I begin to mourne that have no end of mone? Shall I lament my marriage? no; the heavens ordained it. Shall I complaine of Fortune? no; for then I suppose an enimie where there is none. Shall I blame my fruitfulnes? How vaine were that, since it is a felicitie to enjoy babes. What, then, shall I doo? truelie, put my whole trust and considence in Gods mercie, whoe, being Lord of all plentie, can best of all relieve necessities." Scarsly had she ended these words when as hir yoong ones, the one imbracing hir necke, cried for meate, the other kissing hir hands moorninglie bewraied his wants; whilst she, like Mirrha, having teares to bewaile them, no treasure to relieve them, sung this wosfull lullabie unto them, whilst the musicke of hir voice enforced them to listen hir.

#### Lullabie!

Ah little laddes!

Geve ccaselesse sorow end with Iullabie.

Suck up my teares,

That streame from out the fountaines of minc cie:

Feed, feed on me,

Whom no good hope or Fortune glads.

Oh! fet me free

From those incessant and pursuing feares,

Which waken up my woes and kil my pleasure.

#### Lullabie!

Weep, weepe no more,

But let me weepe, and weeping weepe life hence,

That whilft you want,

I may not see false Fortunes proud pretence.

When I am dead,

My God, perhaps, will send you store.

O! smile in need,

Poore hungry babes, let smiles be nothing scant:

I teares, you smiles: both have no better treasure

To bring these woes, exceeding meane or measure,

To lullabie.

Noe fooner had she finished hir fong, but Robert Befaunt entered the house, who, though altogither given over to covetoufnesse, yet beholding the wofull estate of the poore wife and children, he comforted them the best he might, fending for fome little fustenance to yeeld hir and hir little ones fom fuccour; and after fome conference about hir hufbands state, and his maner of death, he defired colourablie to fee hir writings, to the ende he might covenablie convaie out of hir hands the bill of fortie marks, which he had past unto Peter hir husband in his time. The fillie foule suppoling his almes deeds was unattended with trecherie, drew out of an olde till certeine briefes which she had, using these or such like terms. "Maister Besaunt (saith she), your worship, as I remember, ought to be a patron of these poore infantes; for I have oftentimes heard my husband faye (when I had a motherlie care what should become of my children) that he had provided for them, charging me to remember that till ever when I needed, and to use you as a father for these infants, whose honestie, as he sware, he would builde his foule uppon: for which cause (giving him the writings) I befeech your wor." quoth she, "to peruse all his fecrets, and to ftand my good friend in this my miferable widdowhood." Maister Besaunt, touched to the quicke, changed coulour verie often, and receaving them at hir hands with a quivering feare (proceeding by reason of his carnest combate betweene conscience and covetousnesse); he at last, after long perusing, sound his own bill, which he carelessie tearing, tolde hir that all of it was but wast paper, and thereupon blushinglie departed, giving hir but colde comfort for hir great hope.

The good woman, animated by fome divine power, and espieng the seales of his shame shadowed in his blushing browes, tooke hold of his gowne fleeve, praieng him to staie a little while, and not to leave hir fo fuddenly: "for (faid she), good fir, if you thus leave us, you shall prove that you little love us: besides, your hast makes me to misdoubt your honestie (pardon, good fir, I praye you, if I mistake) for thus to wreak your selse on paper, and to fhew by your fuspectful lookes your apparant misdoubts, makes me imagine you have deceived my Peter's hope: besides, these papers which you have torne may perhaps be fome testimonies, which I will gather as the relikes of your rage" (and therewithall she stooped and tooke them up). "But above all, good maister Besaunt, remember God," quoth she; "and if there be aught that concerned these little ones in your conscience, cloake not in that behalfe, for God, who gave them me, will not fuffer their innocencie to be unrevenged."

Maister Besaunt, fore incensed with these words, and suspitious least his councell should be disclosed by the broken and scattered papers, at firste by smooth speeches began to persuade hir to restore him them; but when reason and intreatie injoyed no place (for the more he moved hir, the more she suspected) he began to use violence. When as the poore children, seeing their mother injured beyond

measure, cried for helpe for hir, whom motherlie care had animated alreadie even to the triall of death, rather than to leave hir papers.

The noise in the house, and the crie of the chidlren called in the neighbors, whoe seeing Robert Besaunt, a man of such reputation as he was held, not daring to inforce, began to intreat his forbearance: who, dreading his owne discredit beyond measure, lest hir for that time pussing, sweating, and swearing that he would be revenged on hir whoe had in this fort wrought his discontent: to be short, he never desisted till she were imprisoned, vowing never to graunt hir libertie, till such time as she restored to him the torne writings.

The miferable widdowe, in this peck of troubles gathering a verie confident boldnesse unto hir, denied the restitution. And finallie, after the councell of some poore cittizens, put uppe a supplication, or a supplantation (as the sillier fort of people called it) unto William with the longe beard, presenting him likewise with the broken and torne peeces of paper, never ceasing, in most humble and pittifull manner, to intreat a mercifull and tender compassion towardes the reliefe of hir selse and hir poore children. William that pretermitted no occasion whereby he might insinuate himselse amongest the poorer fort, and winne the credit of a good justicer at his princes handes, began to examine everie circumstance, and to leave no meane unsought wherby he might get himselse glorie, and doo the poore widdowe good.

First, therefore, he joyned the papers, and conferred the manner of the injurie with the other circumstances; and at last he evidentlie found, and therewithall certified others, that these torne papers was the bill of debt for forty marks. Finallie, comparing the estate of the poore man with that of Befaunts, the time the money had beene in the defendants hands, and the corrupt intention of the riche man, whoe, by renting the bill, thought to race out the remembrance of his due debt, he called him before him, charging the officiall to bring the widdow and hir children before him in open fessions; where, after long debating and trouble on both fides, Befaunt standing on his credit, the widdow on hir innocency, William, willing to catch the cat with his owne clawe, began thus: "Maister Besaunt, you are called into justice, not that we suspect your honestie, or detract from your estimate, but for this cause are you called: that if you will be deposed that all allegations that may be alledged against you by this widdow are false, you may fee hir punished, and justice executed." little suspecting the snare that was laide and the subtiltie intended, began with huge oathes to protest that he neither stood any waie indebted to the poore cobler latelie deceased, neither was in any fort liable to the false suggestions of the widdowe. William, perceiving evidentlie the ungodlie intent of the man to defraud, and how gratious a deed he should doo to speak in the innocents desence, first commanded Besaunt's oath to be taken, and, after that, rowsing himselfe in a majesticall manner, he began thus:-

"I fee well, my countreymen, that justice had need of a patron, when those that should maintaine hir, seeke to maime hir. Ah! what a world we live in when trust shall be betraied, when simplicitie shall be undermined with subtletie, and povertie overtopped by power! Behold, saith hee, my countreymen (and therewithall he caused the two

children to bee placed by him) two harmlesse infants, for whom the poore father laboured in his life time, both less to begge after his death! Alas, that corruption should blind judgement so farr, that where wee ought in charitie to succour these, men make no conscience to supplant them! The cedar, though a tall tree, lets the little shrub prosper under him; the eglantine flourisheth by the oake; the goldsinch seedeth by the griffin; but the proverb is true among us nowadaies

#### Homo homini Demon.

We live as we should know no lack; we flourishe as if we feare no fall; we purchase as if life could not perish: to win the world we make shepwracke of our foules; and in fuch a world, where corruptions are fo rife, justice must not fleepe; for if it should, the weake should to the walles. and the peny father by his power should overpresse the penilesse in their poverties. Now, therefore, countreymen, give eare, and hearing pittie, patronize these poore foules. This Befaunt wrongeth them, making his credit the countenance of his craft, and his goods the coulour of his ungodlinesse: behold his hand writing, wherein he, thinking to extinguish the memorie of his debt, hath renewed the meanes of his owne destruction" (which said, he publikelie shewed the papers) and after that turning to M. Befaunt, he expostulated thus:—"Well, fir, fince your corruption is found out, and your ungodlie oathes have doubled your offence, by that authoritie which I have received from his Majesty, I condemn you to pay the summe of fortie marks, with the use thereof, for ten yeares unto this widdowe and hir children: next, for your perjurie, wherein you have offended God especiallie, and next your countrey, I adjudge you to paie, in waie of a fine to his Majestie two hundreth poundes stirling, advising you hereaster to use your conscience more uprightlie, and to deale by the poorer fort more justlie."

Befaunt, who highlie stood on his reputation, was so amazed at his fo fudden conviction before the affemblie of the citie, that he knew not what to fay: his owne hand he coulde not denie; and if he should, there were some in the companie well acquainted therewith. To be adjudged thus of by his inferiour (as he thought) it was no small disgrace, for which cause, smothering under faire lookes his false hart, he appeled to the King and his Councell, affuring William that he would not be discredited in that fort, and that it should cost him a thousand pounds but he would be revenged. With these and such like speeches the court brake up; the widdow and the children were dismissed with giftes, and William, with a thousand cittizens at his taile, was with great triumphe convaied to his lodging. Befaunt, for all his braues, was committed and enforced to pay the penaltie; yea, fo did William worke with the King and his Councell, as had not this corrupt marchant with great fommes got himself free, no doubt, he had beene brought within the compas of a Premunire, fuch fubtill fuggestions had William practised against him.

How William with the long beard behaued himselfe towardes the Courtiers, and of his love to his faire Lemman Maudeline.

William (having by this means infinuated himselfe into the favour of the king, and by that reason brought the cittizens in feare of him) like the untoward childe, whoe having an inche stealeth an elle, began to presume above the latchet (as the proverbe is) fetting light by all men, animating the baser fort against the better, so that the nobilitie put up much injurie at his hands, the clergie were badlie used by him, and the officers of the cittie highlie offended. The Earle of Durham, then chancellor and bishop, taking the parte of a chapleine of his, who was injuried by a meane and mechanicall townesman, was braved by him in Cheape fide, beaten of his horse, and had not the Bailifes of the cittie refcued him, the common speeches went, he should never have courted it more. A gentleman in court, at an other time, upbraiding William of his base estate and birth, told him that the worst haire in his beard was a better gentleman than hee was: for which cause William mightilie agreeved, and watching opportunitie of revenge, at last incountred him, bravelie mounted on his foot cloth, in Friday street, where taking him forceably from his horse, he carried him into a barbers shop, and caused both his beard and head to be shaved close, pleasantlie gibing at him in this fort.

Gallant, now have I cut of the whole traine of the best gentlemen you durst compare with me the last daie, and if hereaster you bridle not your toong (as base a gentleman as you make me) Ile have you by the eares. The king informed heereof grew highlie offended; but William, who wanted neither money, friends, nor eloquence, so ordered the matter, as his maligners might barke, but not bite him. But for that all his minde was planted on ambition, and his greatest feare was, least by over forward thrusting himsels into state, his cloaked aspiring shoulde be discovered,

he began for a while to leave the court, to intend onelie the causes of the poore, and complot those meanes whereby, labouring for mightines without suspect, he might attaine the same without counterchecke: and first, to make shewe how much his mind was altred from high climing, he crastilie pretended a new conceited love; and but pretending it at firste, at laste was inforced to practise it, and thus it fell out.

An honest and well disposed merchant of London had by his wife a faire and amiable yoong mayden to his daughter, being the onely hope of his age, and the fruit of his corage. This lovelie Mawdelin (as the leffer starres are in respect of the sunne, or Mercurie in regard of the orbe of Venus) amongst our London damosels was the A perse for beautie, and the paragon of perfections, hir looks full of quickening puritie were able to animate love in marbel: nature could doo no more but wonder at hir own handiworke, and art had nought but shadowes in respect of such a fubstance. Al eies that beheld hir wondred; all pens that praised hir were quickened by hir excellence: to be fhort, her least worth was of so great consequence, as the best writer might be abashed to conceite or imagine them. With this faire damofell William Long beard traffiqued his fancies, fummoning hir yeelding affections with fo manie earnest sutes and services, that he at last conquered that fort wherein fancie himselfe tooke delight to tyranize; and as the jet draweth amber, the loadstone the steele of the compasse, so hir beautie assaulted his sences, that all of them had no power of their offices, but were fatallie assigned to subscribe to hir forceries. And whereas authoritie and countenance are wrested, the bulwarke of chastitie (though otherwise impregnable) is oftentimes impugned, and not onelye affaulted, but at laste subdued, William by his friends and followers so wrought, that what by friends and faire words he won hir for his lemmon, sparing no cost to trick hir out in braverie, to the end he might by that meanes give a soile and glasse to her beawtie. This Maudelin thus compassed, hir paramour began to pranke it in the bravest fashion, wresting his wits to make an idoll of hir worth, whose amorous passions, since they are of some regard, I have heer set downe for the courtliest eare to censure of.

Amidst the maze of discontented mind, The royall trophey of joy-breeding love, A happy holde and resting place did sind Within that brest which earst earthes hel did prove.

Since when my long-enfeebled eies have reard Their drooping fight to gaze upon the funne, Since when my thoughts in written lines appeard, Rejoycing in that Palme my faith had wunne.

Ennobled thus by that thrife-nobled passion,
Which hath the power all worldly cares to banish,
I stie sweet-seeming leures of false occasion,
And let al thoughts but love-sweet vade and vanish.
The fruits I reape in spight of Fortune froward
Make me suppose no torment too untoward.

Another he made upon this occasion. Maudelin, his mistresse, had a faire jewell, wherein twoe Cupids of Ana-

creon were painted, wraftling the one with the other, with this motto, *Pro palma*, for which cause he wrote this sonnet, and presented hir therewith.

Ye braine-begotten dietics, agrec you,
Nurst by transparant christall of chast cics,
Least she that gave you life on sudden see you,
And frowning kil you both, who cause you rise.

From hir you came, yong Cupids, from no other, And but for her if envious you shal wrastle, I feare you both wil lose a lovely mother; Hir brow your bower, hir bosome is your castle.

There gree you both, there both togither go you,
And fuck the Aprill ritches of hir brest;
Then I, who long have served, and love to shew you
How much I love the bosome where you rest,
Will come and kisse and blesse you, little wantons,
And feed you kindly, wantons, if you want once.

Another, in respect of the occasion, I could not find in my hart to forget; for being at supper once in hir companie, where were manie that discoursed of love, shewing all the idolatrie of their pens in exemplifieng that unchast deitie, he at last, when the table was taken up, remembring him of a sonnet in an ancient French poet, on sudden wrote this imitation.

As soone as thou doest see the winter, clad in colde, Within September on the caves in sundry formes to fold,

Sweet swallow, farre thou fliest till to our native clime, In pleasant Aprill Phæbus raies returne the sweeter time. But love no day forsakes the place whereas I rest, But every houre lives in mine eies, and in my hart dooth nest. Each minute I am thrall, and in my wounded hart He builds his neast, he laies his egges, and thence will never part.

Already one hath wings, soft downe the other clads,
This breakes the skin, this newly flegd about my bosome gads.
The one hath broke the shel, the other soares on hie,
This newly laid, that quickly dead before the dam come nie.
Both day and night I heare the smal ones how they crie,
Calling for food, who by the great are fed for feare they dic.
All wax and grow to proofe, and every yeare doo lay
A second neast, and sit and hatch the cause of my decay.
Ah! Maudline, what reliefe have I for to remove
These crooked cares that thus pursue my hart in harboring
love?

But helpeleffe of reliefe, fince I by care am flung, To wound my hart, thereby to flaie both mother and hir yong.

At another time, being absent from his mistresse, by reafon he had a poore mans cause in Essex to be heard, he wrote this briefe fancie to her, after the manner of the Italian rimes.

Oh faire of fairest, dolphin like,
Within the rivers of my plaint
With labouring finnes the wave I strike,
Whose flouds are honored by my saint.
Withouten heart or gall I spring,

And fwim to heare thee fweetly fing, All like the fish, when natures art Hath reft of hate and tender hart.

And in the sea for love I burne,
As for Arion did the fish;
At everie note I skip and turne,
I harke, I praise, I like, I wish.
But out alas! with better chaunce
The friendly fish did him advance:
He bare Arion on his back,
Where I thy sweet imbracements lack.

These other twoe, for their shortnesse and strangenesse, I could not finde in my hart to pretermit, knowing that the better fort, that are privile to the imitation and method, will have their due estimate.

My mistresse, when she goes
To pull the pinke and rose,
Along the river bounds,
And trippeth on the grounds,
And runnes from rocks to rocks,
With lovely scattered locks,
Whilst amarous wind doth play
With haires so golden gay,
The water waxeth cleere,
The sisses draw hir neere,
The sirens sing her praise,
Sweet slowers perfume hir waies,
And Neptune, glad and faine,
Yeelds up to hir his raigne.

#### ANOTHER.

When I admire the rose
That nature makes repose
In you, the best of many,
More faire and blest than any,
And see how curious art
Hath decked every part,
I thinke, with doubtfull vieu,
Whether you be the rose, or the rose is you.

An ode he wrote, amongst the rest, I dare not forget, in that the poesie is appertinent to this time, and hath no lesse life in it than those of the ancient; and the rather because hereby the learned may see how, even in those daies, poecy had hir impugners and industrie could not be free from detraction.

#### HIS OADE.

Since that I must repose

Beyond th' insernal Lake,

What vailes me to compose

As many verses as Homer did make?

Choice numbers cannot keepe
Me from my pointed grave,
But after lasting sleepe,
The doomb of dreadful Judge I needs must have.

I put the case my verse,
In lieu of all my paine,
Ten yeares my praise rehearse,
Or somewhat longer time some glorie gaine;

What wants there to confume,
Or take my lines from light,
But flame or fierie fume,
Or threatning noice of war or bloudy fight?

Excell I Anacrion, Steficores, Simonides, Antimachus, or Bion, Philetes, or the grave Bacchilides:

All these, though Greekes they were, And used that fluent toong, In course of many a yeare Their workes are lost, and have no biding long.

Then I, who want wits fap,
And write but bastard rime,
May I expect the hap
That my endewors may ore-come the time?

No, no: tis farre more meet
To follow marchants life,
Or at the judges feet
To fell my toong for bribes to maintaine strife;

Then haunt the idle traine
Of poore Calliope,
Which leaves, for hunger flaine,
The choicest men that hir attendants be.

These and such like fruits of his fancie may sufficientlie testific unto you both the high spirite and deepe invention

of this craftie citizen, who, flourishing thus in the verie fulnesse of loves joy, and revelling in the chiefest pallaces of pleasure, at last recalled to mind the ambitious desires that were wont to accompanie him, which having the nature of fire (which no sooner catcheth hold of drie matter but presentlie it consumeth it), from a light smoke at last fell to so huge a slame that himselse was consounded therewith, and all his hopes made srustrate: and thus it fell out.

The kings majestie hearing of his continual assemblies. and comparing his purpofes with his practife, began, under no small grounds, to conceive his curssed intention: for, considering with himselse the manner of his life, the businesse of his braine, the tising eloquence of his toong, and the mightinesse of his mind, he imagined (as afterward it fell out) that fo great meanes of quick and capeable fuell would at last breake out to an unquenchable flame; where upon the K. with confiderate judgement called him to court, commanding him to cease his disordred assemblies. least, in seeking to exterminate the injuries of the rich, he shuld revive the insolence of the poore. For (faid he), William, whoe feeth not whereto thefe routes tend? whoe thinketh not that riot will follow them? The labouring men, that were kept from innovations by their worke, are now capable of all chang and novelties in their idlenesse. In living as they doo they rather are drawne to detest labor then to follow it; wherthrugh the offices and mechanicall crafts in the cittie doo cease, and by the omission of industrie riseth the pretermission of dutie. For this cause, as you have care of my love, incite them not to too much libertie. Further than what you may, if they be wronged, but let not justice be a colour to winne them to wickednes. With these, or such like admonitions, kinge Richarde attempted him, and so wrought him, that for a while the commotions and motives of trouble were laide apart, so that he walked London streets with lesser troops, and whollie adicted himselse to play with his saire Maudeline, whose unchast life was a bi-word in the cittie.

## How William with the long beard flew Arthur Brown, who deceived him of his Maudline.

Whilst William was conversant in the affaires of state, intending everie waie to inlarge his owne power, and attending daielie uppon the kinges pleasure, it fortuned that one Arthur Browne, furthered by his youth, and fitted by occation, fell in with Maudline, Williams wanton concubine; and having welth fufficient and wit no lesse fubtill, he fo craftilie handled the caufe that he won the yoong woman to stoope to a seconde lure and to accept his love. Manie and often times had they entercourse, so that at last, the rumor passing in everie place, it coulde not choose but light at laste in Williams hearing; who moved beyond measure to see himselfe outfaced by one, who had fo long time beene feared by all, he frowningly prepared revenge, refolving with himselfe that no means were too meane to give a tragical fauce to his corrupt meaning. upon, breaking his mind with certaine of his faction, he agreed to watch an oportunitie to revenge impietie; and for that cause, watching verie crastilie when Arthur, his rivall, should repaire unto his lawlesse lemman, he at laste furprifed and encountered him; and causing some of his train to muffle him in his cloake, and to stopp his mouth

for feare of crieng, he stabbed him with a dagger in divers places, and in the last wound left the same sticking, fastening the poor caitifes owne hande with his owne dagger, which he had purpofelie (to avoid all mens fuspition, and to raise an opinion that he had murthered himselse) sheathed in Arthurs owne bodie. This doone, he departed unespied and unsufpected; and the bodie being founde, according to the cenfure and verdict of the jurie which behelde the same, was thrust thorowe with a stake, and so buried, as if he had beene guiltie of his owne murther. William thus delivered of a supplanter of his pleasure (after some unkindnesse past and calmed betweene him and his Maudline), finallie fell to an accord, accustoming hir as he was wont under promife of more constancie in affection, and to the intent she should remember hir of the injuries offered, he wrot this with a pointed diamond in hir glasse:-

Thinke what I suffred (wanton) through thy wildenesse, When, traitor to my faith, thy losenesse led thee: Thinke how my moodie wrath was turnde to mildnesse, When I bad best, yet baser groomes did bed thee.

Thinke that the staine of bewtie then is stained, When level desires doe alienate the hart: Thinke that the love that will not be contained, At last will grow to hate in spight of art.

Thinke that those wanton lookes will have their wrinkles,
And but by faith olde age can merit nothing,
When time thy pale with purple over-sprinkles,
Faith is thy best, thy beautie is a woe thing.
In youth be true, and then in age resolve thee,
Friends wil be friends, till time with them dissolve thee.

But leaving those his effeminate follies of youth, wherin he ungratiouslie passed his time, let us draw to the consideration of his traiterous practifes, and finallie, as the fruits of fuch finister follies, conclude with his tragicall end. he had for a time, untill the princes minde were otherwise withdrawne with more waightie matters, ceafed both his routs and riots, the old ranckled venome of his ambition began more freelie to breake forth, fo that what before time he colored under conscience, now at last he manisested with audacious confidence. The mightie in court that maligned him he overmaistered by his attendants, swashing out in open streats uppon everie light occasion: for himselse hee thought no man fufficient to suppresse him, nor of sufficiencie to brave him: for at a beck coblers, tinkers, tailors and all fortes of the hare-brainde multitude attended him. fought for him, supported him, and made him lorde of their factions: where-through, the better forts neither were lords of themselves, neither commanders of their owne From fome he extorted wealth by corrupt liveliehoods. witnesses, sparing no meanes to inrich his followers by racking and wresting the kinges authoritie: and no sooner did he heare that the kinge had given order to his councell to feafure on his bad demeanors, but gathering to himfelfe a huge multitude, he openlie used this discourse unto them, beginning his exhortation with this place of Scripture,

Haurietis aquas in gaudio de fontibus falvatoris; Which is as much to fay as "You shall draw waters with joy out of the fountaines of our Saviour." For, quoth he, my worthie and faithfull friends, whoe have more courage than coine, and abilitie in armes then possibilities of wealth, I am the saviour of you that are poore, and the soveraigne

of fuch as are penilesse: you that have assaied the hard hand of the rich, shall be succoured by the happie hande of the righteous.

Now, therefore, draw your happie fountaines of councell out of my wordes, and turne the troubles you have to affured triumphs; for the daies of your vifitation is at hande. I shall depart waters from waters; I mean the proud from the poore, the mercilesse from the mercifull, the good from the evill, and the light from the darknesse. I will oppose my felse against all dangers to prevent your domage, and loose my life but you shall have living. Be consident, therefore, and bolde; for such as have courage are sildome conquered. Let the greatest upbraid, they shall not bite: we have weapons to withstand, as well as wordes to perswade: we are as couragious as our enimies are crastie. Stick, therefore, unto me, who will strive for you: let me be suppress, you are subdued: let me flourish, you are sortunate; but if sinister chance threaten, whie,

#### Alea jacta est:

#### Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem.

Thus dailie and hourelie animated he the ill minded forte; and although the king did oftentimes fummon him, and by letters difuaded him from his ill demeanour, yet was hee enforced to use violence, or otherwise that strife, which at first feemed to be but a fillip, would at last have growne unto a fistula. For which cause Hubert, then Bishop of Canterburie, soundlie resolving in his thoughts that forbearance would be the meanes of surther mischiese, by the advise of others of the privie councell, called him in question, summoning him against an appointed day to come and yeelde a reason of those his sactious tumults.

William, that faw the iron readie to waxe hot, and the hammers readie to strike, began to remember himselfe; and his guiltie conscience (which, as the wife man faieth, is a hundreth witnesses) would not suffer him to walk with so great confidence: yet least seare should be suspected in him, whose good fortunes and life wholie depended on his courage, hee oftentimes lookt abroad, but attended by fuch a band of base companions, as if he had beene the proude Changuis leading his legions of Tartars thorow But, when the day of his appearance came, he was backt with fuch a number of mechanicall rebels, that Hubert, in stead of attempting him with upbraids, was faine to temper him with flattering persuasions: yea, the floutest councellor[s], though never so considerate, were faine to intreat him whom they had refolved to threaten and imprison. William, feeing them abasht, waxed bold, and in these wordds faluted them :- Honorable fathers and grave councellors, according to your honourable fummons, and the dutie of a subject, I present my felf before you attended in this fort, as you fee, not to violate lawes by lewd infurrections, but both to prefent my fervice to my prince and your honors, and to drawe my friendes and well willers to that dutie, where unto in foule I am devoted to this state. If, therefore, you have ought to command me, or if my fervices in times past be any waie suspected, I stand readie to fatisfie you in the one, or answre to the other. that knew well that foft drops in time pierce harde stones, and that the diamond, though not tainted by the hammer, is tempered in strong vineger, began to coulour where he might not command, and flatter where he coulde not inforce, and thus he faid:

Being affured, William, that good fubjects, tied by no bountie to their prince, yet yeelde him all observance, wee cannot perfuade our felves that you, who have beene authorifed by your prince to counterchecke injustice, will be the pattern of injurious infolence: for which cause we have called you, not as condemners of your faith, but commenders of your forwardnesse: neither have we so bad an opinion of these good men that follow you, that either they would be drawne to violate justice, or you could be induced to violate and alter their honest and christianlike duties. Our onelie request to you in the kings behalfe is to cast off this lordlie traine, and fuffer these poore men to follow their professions, least being unawares assailed by want, they shall at laste desperatelie attempt wickednes. As for these good fellows, who in their lookes promife no lofenesse, I beseech them in his majesties name to keepe their houses, promising them in generall, that if any one of them be wronged they shall have remedie. Nay, we will have remedie in spight of you, faid they, as long as William lives. And this faid, without all reverence they departed the place, carrieng with them their captaine commander, fcoffing at the fainthartednes of the archbishop; for full well was he affured that greater feveritie was concluded upon then he there would infinuate: for which cause he continuallie stood on his guard, spoiling all such men as hee thought were abettors of the bishop.

The Bailifes of London, according to their authoritie, feeing matters were growne to fuch extremitie, kept diligent and strong watch, drawing some of the commons from him by faire words, and some by guists: this notwithstanding, William was never unattended. The Councell, who everie

waies were vigilant to roote out this viper from the common weale, what they could not by proves, they adventured by pollicie, animating divers valiant men with huge promifes to marke his manners, and when the occasion was offered, to apprehend him at such time as he little suspected. But long was it yer they either could finde opportunitie, or catche the soxe in his forme: yet at last, when he least suspected, they caught him tardee in Breadstreat attended onlie by ten or twelve; at which time they, drawing their swordes, assailed him valiantlie.

But he, who in conflicts of Fortune was both confident and courageous, first animated his retinue to the fight, and after that, wresting himselfe by maine force out of their hands, he tooke him to flight towards the hart of the cittie, and ranne into Cheapside. They who were busied against his poore followers, feeing him fled, gave over fight, and earnestlie pursued him. By this time the cittie was in an uprore: the poorer fort laboured to rescue William: the Bailifs with the best cittizens armed them to back the kings officers; fo that the cittie was altogither up in armes. William long beard, feeing himfelfe hotlie pursued, and knowing no mean to escape, stept to a poore carpenter, who staid in Cheape for worke, and taking his axe from him, desperatlie assailed his pursuers, and with his owne hands valiantlie flue fome of them; but when he perceived the factions of his enimies to be great, and his friends wel nigh tired, he betooke himselfe at last into Bow church, not for his fanctuarie, but for a bulwarke of his fafetie.

Thither repaired all the poore commons, fome with bats, fome with spittes, and such weapons as they had, driving awaie all the kings officers in despight of their friendes, and

determining with themselves rather to dy than to lose their William Longbeard: amongst the rest Maudline, his minion, knowing that his wracke was hir ruine, came unto him, where, weeping mild teares from hir immodest eies, shee so mollisted his marbell heart, that (as some testiste) he was more moved therewith then with the threats and terrors of his greatest enimies: but see impietie, where it prevaileth, how it worketh! That church which was facred to praiers was now made a den of rebels: those places that were referved to holie uses were now soiled with dishonest abuses: where be fore our Ladie was praied to, lewdnesse was plaid withall. But to bring these causes to their catastrophe, sufficeth it that darkness for this time ended the discention, and the comming on of the night wrought also the conclusion of the fight.

How William with the long beard, after long trouble, was taken by the kings officers, and executed for his misse-meanors.

No fooner gan the howers draw forth the burnisht chariot of the sun, and the star that beautisieth the morninges breake shut uppe her beames in the bowels of the hidden hemisphere, but Richard and his councell affertained that which was happened, comanded the Bailises of the citie by expresse letters to serret him out of his hole, and cease the tumultes by their authorities; for which cause the Bailises, attended by a bolde troope of men in harnesse, came into Cheape. The eldest of whom, being called Gerard de Antiloche, handled himselse with such gravitie, and used so effectuall persuasions, that the commons, for the most parte,

withdrew them to their owne houses, and after affurance of pardon from his Majestie, betooke them to their labour. As for the rest in the church, when neyther persuations could allure them, nor threats intenerate their harts, the Bailises sell to armes, and for the space of soure houres continued a bloudie and desperate sight. But when they perceived the traitors were desperate, and the church was sufficientlie strong to keep them out, they at last sound out this worthie pollicie.

They caused some chiefe men to bring them great store of ftraw, which they fiered in divers places about the church, and in everie corner whereas the wind might worke the fmoake anie entrance; which so smothered and stifeled them in the church, that they were all of them, for the libertie of a shorte time of life [brought] to submit themfelves to the judgement of fucceeding death. Hereupon, after manie wofull plaints powered out on everie fide by William, his Maudline, and other malefactors, they were all inforced to leave the church and submit themselves to the hands of the Bailifes; who, according to the kings command, picking out William with nine other his confederats, committed them unto warde for that time, dismissing the rest under the kings generall pardon, whoe, certified thereof, was not a little folaced. For which cause he sent fome of his Councel and Judges the next day, who ascending the judgment feat, called forth William with the long beard with his confederates, arraigning them of high treafon against God, the king and countrey.

Among all the rest William shewed himselse most consident; for neither did the taunts of the Judges extennuate his courage, neither could the bonds he was laden withall

abash him any waies, but that with a manlie looke, and inticing eloquence he thus attempted the justices. You lords and honorable judges, though I knowe it a hard thing to strive against the obstinate, or to extort pittie there where all compassion is extinguished, yet will I speake, using the officer of nature to worke you, although I know I shall not win you. I am here called and indighted before you for hie treason: a hainous crime, I confesse it, and worthie punishement, I denie it not; but may it please you with patience to examine circumstances. I have imboldened the poorer fort to innovation, to fight for libertie, to impugne the rich; a matter in the common weales of Greece highlie commended, but heere accounted factious, and whie? there subjects made kings, here kings maister fubjectes: and why not fay you, and whie not think I? Yet am I faultie under a good president, and the ambition which hath intangled mee hath not beene without his profit. To offend of obstinate will were brutish; but under fome limits of reason to defaulte, can you (my lords) but thinke it pardonable? I have raifed one or two affemblies, and what of this? peace was not broken, onelie my fafetie was affured: and were it not that the law had beene injured, might not the righting of a hundred poore mens causes merit pardon for two unlawfull assemblies? But you will faie, I have animated subjects against their prince. confesse it, but under a milder title: I have councelled them to compasse libertie, which (if nature might be equall judge betweene us) I knowe should not be so hainouslie misconftred.

For my last tumult, I did nothing but in mine owne defence; and what is lawfull if it be not permitted us veni vi

repellere? But whie pleade I excuses, knowing the lawes of this realme admit no one of my constructions? If it be refolved I must die, doo me this savour, my lords, to protract no time: execute your justice on my bodie, and let it not pine long time in feare thorowe supposall of extreames. For my foule, fince it is derived from a more immortall essence, I dare boast the libertie thereof, knowing that eternitie is prepared for it, and mercie may attend it. But for these poore ones, who have defaulted thorough no malice, but have been misled through vaine suggestions, howe gratious a deede should your honnors do to exemplifie your mercie on them! Poore foules, they have offended in not offending, and but to enthrone me have overthrowne themselves: for which cause, if consideration of innocent guiltines, and guiltie innocence may any waies move you, grant them life, and let me folie enact the tragedie, who am confirmed against all Fortunes tyrannies.

These latter words were delivered with so great vehemencie of spirit, and attended with so quickening motions and actions of the bodie, that everie one pittied that so rare vertues should be ravished by untimelie death, or accustomed with so manie ungodlie practises. The judges, whoe were Socratical in all their speeches, shewing their rhetorique in their upright judgements, not quaint discourses, after the examinations, indistments, verdicts of the jurie, and such like, at last gave finall and satall judgement, that William with the long beard, with his consederates, should the nexte daie be hanged, drawne and quartered: and so, after some other worthie exhortations to the people to mainteine peace, and that they should shew themselves more dutifull, and after thanks to the bailises and good

cittizen for their faithful and good fervice to his majestie, the assemblie broke up, and the prisoners till the next daye were committed to the dungeon.

No fooner was the gaie mistresse of the daie break prepared in her rofeat coatch, powdering the heavens with purple, but the Bailifes repaired to the prison, leading foorthe William and those his other consederates to their execution. Then flocked about them divers forts of people, fome to see those who were so much searched after, others to lament him whom they had fo loved, at laste arrived at the place where they should finish their daies, and all ftood to beholde their death. William, as principall in his life time of feditious practife, was to enact the first and fatall part in the tragedie: for which cause, boldlie climing up the ladder, and having the rope fitlie cast about his neck, after some private praiers, he spake after this manner unto the people: My good countreymen, you are repaired hither to see a sorie spectacle, to beholde the sollie of life paid with the fruits of death, to marke how finister treasons ende with condigne torments: if you applie what you here fee and beholde to your owne profits, I shall be glad whoe now, even at this my last hower, desire rather you shuld reconcile your felves from all wickednes, then be difmaied or moved with my wretchednesse.

Oh, my deare friends! I now protest before God, and vowe before men, that mine owne presumptuous climing hath beene the just cause of my confusion: I have had more desire of glorie then respect of God, more regard of dignitie then of dutie, deeming it better to be a samous traitor then a saithfull and true subject. For which my inestimable sinnes I crie God hartilie mercie: I befeech his

majestie to forgive me, and praie you all by your praiers to implore Gods grace for me. Neither deserve I death only for the offence I have made the king; but my conscience accuseth me, and I heere doo openlie confesse it, that I was he who murthered Anthonie Browne, in that he was a rivall to my most lewde love. This, this, if nought elfe, my countreymen, fufficeth to condemne me: for this and al I am hartelie sorie. My God! I repent from my soule, my God. Which faid, lifting up his eies to heaven, he praied a long time verie vehementlie, and after manie fruitfull exhortations, finished his life to the comfort of those who wished his soules health. The reste, his confederates, after their feverall confessions, were ferved with the fame fauce, and thus ended the troubles with their tragedies.

. Their bodies, cut downe, were buried by their friends, and happie was he, among the poorer fort, that had any thing to inritch the funerall of William Long beard: and notwithstanding the confession at his death, and divers other evidences at his condemnation, yet were there divers whoe after his death held him for a faint, casting out slanderous libels against the archbishop, terming him the bloudsucker of good men. There were manie fuperstitious women, who in their devotion were wont to pray to him, and after his death digged up the ground about the gallowes tree, affirming that manie had been healed of fondrie ficknesses by the touch thereof. All this, their idolatrous conftructions, at first began by reason of a priest, a neere alie to William, who openlie preached that by vertue of a chaine, wherewith William was bound during the time of his imprisonment, ther were divers men healed of hot feavers:

the bloud that fell from him at fuch time as he was quartered they cleerelie scraped up, leaving nothing that could yeeld any memorie of him, either unsought or ungotten. But at last the Archbishop of Canturburie remedied all these thinges, who first accursed the priest that brought up the fables, and after that caused the place to be watched; where through such idolatrie ceased and the people were no more seduced. But for that William wrote many notable poems and translations in the prison, which if you peruse will notifie unto you his singular wit, I have thought good to subscribe them, desiring your favourable censure of them.

#### WILLIAM LONG BEARDS EPITAPH.

Untimely death and my found fruits of Treafon,
My lawlesse lust, my murthers long concealed,
Have shipwract life amids my Aprill season:
Thus covered things at last will be revealed.
A shamefull death my sinfull life succeedeth,
And seare of heavenly judge great terror breedeth.

My mangled members, in this grave included,
Have answered lawes extreames to my consustion.
Oh God! let not my murthers be obtruded
Against my soule, wrougd through my earthes illusion;
And as the grave my livelesse limmes containeth,
So take my soule to thee where rest remaineth.

Thou travailer that treadest on my toombe Remembreth thee of my untimely fall: Prevent the time, forethinke what may become; See that thy will be to thy reason thrall. Scorne worlds delights, esteeme vaine honor small.

So maist y die with same, where men of conscience soule Perish with shame and hazard of their soule.

I have herewith annexed likewise some other of his spirituall hymnes and songs, whereby the vertuous may gather how sweet the fruits be of a reconciled and penitent soule.

#### THE FIRST.

That pitty, Lord, that first thy hart instamed To entertaine a voluntarie death, To ransome man, by lothed sinnes desamed, From hel, and those insernal paines beneath;

Vouchsafe, my God, those snares it may unlose Wherin this blinded world hath me intrapped; That whils I traffique in this world of woes, My soule no more in lusts may be in [w]rapped.

Great are my faults, Oh me most wilfull witted!
But if each one were just, there were no place
To shew thy power, that sinnes might be remitted.
Let then, O Lord! thy mercy quite displace
The lewd and endlesse sinnes I have committed,
Through thine unspeakable and endlesse grace.

### THE SECOND.

Such darke obscured clouds at once incombred My mind, my hart, my thoughts from grace retired, With swarmes of sinnes that never may be numbred, That hope of vertue quite in me expired. When as the Lord of hosts, my gratious father, Bent on my dulled powers his beames of brightnesse, And my confused spirits in one did gather, Too long ensuard by vanitie and lightnesse.

A perfect zeale (not office of my sences)
So seazede my judgement smothered in his misse,
That heaven I wisht, and loathed this earthy gaile:
My heart disclaimed vile thoughts and vaine pretences,
And my desires were shut in seemely vaile,
So that I said, Lord, what a world is this!

After fuch time as he had received his judgement, he grew into this meditation of the miseries of life, which, I dare avow, is both worthie the reading and noting, yea even among the learnedst.

## THE THIRD.

A shop of shame, a gaine of live-long griefe, A heaven for fooles, a hel to perfect wife, A theater of blames, where death is chiefe, A golden cup, where poison hidden lies.

A storme of woes without one calme of quiet, A hive that yeeldeth hemlock and no hony, A boothe of sinne, a death to those that trie it, A faire where cares are sold withouten mony:

A fleshlie joy, a grave of rotten bones, A spring of teares, a let of true delight, A losse of time, a laborinth of mones,

# 44 The life and death of William Long beard.

A plcasing paine, a prison of the sprite,
Is this my life: why cease I, then, resolved
To pray with Paule, and wish to be dissolved?

Thus endeth the life of William Long beard, a glaffe for all forts to looke into, wherein the high minded may learne to know the meane, and corrupt consciences may reade the conclusion of their wickednes: let this example ferve to withdraw the bad minded from Bedlem insolence, and incorage the good to follow godlinesse. So have I that fruit of my labour which I desire, and God shall have the glory; to whom be all praise.

FINIS.

# Of manie famous pirats, who in times past were Lordes of the Sea.

THERE were manie worthie pirates in our forefathers daies, but among all of greatest reckoning Dionides was not least, who exercifed his larcenies in the Levant feas in the time of Alexander the great and Darius, disdaining either to ferve the one or to submit himselfe to the other: yea, so refolute was he in his robberies, and disfolute in his life, that he neither spared friend nor favoured soe, but robd all in generall. Against this man Alexander levied a great armie, and by strong hand subdued him; and afterward calling him into his presence, he said thus unto him. Dionides, whie thou hast troubled all the seas? to whome he thus replied: Tell me, Alexander, whie haft thou overrun the whole worlde, and robbed the whole fea? Alexander answered him: because I am a king and thou art a pirat: trulie (replied Dionides), O Alexander! both thou and I are of one nature, and the felfe same office; the onelie difference is that I am called a pyrat, for that I affault other men with a little armie, and thou art called a prince, because thou subduest and signiorest with a mightie hoast. But if the gods would be at peace with me, and Fortune should shew her selse perverse towards thee, in such fort as Dionides mighte be Alexander, and Alexander Dionides, perhaps I should be a better prince than thou art, and thou a worfer pyrat than I am.

Stilcon for fixteene yeeres space was a pirat in the Carpathean Sea, and executed manie great robberies upon the Bactrians, and highlie insested Rhodes. Against whom king Demetrius levied an armie, and finallie tooke him; and, calling him to his presence, faide unto him: Tell me, Stilcon, what harme the Rhodians have done thee, that thou fo muche indemnifiest them? and wherein have the Bactrians defaulted that thou haste ruinated their realmes? Stilcon answered, I woulde thou wouldest tell me, Demetrius, what harme my father did unto thee, that thou commandedst him to be beheaded? or wherein have I injured thee, that I am exiled by thy judgement? I councell thee in this my last hower, and not with the least consideration, that thou perfecute not, neither purfue any man as much as thou maiest, because it is a matter verie dangerous to deliberate with them of peace, who are desperate both of life and honnor.

Cleonides was a pirat in the daies of king Ptolomey, and fcowred the feas for the space of twenty and two yeares, and for seven of them never set soot on land from out his gallie. This Cleonides was squint eied and crup shouldred, not unworthelie in that manner marked by nature, because every waie he was most tyranouslie minded against everie prisoner he tooke: he never observed promise, or pittied prisoner; but those enimies he tooke (amongest other millions of torments wherewith he tyrannized over them) he powred hot scalding oile into their sundaments, and set their seete in boiling oile, till they were burnte and scorched. Against him Ptolomey sent out an armie; and having taken him called him before his judgement seat, and spake unto him after this manner: Tell me, Cleonides, what barbarous

inhumanitie or infernall furie have inftigated thee to inflict fuch infufferable torments on those who, as thy felfe, are men, and being as thy felfe ought to be pittied by thy felfe? To whom Cleonides gave this churlish answer: It sufficeth not me, thou king, to execute my envie upon the bodies of those I hate, and whoe have persecuted me in their life times; but also I resolve to burne their bowels up, and scalde out their harts wherewith they hated me. Ptolomey, wondring at his desperate inhumanitie, gave him this judgement: that he should likewise, by little and little, be dipped in scalding oile, to the ende hee might tast the selfe same torment wherewith he had attempted manie others.

Chipanda, the pirat, was a Theban borne, and flourished in the time of Cyrus, a man of high minde, great valour, generous hart, and vertues hardinesse; for he had under his conduct 130 shippes, with which he brought under his fubiection all the kingdomes of the Levant, and ftruck continuall feare into all the heartes of the princes in the West. Against him Cyrus rigged out an armie, by whome his ships were conquered and himselfe taken captive; who, comming into Cyrus prefence, was by him faluted in this manner: Tell me, Chipanda, whie forfookest thou my paie. and afterwards submittest thy felse to the service of the Parthian? To whom he thus answered: The lawes which are made on land binde not those that serve by sea; and those also which we capitulate at sea are not accustomed or used on lande: and I tell you this, O king, because it is an ancient custome amongest pirats, so often to alter and change our patrons, as often as you shall see the windes alter and change at the sea.

Millia, the pirat, lived in the daies of Dionisius, the first tyrant in Syracufa, and both of them were highlie at oddes, the one with the other; yet in fuch fort enimies, as they contended not which shoulde exceede one another in goodnesse, but which of them should have the palme for ungodlinesse; for Dionisius ruinated all Sicily, and Milia sacked all Asia: he used this exercise of pyracie more then thirtie yeares, and at last the Rhodians, arming themselves against him, took him: and afterwards, they bringing him to the place of his execution, he lifted uppe his eies to heaven, and faid thus: O Neptune, god and lorde of the feas! whie wilt thou not helpe mee at this houre, who have facrificed and drowned five hundred men in thy waves, and peecemeale cut them in gobbets before thy majestie? thousand have I fent into the bowels of the floud, to the end they should inrich the bottome, and thirtie thousand have died in my shippes thorowe sicknesse: twentie thoufande have perished in my gallies manfullie fighting; and shall it now suffice in that heere I die alone, whoe have glutted thy vast waters with so many carcases?

Alcomonius was a pirat at fuch time as Scilla and Marius flourished (and sollowing the faction of Scilla) was he that tooke Caius Cæsar when he sled from Scilla; whom Cæsar very often, after a pleasant manner, assured that he had deliberated to hang him and all his consederates by the neck, and according to his words accomplished his promise at such time as he came to the government of the Romaine commonweale. This Alcamonius being readie to die, said: I am little grieved for that I lose, and lesse afflicted for the maner of death by which I die; but this is it which urgeth me, that I [am] sallen into his

hands who was once my prisoner, whome I might have hanged then, as he now hangeth me.

There were likewise manie other ancient and moderne pirats, whom, for that I am studious of brevitie, I in this place willinglie pretermit: It onely sufficeth you, that you consider that no one of them died in his bed, neither made testament of his goodes, but as soone as the satall houre of their destinies was arrived, they died both desamed unto the world, and detested for their wickednes.

The Agisincts were famous pirats in the time of Themosticles, who turned out a hundred gallies amongst them, and tooke all of them: and after he had imprisoned and disarmed them, hanged them up: which act of his caused him to be savoured in Greece and seared on the sea.

Frauncis Enterolles, a famous pirat, was borne in Valentia of noble parents and a princelie stocke: This man committed mightie and manie robberies at sea, and in the river of Genova; and finallie when, in the yeare 1491, he had longe time followed the chace, he was by tempest and Fortune driven upon the Ilande of Corsica; and those whoe by chance escaped the daunger and the sury of the seas, incountred death on the land, and were all of them with their capteine Francis hanged by the neck for their piracies: the rest that were lest were made gallie slaves, being by the ilanders surprised in their gallie: and this was the end of this noble Valentinian.

Monaldo Guecca, a famous pirat, borne in Navar, flourished in the yeare 1496. This manne, having occupied and strengthened himselse upon the rocke of Hostia, hindered all the convey of victuals to Rome after such manner, that neither wine nor corne, neither any other marchandise could be brought either from the kingdome of Naples, from Corfica, or the river of Genua unto the cittie. Against him Pope Alexander sent the great Consalvo, who tooke the rocke and brought Menaldo bound to Rome upon a leane jade in maner of triumph. And it is reported that he went with so consident a countenance, that he inforced terror in all those that beheld him. Consalvo, for that he was a Spaniard, got him his pardon, and wrought the Pope to be very bountifull unto him.

A true and famous History of Partaritus, King of Lombardie, who being pursued by Grimaldo, sled sirst of all to Cucano, King of the Avarior Huns, and then into France, and finallie, after manie travailes, was restored to his kingdom with much majestie; wherein the worthy memorie of two faithfull servants is happilie registred.

PARTARITUS was the fonne of Albert, Kinge of Lombardie, who after the death of his father raigned himselse in Millan, and Gundibert, his brother, in Pavia. Betwixt these twoe there grew a mortall discention, for which cause Gundibert sent Garibald, Duke of Turinge, to Grimoald, Duke of Benivent, a most worthy and valiant capteine, requesting his assistance in armes against his brother, and promising him in rewarde thereof to bestowe his sister upon him in mariage. But Garibald used treason against his lord, animating Grimoald to the enterprise, not as an abettor, but a conqueror. For (said he) you may easilie occupie the kingdome, by reason of the twoe brethren, whoe, through their dissentions, have almoste ruinated the same. Grimoald,

afferteined herof, made his fonne Duke of Benevent, and levieng a mightie power fet onwards on his way to Pavia; and through everie cittie that he passed he drewe friends unto him, and won the better fort with benefites, to the end they should assist him toward the attainment of the kingdome: and comming to parlie with Gundibert, who (little suspecting the trecheries which Garibald had complotted) came flenderlie and courtlie accompanied to entertaine him, he on fudden flue him, and occupied the kingdome. Partaritus affertained hereof abandoned Rhodeline. his wife, and his little fonn, and fled to Cucano, king of the Avarior Huns: Grimoald confirmed in the kingdome of Pavia, understanding that Partharithus was entertained by Cucano, fent ambaffadors unto him, threatning him, that if he retained Partharithus, his enimie, in his kingdome, he shoulde be affured to purchase of him a mightie enimie, and more, to occasion a present and dangerous warre.

The king of the Hunns, affertained heereof, called Partarithus unto him, and faid thus: I pray thee, gentle friende, depart into fome other place; for if thou be heere refident, my good will towards thee will occasion great warres againste my selfe. Partharitus understanding the kings mind, returning into Italie, went and sought out Grimoald, reposing his life upon the good dispositions of his enimie. And drawing neere the cittie of Lodi, he sent before him one of his faithfull servants called Unulse, who might make manisest to Grimoald, both how much he trusted him, and what he required at his hands. Unulse presenting himselse before the kinges Majestie, told him that Partaritus, his maister, had recourse unto his elemencie, and sought succour in his court. Grimoald admiring his considence,

faithfullie promifed him that he might repaire unto him, uppon the faith of a prince affuring him that before he should be harmed, he would hazard his owne hart.

A little while after, when Partharitus presented himselse before Grimoald, and humblie kneeling upon his knees, befought his favour, the king pitiouslie and gratiouslie entertained and kissed him, whome in humble manner Partharitus faluted thus: Mightie Soveraigne, I am thy fervant, who, knowing thou art a Christian, doubt not of thy com-I might (as thou knowest, O king!) have lived among Pagans; but what life were that? and howe base confidence were I in, rather to trust the faithlesse, then humble my felfe to the faithfull? I befeech thee of mercie, and kiffing thy feet crave maintenance. The king according to his maner fwering a folemne oath, promifed him, faieng: By him that begat me, fince thou hast recourse unto my faith, I will never forfake thee; but I will take order for thee in fuche manner, that thou maiest both honestlie and honourablie live in this countrey. Whereupon he commanded him to be worthilie lodged, giving charge that he should be furnished of all necessaries whatsoever upon his treasurie.

It chanced that Partaritus, departing from the king and repairing to his lodging, was suddenlie encountered with a whole troope of cittizens of Pavia, who came to see him and salute him as their forestemed friend. But see what great mischiese proceedeth from an evill and detracting toong! For some malignant flatterers, beholding the same, sought out the king, and gave him to understande, that if he made not Partaritus suddenlie out of the waie, himselse, without all doubt, should lose both his kingdome and life; swearing

to him that all the cittie was alreadie addicted to take his part.

Grimoald confidering these thoughts, and by his overmuch credulitie suspecting more then he needed, suddenlie resolved on the death of miserable Partharitus; and calling his councell unto him, ceased not to contrive the meanes howe the innocent might be made awaie. They, seeing that daie far spent, resolved the deed should be doone the next morrowe, animating the king by good words, who otherwise through seare was almost out of his wits: not-withstanding thorow their perswasions gathering to himselse more considence, the better to colour his intention, hee fent unto him that night manie excellent dishes and strong wines, purposing (if it were possible) to make him drunke; assuring himselse that by the meanes thereof he for that night should have more care of his sleepe than regard of his safetie.

But fee how God helpeth the innocent! for a certein gentleman, who before that time had beene a fervitour in Partharithus fathers court, prefenting him with a meffe of meate from the king, and leaning downwards, as if intending reverence to his Majestie, tolde him secretlie howe the kinge the next daie had resolved to put him to death. For which cause Partaritus suddenlie called his squire, willing him that night to give him no other drink but a little water in a silver cup: knowing this, that if those who presented him in the kings behalse would request him to carouse to his health, he might easilie doo without intoxicating his braines, drinking onelie water. Those that served him at the table, seeing Partaritus take his liquor so livelie, certified the king thereof; who with much joyfulnesse said.

Let the drunkard drinke his fill for this night; but to morrowe, yer ever he suspect the banquet, I meane to feast him with his owne bloud.

This faide, he caufed his guard to be fet in the house, searing and suspecting least Partaritus should escape him in any fort. The supper being ended, and everie one having taken his leave, Partharitus thus lest alone with Unusse, his trustie servant, and the page who ordinarilie attended on him to bed, he discovered unto them howe the king had resolved to kill him: for which cause Unusse winding him about the necke with the sheetes of the bedde, and laieng the coverlet and the beares skin upon his backe, leaving him without capp, as if he were some rusticke or common drudging sellowe, began to drive him out of the chamber, dooing him manie injuries and villannies, so that he verie oftentimes fell to the ground.

Grunoalds guard, whoe were appointed unto the watch, feeing al thefe outrages, asked Unuse what he meant? Why, said he, my maisters, this rascal slave hath made me my bed in the chamber of that drunken palliard Pantharithus, which is so full of wine, that he sleepeth as if he were dead, without stirring; and this is the cause whie I beat him; and I praye you dooth he not deserve it? They hearing these words, and beleeving them to be true, did all of them laugh verie hartclie to heare the tidings, and giving both of them licence to depart, Partaritus hasted to the cittie of Hasti, and from thense went into France, praising God for his happie deliverie.

As foone as they were gotte awaie, the faithfull page locked the door verie diligentlie, remaining all that night alone in the chamber; and when the messengers of the



# History of Partaritus.

king came with commission to bring Partaritus to the pallace the nexte daie, they knocked at the doore; whom the page in humble maner faluted, praieng them to have patience for a while; for (faith he) my lord, being wearie of his last journey, sleepeth now verie foundlie. The messengers returning to Grimoald, told him the pages answer, who all inraged, charged them prefentlie to bring him to his prefence: who repairing againe to the chamber doore, were in like fort once more folicited by the page to use forbearance; but they, admitting no delaies, cried out hastilie and hartilie, Tut, tut, the droonkard hath now flept enough, and thereupon bearing the doore of[f] the hinges, they forceablie entered the chamber, and fought Partaritus in his bed, but found him not: whereupon they asked the page what was become of him? who answered them that he was fled. The messengers, all amazed herewith, surjouslie laieng hands on the childes bushie lock, and buffeting him piteouslie, brought him to the pallace; and conducting him to the presence of the king, saide, Mightie Prince, Partharitus is fled, and this caitife boy helpt to convey him, and for that cause meriteth death. Grimoald commanded them to laie hands off him, and willed him with a friendlie countenance to discover unto him the manner and meanes how his maister had escaped awaie. The page told him everie thing as it had past; whose faithfulnes when the king had confidered upon, he royallie offered him to make him one of his pages, affuring the lad that if he would be as faithfull to him, as he had shewed himselfe towards his old maister, he should both be rewarded and regarded.

After this he made fearch for Unulfe, who being brought before his prefence, was pardoned by him, and not only

But as where affection is pardoned but commended. rooted there no favors can supplant it, nor promises suppresse it, so these two loving their maister Partarithus verie deerelie, took no delight but onelie in desire they had to fee and ferve him; for which cause in a few daies after they repaired to Grimoald, befeeching him of licenfe to feeke out their master. Whie, my friends (quoth he), had you rather feeke out your necessities, then live with me heere in all pleasures? By God, replied Unulfe, I had rather die with Partharithus than live in all other worldlie contents and delights. What (faid the king to the page) wilt thou alfo rather feeke out a banished man, then serve a king? I, my lorde, faide he; for they are bad fervants that will leave their maisters in miserie. Grimoald, wondering at their confidence, and praising both their faithes, dismissed both of them with all favour, giving them both horse and money to furnish and further them on theyr journey.

The two faithfull fervants, humblie thanking the kinge, tooke their waie into France, hoping to finde their maister in that place according as was appointed. But Partaritus, fearing least, by reason of a peace lattie capitulated betwixt Dogobert kinge of France and Grimoald, he should be there surprised suddenlie by some sinister subtletie, tooke shipping for England; and having alreadie sailed from the shore, the voice of a man was heard among the rocks, which asked for Partaritus, and whither he were in that ship? Whereto when answer was made that there he was, the voice replied, Then will him presently repaire into his countrey, for Grimoald, a three daies hence, is departed this life. Partaritus suddenly returned backe, commanding the marriners to reenter the harbour; and as soon as he

was landed, he diligently fought out the messenger that had thus informed him: but finding him by no meanes possible, he supposed it to be some messuage sent from God. For which cause, poasting towards his countrey, and arriving amongst the confines of Italie, hee found there a great number of Lombards, who expected him, with whom he entered Pavia, and driving out a little fon of Grimoalds from the kingdome, he was by generall confent created kinge of Lombardie, three moneths after the death of Gri-For which cause he presentlie sent unto Benevent for his wife Rhodolinde and his fon Cunibert. And being a godlie Catholike and just man, a liberall patron of the poore, and father of the innocent, as foone as he had quiet possession of the kingdome, in that place from whence he fled, which is on the other fide of Tesinus, he builded a monasterie to the honor and glorie of God, his faviour and onelie defender, wherein there were divers Nunnes inclosed, whom he alwaies enriched with many verie goodlie posfessions.

The Queene likewise builded a church, in honour of our Ladie, without the cittie wals, adorning it with marvelous rich ornaments. His page and trustie servant returning to his court as soon as they had tidinges of his establishment, were by him savourable intertained and richlie rewarded. Finallie, after he had reigned eighteen yeares he departed this life, not without the generall lament and teares of the whole inhabitants of Lombardie.

The wonderfull dreame of Aspatia, the daughter of Hermotimus, the Phocencian, a verie poore man, who afterwards thorow hir wonderful vertues became the wife of Cyrus, King of Percia, and was afterwards married to Artaxerxes.

ASPATIA was the daughter of Hermotimus of Phocis, who after the death of hir mother was brought up and nourished in great povertie: yet was not hir povertie so greevous as her continencie was gratious. In her infancie she had under hir chin a great swelling which disfigured hir face, and was a great difgrace to hir fairenesse: for which cause hir father, desirous to have hir cured, carried hir to a phisitian, who promised to heale hir for a certaine fumme of money. The good olde man, having no money, tolde the physitian of his little meanes, befeeching him to fland favourable unto his child; but the greedie wretch, which was too well learned in no pennie no Pater noster, told him, that then he had no medicine for him: for which cause the poore Hermotimus and his sicklie daughter repared home without fuccors. Afpatia, being thus ill bested, entered hir chamber, and fetting hir glasse betweene hir legges, she gased so long intentivelie on hir impersection, and with fo manie tender teares bemoned hir wants, till at last she fell asleepe, where upon a fuddaine she beheld a dove changed fuddenlie into a woman, which faied unto hir, Bee of good cheere, and leave these drug maisters, and goe unto the dried crowne of Rofes upon Venus head, and taking some of them, beate thou them to powder, and then doo thou but strew them upon thy greevous fore.

Aspatia, having performed no lesse then was commanded hir in hir vision, was healed, and became verie faire, and so manie were the graces wherewith she flourished, that no man could either compare or equall them. She had hir haires, glorious and gold-like golden, somwhat daintilie curled, hir eies sierie and christalline, hir nose hooked, hir eares little, and the colour of hir face like unto Roses washed in milke: hir lippes crimosin, hir teeth more white then snow; hir voice was delicious sweete and musicall, hir delightes were estranged from all esseminate newsanglenesse: shee studied not to be rich in apparell (which is but the verie surset of substance) because being nourished in povertie, shee could not, nor would not, in anie wise yeelde any art to her beawtie, wanting both the meanes and the manner.

It chanced that this maiden, amongest a great manie others, was bought by a Baron who belonged to king Cyrus, who feeing that she was beawtifull and faire, brought hir (after a verie folemne and fumptuous fupper) into the presence of Cyrus, accompanied with three other Grecian maids, who were tricked and attired by courtlie dames before hande, to the end they might know how to entertaine and delight the king: onlie Afpatia would not admit anie foile for hir faire, but after many refusals, at last confented to put on a fumptuous habit, wherein she stoode so melancholie and blushinglie, as if she thought all lookers on unworthie to beholde hir beawtie; and fixing her fiery eics upon the ground, she wept bitterlie before Cyrus, who commanded the three other Virgins to fit downe by him, who were obsequious to his will; but Aspatia sained as though she heard him not when he called hir, untill the

Baron who bought hir, enforced hir to fit by his majeftie.

Cyrus dallieng and beholding the three other virgines, commended their countenances, and condemned not their behaviour; but having but touched Aspatia with the tip of his finger, she suddenlie cried out, telling him that shee should be punished if she used such licentiousnesse. This her behavior pleased the king, whoe afterward offered to dallie with her paps: she presentlie slung from him and offered to depart; for which cause Cyrus, marvelling at the great mind of Aspatia, farre against the custome of Percia, said unto him that had brought hir, Thou hast onelie brought this mayden unto me free, sincere, and without spot: the others are but counterseits in their customes, and their beawties are but borrowed, not naturall.

Hereupon Cyrus, affected by this meanes, and earnestlie fixed his love upon Aspatia, so that he forgat all other fancies, addicting himselse onlie to hir bed and beawtie. Not longe after, Aspatia called to hir mind the doome she had feen in hir dreame, and the speeches which were used, and in regarde of those benefits she had received, she erected a statue of golde in honor of Venus, and annexed thereunto a dove beautified with costlie gems, offering daielie sacrifices to remunerate the Goddesse kindnesse. She likewise sent unto her father manie rich jewels, and made him a man of great authoritie. A few daies after, a faire and curious carkanet was fent out of Theffaly in present to king Cyrus, who rejoicing greatlie at the same, and finding his Aspatia one daie asseepe laid him downe by hir, and (after fome amorous embracings) drewe the carkanet out of a casket, and saied unto hir, How saiest thou, my love, dooth not this jewell become either a daughter or mother of a king? Yes, my liege, faide she: whie then, my love, it shall be thine, quoth he: discover therefore thy neck, and put it on.

Aspatia, little respecting the rich guist, reverentlie and fagelie replied thus: How should I be so bold to submit my necke unto that gift, which is a prefent more convenient for Parisatides, thy mother? Give it hir, my lorde, and I am readie to flew you my neck without any fuch ornaments. Cyrus, rejoyling at hir answer, kissed hir, and having written all the manner of discourse which had past twixt him and Aspatia, he sent the same with the carcanet unto his mother. Parisatide, no lesse delighted with the letter than the carcanet, remunerated Aspatia with rich gifts and royall prefents, and conceiving a gratious opinion in that Aspatia gave hir place, shee ever after loved her, and prefented hir both with the carcanet and much other treasure. Aspatia, humblie receiving hir inestimable curtesies, sent both the jewell and treasure to Cyrus with this message: These for a time will helpe thee, and for that thou art mine ornament, meseemeth I have obtayned a great gift, if, as I both should and woulde, I heartelie love the.

Cyrus was amazed at this deed, and not without reason, because this woman had no meane minde, but the courage of a great and magnificent princesse. But when Cyrus was slaine in the warre which he waged againste his brother, Aspatia remained prisoner: notwithstandinge sought out and at last found by the noble Artaxerxes, she was delivered of hir bonds, and such as had captivated hir were committed themselves. Finallie, being richly apparailed like a princesse (although by reason of the deth of Cyrus

the made great refiftance) Artaxerxes being vehementlie enamored of her beawtie, after long intreatie and comforts, at last won her consent, and married hir: yet, as some writers testifie, the intire affection she bare her last husband was never extinguished untill she died.

# A wonderous revenge executed by Megallo Lercato of Genova upon the mightie Emperour of Trabifonda.

AT fuch time as the Genowaies weare Lords of certeine citties in the Levat, it chanced that, amongest other cittizens whoe traffiqued in Caffa, and were most samiliar with the Emperour of Trabifond, there was one called Megollo Lercato, whoe by reason of his rare quallities was exceedinglie favoured by him: for which caufe he was greevouslie envied and hated by the principall courteors, whoe ceased not continuallie to invent new meanes and waies whereby they might bring him in difgrace. It fortuned that, sporting himselfe one daie at the chasse with a yoong noble man who was greatlie beloved by the Emperour, they fell at wordes and bitter upbraides: amongst all others, the yong Noble uttering certeine speeches in contempt of the name of Genowaies, Megollo was inforced to give him the lie; but feeing the other little moved therewith, his countrey dishonoured, and the court laughing at him, he fought his remedie at the Emperors hands, from whom he could get no redresse in repaire of his honor.

For which cause Megollo hotlie discontent (though for a purpose he smothered his displeasures a space) a sewe daies after, upon a lawfull cause, tooke occasion to crave the Em-

perours licence, and departing to Genua, altogither inflamed to revenge, he furnished himselfe, by meanes of fome parents and friends, and rigging out two warlike gallies, he failed with them into the great fea, and there indevored himselfe to spoile all the coast and ransacke everie shippe belonging to the Emperour: whomesoever he tooke, in the waie of great disdaine, he cut off their noses and eares, and though there were manie ships set out against him, yet in spight of all he never desisted from endangering him: and this might he the better performe in that his ships were verie swifte; and when he found himselfe at any difadvantage, he could both leave and take how and when it pleafed him. It chanced, amongst manie other preparations that were fet out to intrap him, foure stout gallies were rigged, who upon confultation, as foone as they had discovered him, devided themselves apart, thinking to inclose him in the midst of them, and so all at once to assaile him. Megollo, that quicklie perceived their pollicie, suddenlie fained to flie; whom when their swiftest gallie had long time purfued, and over-wrought all hir conforts, Megollo made head againste them, and slewe them, and served them all after the same sauce, to the woonderfull amaze and discontent of the Emperor.

Amongest one of these gallies there was an olde man with his two sonnes, whoe, searing the like fortune which had befalne others should light on him and his sonnes, humblie prostrating himselse at Megollos seet, he humblie intreated him for mercie. The old mannes teares were gratious, and had such power over the generous mind of Megollo, that he forgave both him and his sonns with the rest that were alive in his gallie, and sent him back unto

the Emperor with a veffell full of cares and nofes, willing the olde man to let the Emperor understand that he would never cease to indemnise him, untill such time as he hadde sent unto him the man who had so disdainfullie and dishonorablie injured him in his court.

The Emperor afferteined hereof determined with himfelfe, as the leffer evill, to go himfelfe in perfon unto the fea, and carrie with him (as he did) the yong man who had occasioned all this trouble. Megollo, hearing thereof, thrust his gallies neerer the shore, when as the Emperor presently in a light boat sent him the yoong noble with a rope about his necke; whoe, having his eies proude with teares, humbled himselfe at Megollos seet, beseching mercy. Megollo, compassionate therewith, bad him get him thence, telling him that it was not the sashion of the Genowaies to tirannize over essentiate milksops.

The parents of the yong man, feeing him returne againe beyond their expectation, received him with great joye: divers offers were made by the Emperor to Megollo, who, refusing them all, returned this answer:—That he came thither not for desire of riches but for honors sake, and to eternise the name of the Genowaies, admitting no other covenantes but this; that in memorie of those his actions, a pallace should be reared in Trabisond for the commodity of the Genowaies, wherein he would, by a curious hand and cunning workman, those his actions should be eternized: which being afterwards fullic observed by the Emperor, they whoe traffiqued there followe their marchandize with more honor then they were accustomed. Megollo after this worthie acte returned home to Genova, where he was received and gratified with great honors by the cittizens.

The memorable deeds of Velasca, a Lady of Bohemia, whoe, causing all other Ladies to kill their husbands, Brethren and sonnes, raigned seven yeares in Bohemia.

I READ in the Bohemian historie written by Pope Pius, that this Velasca, of whom I heere meane to intreate, was a woman of great mind, bolde in all attempts, and highlie favored by Fortune; and to the end you may the better understand hir historie, I will first of all begin with hir cause of hatred. You have therefore to consider that Crocus, fecond Duke of Bohemia, dieng without iffue male, his daughter Libussa (held in those daies in as great account as one of the Sibils) with the favour of the people, and good liking of the better fort, was placed in hir fathers feate, and governed that Province manie yeeres, with the generall good liking of all men. Finallie, having given a just sentence in right of certeine possessions against a mightie man in that countrey, he being therewith incenfed, provoked up the people against hir, saieng it was an opprobrious and fcandalous thing for fuch a people as they were, and so great a Nobilitie as was resident in that place, to fuffer the kingdom and causes of justice to be under a woman.

Libussa, having intreated silence at their hands for a time, said unto them that she knew their new desire, and was not ignorant of their firme determination, disabling her selfe to satisfie their expectations, praieng them to assemble the next daie; which according as she willed them they persourmed. The morning began noe sooner to pushe forth his blushinge beawties, but the people repaired to

the judgment seat in great multitudes; and as soone as the pallace was filled everie waies by them, Libussa began to speake unto them on this maner: You know (Bohemians) that to this present day I have beene your peaceable and bountifull Ladie, according to womens custome, whoe are audatious in nothing but in offering curtesies. Hitherto have I not beene offensive to any of you, either chargeable by reason of Pompe, shewing my selfe rather a mother unto you then a mistresse: but ingratefullie, unkind men as you are, requite you my government. But at these your actions woonder not I at all, because you accustome your selves to the common fashions of men, who are never content, but are more skilfull to desire a just and mercifull Lord, then having him they have knowledge to keepe him.

As touching mine owne title, I whollie furrender it into your hands; and as you have defired one who shal governe you, and order your lawes as he lift, so I am contented you shall have him. Therefore go ye and take me a white horse, and bridle him with all his other apparell and ornamentes, and afterwards lead him to such a plaine, where he may take that waie which best likes him. Which doone, let him trot as he lift, and follow you him by his footsteps: as he turnes, so turne you; and as he returneth, so returne you: finallie, when you shall see him staie before a man that seedeth at an iron table, then assure your selves he is the man forpointed to be my husband, and your prince.

This hir speeche pleased them all; so that taking with them the horse as Libussa had instructed them, they let him freelie goe, and followed him. But scarselie had they travelled ten miles, when as the horse staied at a river called Bieli, and arrested himselse before a countrey sellow called Primislaus, shewing manie signes of humanitie and observance toward them.

The Bohemians, as well the nobles as commons, behoulding this, ran with all haft unto him, and after their falutations faid thus unto him:—Libusfa hath chosen thee for hir husband, and the Bohemians admit thee for their prince. Primislaus, although he were a poore countrey clowne, not incapeable of the generall desire of rule which attainteth all men, gave unto them a homelie salutation after his manner, and tolde them that he was addressed to doo whatsoever pleased them: and understanding that he was to goe to Libussa (as if hee had a longe voiage to make) he sastened his bottle to his saddle bow, and grasping his bread and cheese in his hand, he rode on feeding like a rusticke king, which was a verie sufficient evidence of that which Libussa before time had declared and told unto them.

As foone as his guttes were full and his bottle emptied, he mended his pace, and they conducted him with great pomp and honour into the cittie, where he tooke Libussa to wife, and during all his life time was wholie ruled and governed by hir counsels and perswasions. But after she had submitted hir selse to the destinies, the government remained wholie in Primissaus hands, and the authoritie of Ladies ceased, which even unto that hower was both maintained and augmented by Libussa. After this Valasca (which whilst Libussa lived was hir secretarie) being a Ladie of great valour and no lesse resolution then an Amazon, not induring or abiding that the authoritie of women should be thus annihilated, assembling one daie in a privile place all those that were of her faction, she said thus unto them:—

My fisters, we have lost our good Ladie, who alwaies de-

fended us from the outrages of men; neither could she ever endure that we should be overborne by them, so that she her selfe held the Emperie, and we with hir were in respect held and accounted for Queenes. You see now how enforced we indure a hard and miserable servitude, living under the government of our husbands after the maner of slaves, except of our selves we shall gather head and courage to recover our former liberties. Wherefore, if your thoughtes be as mine is, let us joine like heroick Ladies, and we will easily recover our estates. I (as you know) was secretarie unto Libussa, of whom I learned that which she knew: I am skilfull in inchantments, and the nature of hearbes is not unknowne unto me: if, therefore, you have any meaning, or will to sollowe me, assure your selves that you shall be once again lords over men.

Upon these words the whole assemblie of women condiscended to Valascas words, and mutuallie conspired against men. During this time Primislaus dreamed one night that a virgine gave him bloud to drinke; for which cause he being a notable soothsaier, and willing to prevent a mischiese which (as he imagined) might verie easilie be impugned, hee convocated all the chiefe nobles of his Province, under intention to prohibit the over-great licence and libertie which women had in the common weale: namelie, the women were accustomed to ride and run the race on horssebacke, to tournay, shoote, and followe the chace, and brieflie to exercise themselves in all warlike discipline, which (as he thought) were matters manageable by men, and unfit talks for women. But the Barons scoffed at him when he told them therof, and faid that they rather deserved love and reverence for their agilitie and hardines, then reproofe and dishonor.

Valasca meane while desisted not neither daie nor night to exhort hir confederates, and often with drinks and inchantments turned away their affections from the love of men, and daie by daie drewe more and more into this her League of conspiracie. Finallie, when she perceived that fhe hadde gathered a fufficient power, both of married wives and maids, in one night she caused everie one of hir faction to kill their fathers, husbands, brethren and fonnes in their beddes; and afterwards, taking armes with great expedition, they all of them marched togither to a place appointed them by Velasca, not farre distant from Prage, and subduing fome that had them in chace, they made a roade to Visigrade, whereas Primislaus aboad, intending there to surprise him: but feeing she could not take the fortresse, they retired themselves into a mountaine, a place naturallie impregnable, and there building a castle they called it Deiuizo, that is, the place of virgines, bicause that in their toonge a virgine is called Deiuize.

This action of theirs feemed abhominable to all the inhabitants of the countrey, as well in respect of the great flaughter they had made, as also because they had a great suspition of further mischeese; for which cause they generallie gave Primislaus to understand that they were addrest to bidde these new Amazons battell, and that if it pleased him to marche forward with his hoast, they also were in readinesse to follow him. The K. certified them that at that present he could not come, by reason that the Gods had admonished him, that all those who were addicted to indemnise the virgines were to die; certifieng them that it was behovefull to go another time. But they, who set light by his counsell, levieng by them selves a great armie,

marched toward Deiuifo, and striking battell with Velasco were ignominiouslie overthrowne and put to slight with the slaughter of the greater part of the armie. And whereas in this service Malada, Nodea, Suatacia, Vorasta, Ragda, Zastana and Tristana had behaved themselves valiantlie, in rewarde of their service they had collars and chaines of golde given them: and amidst that unmeasurable pray which they had, everie one was rewarded according to their desart.

Velasca slue with hir owne hand seven of hir enimies, and after that time was held and esteemed for a goddesse, fo that never after that time the Bohemians had the courage to troble or molest them; but they euerie daie ranged about the confines, spoiling, robbing and burning, and daie by day inforced greater dread and feare in the harts of their enimies; and being now Ladies and foveraignes of the better part of Bohemia, they were constrained to have the companie of men, by reason that otherwise by course of time and warres they were likelie to be reduced and brought to nothing: for which cause, marrieng themselves, they made a lawe that those maidens that were borne by them should with all dilligence bee tenderlie and carefullie brought uppe: as for the males, they commanded that their right eies should be pulled out, and their middle fingers cut off, to the ende that having attained mans estate, they should be disabled to shoote in the bowe, or to handle warlike weapons.

Finallie, Velasca, having afflicted Bohemia for the space of seven yeares, and made them altogither tributarie, was deceived by Primislaus, whoe wrote hir a letter that the Barons, against his will, had attempted hir with war, and that he was greatlie pleafed that they had received condigne punishment for their infolence; affuring hir that he hadde alwaies held hir in place of his daughter, not onlie for that she had beene secretarie to his wife, and well thought of by her, but for that she knew so well to governe fo great a state as Bohemia was for the space of seven yeares. And moreover, that now, fince he felte himselfe olde and unable to governe his fubjects, on the other fide, his fonne too yoong in yeares for fo waightie a credit, that his will was to render into her hands the fortresses; so that by this meanes at one time he would veeld all Bohemia into hir hands, referring the estate of his sonne and heire to hir kindnesse and curtesie, contenting himselse to returne unto his first estate, and live satisfied in the towne from whence perforce they had taken him, and afterward unwillinglie crowned him. And him feemed, as he wrote that it should so be, that as from a ladies hands he received the throne, so to a ladies hands he might return the title.

This letter, written and fent unto hir, wonne such credit with hir, that presentlie she sent before hir a squadron of hir best Amazons to receive the fortresses, who were brought into the lande with great solemnitie, and entertained in the Dukes owne pallace: but whilst thee were at the table, they were all slaine by a troope of armed men, whoe were hidden for that purpose. They, having slaine these, ran to Deiuizo with a great armie, and Velasca having notice of the strange accident, issued hir selfe, smallie unattended, and cloased in glittering armes, and mounted upon a verie brave and lustie courser, that lightened fire from his nostrils, shee was followed by some sew a farre off, whilst hir selfe solie incountred the whole hoast that came against hir; and

without anie word speaking she laied about hir like a Lionesse or Libian Tygre in hir great surie. Finallie, falling in the midst and thickest of hir enimies, she died valiantlie.

Hir companions a farre off, as foone as they underftood of the death of their princesse, not under anie hope to conquer, but stimulated to worke revenge, sell to armes: betwixt whom and the Bohemians was a most bloudie and desperate sight; but the Ladies at last having the worst, were inforced to slie, whom the Vissegradians following entered, togither with them, into their Castle, and having caused the gates to be shut, and being Lordes of the fortresse, they cut all the poore women to peeces. And thus was Bohemia delivered from the tyrannie and thraldome of women. And Velasca, being worthie to be eternized amongst the Ladies of most famous memorie, laie unburied, and served for a prey for birds and beafts to feed upon.

## An excellent example of continence in Frauncis Sforza.

AMONGST all other, I will not pretermit a fingular example of continence in Francis Sforza, whoe deferved in this action of his to be compared with Alexander the great and Scipio the noble. Caffanova, a caftle of Luke, being forciblie furprifed by Erle Francis, there were certaine fouldiours who tooke a faire and tender yoong damofell prifoner, whoe, whilft they forceablie drew hir from out the house, weepingly besought them to present hir to the earle Francis Sforza, and to no other; so that they whoe had outraged hir, searing the displeasure of the countie, suddainlie presented hir unto him.

At that time Francis, by reason of his young yeares, and the found complection of his bodie, was verie proane and addicted to wanton and effeminate pastimes: and although hee were inveigled by the tender yeares and exceeding beautie of the maiden, notwithstanding he inquired of hir, whither she had rather consent unto everie pleasure wherein he might imploy hir, or remaine in their handes whoe had first taken hir? Whom she thus answered; that she would be alwaies readie to obay him, so that it might please him to fet hir free from the handes of base injurie. Where upon Francis prefently commanded that she should be conducted into his pavilion. When night came, and before he entered the bed, he asked the maiden againe, if she were of the same minde, or whether she had changed hir purpose? Who anfwered him that she continued resolved: then he willed that she shoulde disrobe and uncloath hir bodie, and so to laie hir felfe downe by him.

But no fooner was she entred the bed, but he espied the picture of our Ladie painted after the maner, wheron turning towards the Earle she wept, and with all reverence and shamfastnesse she saied unto him, O, my Lorde, I pray thee for that unspotted virgines sake, whose image is in our sight, vouchsafe to be the protector of my virginitie, and thorough thy clemencie grant, that without stain or dishonor I may returne unto my betrothed spouse, who liveth a desperat and desolate life amongest the other captives. And whereas I promised thee to submit my selfe to thy will, no other thinge moved me there unto, then the desire I hadde to deliver my selfe from the hands of those who ravished me: and not that alone, but the justice and pietie

I have heard of thee, made me conceave a great hope to fubmit to him who had so great vertues to command.

These words had so great power in the mercifull and generous mind of the Captaine, that they extinguished in him all heat of vaine defires, fo that of his owne proper charges he refcued the husband, and redeemed him from thraldome, restoring the yoong virgine unto him as soone as he came in to his presence. Hir spouse, kneeling uppon his knees, and fighing bitterlie, faid: My Lord, thou dooest fullie answere the great expectation and same which through everie part is dispersed by thee, so that there is no land, nor no peere in the world that either may match thee for humanitie or conquer thee in clemencie. Almightie God, who may requite thee in our behalfe, yeeld thee condigne favours for thy vertue. The Countie would have given him manie thinges of that praie that he had taken, but the yong maiden would accept nothing, faieng that the neighbours, feeing such gifts, woulde thinke and imagine that it were the price of hir virginitie that she had lost; and so by that meanes she shoulde fall into verie great infamie, which fhe rather chose to flie than death, whereupon Frauncis Sforze dismissing them, they joyfullie returned into their countrey.

## Of many learned men, ancient and moderne, who violently and infortunatelie ended their daies.

THEMOSTOCLES, the Athenian, flue himselfe. Lucretius, the Philosopher, died the selfesame death, and Gallus (as learned as both they) was murthered by his owne handes: Pliny was smothered by fire in the mountaine Aetna.

Besides all these manie other, never seconded in science, perished sinisterlie. Thales, the Milesian, died for thirste: Zeno was flaine by the commandement of the tyrant Pha-Anaxarchus, by the judgement of Nicocreon, finished his life with manie tortures. Archimedes, the Philosopher, an excellent Mathematisian, was slaine by Marcellus fouldiers: Pythagoras, with his threefcore fchollers, was put to the fworde. Anacharsis died suddenlie. Diodorus burft thorough harts greefe, by reason he could not answer a question which Stilpo, the Philosopher, had propounded to him. Aristotle, after he had lost the favour of Alexander, being in Calcide, drowned himselfe in the Calistines his scholler was cast hedlong floud Euripus. out of a window. Marcus Tullius had his ears and hands cut off, and fet up in the publike place where the Orators declaimed.

Seneca was put to death by his scholler Nero, whoe had first caused his vaines to be opened in a bathe of hot water. Johannes Scotus, reading in England, by a fudden conspiracie of his schollers was with his best favorites put to death: but if I should undertake to repeat all the haplesse endes of these ancients, who were excellent in learning, it were too long for me to write, or you to read. For which cause I will begin to let you understand the death of some moderne learned. Petrach died suddenlie; Domitius Calderinus perished through the sicknesse of the plague. Conciliator was burned alive. Angelus Politianus finished his daies by having his braines dasht out against a wall. Peter Leo of Spoletum was drowned in a ditch: the Lorde Francis Pico was flaine by his tenants. Fisher and Thomas Moore were beheded; Cranmer and Latimer burned: the rest, since fresh in memorie, I need not trouble you with: I onelie set these down for the learned to consider uppon, and examine themselves by circumstances, and cunninglie canvase in their conscience an argument a comparatis.

Howe kinge Rodorigo, the last of the Royall house of the Gothes, lost his kingdome and life thorough his incontinence.

In the yeare 712 Roderigo raigned in Spaine, who, earnestlie enamored of a daughter of Julians, Countie of Cantabre, and desirous to gather the fruite of his love, because otherwise he might not, in that the maiden was verie honest and vertuous, he sent hir father embassadour into France, and by that opportunitie enforcing hir, he satisfied his lewd and dissolute lust. Julian returning into Spaine, and understanding the heavie case and estate of his daughter, made shew before the king that he was utterlie ignorant thereof, and after a few daies he fled into Affrica with all his familie, taking uppe his house in the cittie of Lepte; and feeking out Muca, the governour of Affrica, hee tolde him of the outrage doone him by the king; and howe for that cause he was come unto him, first to offer him a great, rich, and faire empire; next, to profer him his fervice: and, moreover, faid he, the time is come to revenge the Arabians which were flaine a few yeares past in the hoast of king Bamba. To the performance whereof I will backe you with the greater part of the Lords of Spaine, whoe will be readie to affift you in this enterprise, bycause the king is deadlie liated of them, both for his crueltie and lawlesse corruption.

Muca fent him to king Mulit in Arabia, whoe, hearing Julianos purpofe, dispatched him with letters to Muca, wherin he wrote that he should savour him with all reasonable helpes. Muca gave him an hundreth horse and source hundreth men on soote, under the conduct of a samous captaine called Tarisse: with this power they passed the seas and landed in Spaine; and to the end they might the more securelie beard the enimie, they builded a cittie which they called by the name of Tarisse, captaine of the Barbarians; and assoone as Julio had given notice to his consederates for what occasion he was come, and what desire he had to revenge him of the injurie doone unto him by the king, many of them united themselves with the Arabians and overran al the contrey of Algazera, which the said Juliano had in governement under the said king.

The Arabians of Africa, feeing the great progresse and fortune the countie had, and affured of his faith, fent him twelve thousand horsse and a great multitude of sootmen, by reason that they had intelligence that the king had sent against him his cosin Ignicus with a huge host; who fighting many times unhappilie with the Moores, at the last was himselfe slaine, and all his followers cut in peeces: whereupon the Moores, being rid of this impediment, overran and spoiled a great parte of Spaine. For which cause the king levied a greater army than the first, and comming himselfe to wage the fight with the Moores, there fell a terrible and dreadfull battell betweene both the armies, which continued eight continuall daies, fave onlie the intermission of night; but by reason of the rebellion of the two late kinges fonnes, called Detifa, the king had the worst, and perished in the field with many other valiant persons, and the Moores, like couragious victors, possessed the spoiles. This defeat was on sunday, being the xi of Septeber in the yeare 719. The Moores, attaining victorie, had the dominion of Spaine.

Of many famous men, whoe, leaving the government of the Commonweale, gave themselves over to a private life.

CATO the Cenfor was the most vertuous and best reputed Romaine that flourished in that time; for during al the daies of his life there was never man that faw him commit anie light action, neither lose or diminishe any one inch of his severe gravitie. This man, after he had lived fifty and eight yeares, leaving the travailes of the common wealth, went and spent the remnant of his life in the kingdome of Naples, in a village called at that daie Picenio, and in this time Pozzuolo, living upon his owne livelihoods and revenews. And whileft thus this good and vertuous Cato lived fequestred from all others, fometimes reading his bookes, some other times trimming his vines, there was one of his neibours who wrote upon his gate with a coale, "O, fortunat Cato! thou only amongst al others knowst how to live in this world." Lucullus, the Consul and Romaine captaine, remained in the Parthian warres, and continued the same for the tearme of sixteene yeares; in which he acquired much honor to Rome, many landes for the common weale, much fame to himfelf, and as great riches for his This man, after he returned from Asia to Rome, and found the common weale altogither fwarming with diffentions, by reason of the factions of Scilla and Marius,

purposed with himselse to leave Rome, and to build him a certaine place of pleasure neere Naples, upon the river of the sea at this daie called Castello di Lupo; in which place he reposed ten yeares, entitled to all kind of pleasures and quietnesse of mind, free from all travailes and troubles, till such time as he finished his wearied age with a contented and worthie death.

Dioclesian, after he had governed Rome and the emperie for the space of eighteene yeares, utterlie resusing all the empire, departed Rome, and repaired to Salona in Dalmatia, where he was borne. But two yeares after that he had refused the Romain empire, an honourable embassage was fent by the fenate unto him, praieng him earnestlie that he would have pitie on the commons and content himselfe to returne to Rome. It chanced that at such time as the faid embassadors came into his poore and homelie cottage, hee himfelfe was in a little garden he had, fetting of lettises and divers other hearbes; and affoone as he had heard the discourse of that they were to deliver him, he returned them this answer: Seemeth it a requisite matter unto you, my freendes, that he who hath planted, cut and watered lettice as these be, should leave them to feeke royalties, and not to eate them in repofe and quiet in his owne house? Yes, my friends; it is better eating these in quiet, then governing of Rome with care.

Moreover, he faid unto them: Now have I proved howe much it availeth to commande, and howe healthfull it is to plough and dig. Leave me, therefore, I pray you, in my house: for why, I rather desire to get my living in this village with my handes, than to have the charge of the Romaine empire, accompanied with hate. Porides, the

Athenian, having in great justice governed his common weale for the space of fixe and thirtie yeares, at laste growing olde and satiate of publike affaires, departing Athens, he went unto a certein lordship of his, lest him by his auncestors in a certeine village without the citie; in which, plieng his booke by night, and labouring in his fields by day, he lived fifteene yeares more. Above the doores of his house these words were written:

In veni portum: spes et fortuna valete Nil mihi vobiscum est, ludite nunc alios.

Scipio, the Affrican, was one of the best beloved and honored captaines that ever Rome had: for in the space of fixe and twentie yeares, wherein he continued warre in Spaine, in Affrica and Asia, he never committed anye dishonest action, neither lost any battell: he never denied any man justice, neither was there ever one obscure or base thought knowne in him: he subjugated Africa, ruinated Carthage, overcame Hannibal, destroied Numantia, and also restored Rome, which, after the battell of Cannas, was almost forfaken and abandoned. This man, in the two and fiftie yeare of his age, departed Rome and retired himselfe unto a little farme of his which was betwixt Pozzuolo and Capua; in which (as Seneca witneffeth) he had no other revenewes but certeine fields wherein he lived, a house wherein he lodged, a barne wherein he bathed, and one of his nephues who ferved him. And with fo great affection retired hee himselse to the farme house, that for eleven yeares space which he lived, he went not once to Capua, or fet foot towardes Rome. All these excellent men of whom I have spoken, with manie infinite others also, left their kingdomes, confulthips, governments, citties, pallaces, favourites, cares and riches for no other intent but a quiet life; intending after worldlie affaires to reconcile themselves to a more straight order, having respect to that which insuch after death.

A most subtill dispute made in Antioch, in the presence of king Ptolomey, by seven severall Ambassadors, which of their common-weales had the best lawes and most notable customes.

PLUTARCII writeth, in his booke *Dc cvilio*, that king Ptolomey being in Antiochus, there were, upon an appointed day at dinner with him, many embaffadors from the Romaines, Carthagenians, Scicilians, Rhodians, Athenians, Lacedemonians and Scicilians; whoe, falling into difputation amongst themselves, everie one began to praise and extoll their countries lawes and customes as the best and most exquisite.

The difpute was handled with great fervencie betweene them, and with manie reasons each one endevoured him selfe to dignifie his state; for which cause Ptolomey, desirous to know the truth, and to bring all contentions and discords to an exigent, commanded them that everie one should write or speake their customes or persect lawes which they had in their common weales, for by that means it might be easilie judged which province best deserved the palme of justice.

The embaffadors of Rome began, and faid, We hold our temples in wonderous great honor and reverence: we

yeeld great observance to our governors and rulers: we greevouslie punish the wicked offenders and malesactors.

The Embassadors of Carthage said, in the Common-weale of Carthage the nobles cease not to fight, the commons and mechanicall persons to labour, the Philosofers and learned to instruct.

They of Scicilie faid, In our lande we observe intire justice, we traffique with upright conscience, and generallie imbrace equalitie.

They of Rhodes faid, In our common weale the olde people are honest, the yonger fort shamesast, the Ladies and women solitarie and silent.

The Athenian Embassadors said: In our common weal the rich are not permitted nor allowed to be partiall, the poore to be idle; neither those that governe are suffered to be ignorant.

The Lacedomonians faid, In our state envie reigneth not because all are egall; nor avarice because our goods are in common; nor any suffred to be idle, but everie one doth labour.

The Scicionians faied, In our common weale we permit nor maintaine any travailler, least returning home againe he thould bring us matters of noveltie: neither admit we Physitians, who spoile and kill the whole; nor Orators who maintaine publike contentions.

Affoone as Ptolomy had heard all the feven Ambassadors, he praised all their common weales, saieng, that they were justlie and worthilic governed, commendinge their customes, and holding their lawes praise worthie: where upon with great honors everie one returned to his lodging, glorisieng and rejoycing in their credit, and satisfied in his justice.

## Strange Lawes of Tirzus the Tyrant, where through he withflood Conspiracies.

TRIZUS, the Tyrant, indeavouring to prevent the conjurations and trefons which might be imagined and wrought against him by his cittizens, forbad them by an especiall and prescript law to surcease their private and publike conferences, tyranizing aswell over their toongs as their tresure. But his cittizens envieng and hating this his commandements, kept their consultations by becks, gestures and eager countenances when they were agreeved, and smiling and pleasant lookes when they were contented: if dangers threatned them, they frowned; if Fortune sawned, they were not sroward: by this meanes expressing and shewing the affections of their minds, and deluding the pollicie of the tyrant.

Tirzus, feeing and beholding this varietie in the faces of his cittizens, began to feare, and for that cause forbad them such like significative and mute consult: whereupon one of his cittizens, amongst the rest, repining at his tyrannie invented a new meanes; and entering the pallace with other friends, wept and cried out verie bitterlie. The Tyrant, understanding heercos, hasted him with some of his guard to deprive the cies of their naturall libertie, in like manner as he had reduced the toong and gestures into servitude; but the people amazedlie hating his insolence, drew the weapons out of the hands of his guard.

and murthered him and all his followers.

FINIS.



#### INTRODUCTION.

This singular poetical tract seems, until now, never to have been heard of in our bibliography; but it is of value as the production of a man who was, at least, joint-editor of one of the most famous miscellanies in our language, "The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions," 4to., 1578. The name of Thomas Procter will be found, not only on the title-page, but at the end of the small work in the hands of the reader: his father, John Procter, was at one time Master of Tunbridge School; and, among other pieces, he wrote an account of Sir T. Wyat's insurrection, Wyat having been a resident in Leeds Castle.

In the Stationers' Registers, under the date of 17th August 1584, we find a hitherto unnoticed entry regarding the son; which shows that he then became free of the Company, and that John Aldee, to whom Thomas Procter (or Proctor, as it is there spelt) had been apprenticed, had paid three shillings and four pence for his admission. This fact may explain the words at the bottom of our title-page, "Published by T. P.;" and, probably, he had been both printer and publisher of his own verses. Whether they were intended for general, or only for private circulation, we cannot ascertain; but, if for the latter, it may serve to show how, and why, the work became so scarce, that it has escaped notice from about 1585 (when it probably appeared) to the present day. It may have been Thomas

Procter's first essay as a printer and stationer, though we know that he commenced as a poet some years earlier. This circumstance makes us the more confident in our opinion, that Owen Roydon was the editor of the first portion of "The Gorgeous Gallery," and that Thomas Proctor was mainly concerned in the "pretty pamphlets," which he contributed with his own name, towards the conclusion.

The poems which we now reproduce have little value in themselves, and may establish that Thomas Procter had not improved in style or originality between 1578 and 1585. His account of the siege of Troy, with Helen's lamentation, has more merit in the choice of the subject than in the execution: it was then a comparative novelty in our versification, although the story, on the authority of Dares and Dictys, had been known in our language, by the aid of Caxton, for about a century. piece in our reprint is curious on account of its personal relation to the writer; but out of what events it arose, we are quite ignorant. We are led to infer, from some expressions in his address of warning and reproof to young people, that Procter's own early career had not been very staid or regular, and, perhaps, his enemy had assailed him on this vantage ground. Procter, as is likely, afterwards vindicated himself, such vindication has yet to be discovered.

In reprinting this literary curiosity, we have followed the original so exactly, that we have preserved Proeter's errors of grammar, orthography and punctuation.

J. P. C.

### THE TRIVMPH

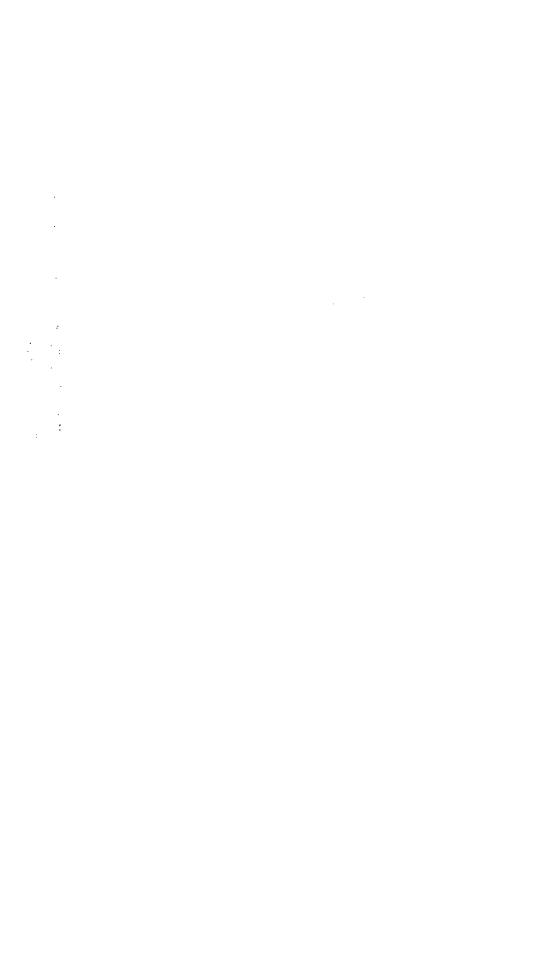
of Trueth, manifesting the aduanceme[n]t of Vertue, and the ouerthrow of Vice. Wherin Youth is admonished to withdrawe his affection from the vain seducements of Fancie.

Set down with sundry Inventions for modest Recreation.

Heerunto is added Cæfars Triumph, the Gretians Conquest, and the Desert of Dives.

Published by T. P.

Nil tam difficile quod non folertia vincat.



# THE TRIVMPH of Trueth.

WHEN GOD had by his mightic power made heauen the earth & fea:

Hee shaped Adam in his fourme from earthy slime and clay.

And placed him in Paradice, as keeper of the fame:

But hee transgrest, then God was wrath. Who turnd him thence with shame.

Wherby, wee Children vnto him, and heires vnto his fall:

Are apt by Nature vnto finne, and fubiect vnto thrall.

Such is in vs the small regarde, which Nature dooth vs giue:

If Reason did not teach a mean, to learn vs wel to liue.

The pleafures of our pamperd Prime, wherin wee vse to ioy:

Are but feducements vnto finne, whence fpringeth our annoy.

For let vs run our youthful race, vnto our largeft luft:

If not ere Age, when yeeres comes on, wee finde therin no truft.

Yet wilful Youth so carelesse is,

that hee dooth rather chuse: Although he sees how vain it is,

the wayes of vice to vie

Whence nether looue or freendly speech may feem to mooue his minde:

Nor others harmes of lothsome shame, which Follies fall dooth finde,

Deceit by wiles induceth him,

to taste her poissed sap:

When Error in his tender yeeres, dooth lul him in her lap.

Wherewith his witlesse wil is brought, vnto his owne desire:

From finne to finne in wilful meanes,

hee feeketh to aspire. The dayly danger of whose fall,

if hee confider well:

With feare may daunt his carelesse minde, in feeking to rebel.

What greeuous greef is it to fee, th' vntrust of his estate:

What cruel horror to obtain, for finne his Parents hate.

How lamentable ift to fee,

therof the lothfome shame?

How greeuous to the eare to heare Of Follie the exclame.

Befide what greef may greater bee, the[n] Parents to beholde:

A shamlesse sonne in shameful forte, his ruin to vnfolde.

Wee see by proof the trustlesse steps which witlesse Youth dooth tread.

Wee fee how vain defire by wiles, to follie dooth him lead.

Whose wilful paths so plesant be, in soothing of his minde:

That hee forgets how vain it is, vntil his fall hee finde.

The tedious care his Parents had, in tendring of his youth:

The toyle they took in teaching him, to follow what is trueth.

The coft of welth they did bestowe, in learning vpon him:

The charge in nurifhing his Corps, and clothing of it trim.

Are foon forgot as things of nought. When hee comes vp to yeeres,

And vnregarding of him felf, forgets his Parents cares.

llis learning left, the coft bestowed vpon him is in vain:

His profit quite forgot vntill his pleafure breeds his pain.

All things are irksome vnto him, which dooth his minde perswade:

Vnto his good, but they are fweet which shamelesse sinnes doo shade.

What lothfome vice leaves hee vnvfde, what meanes dooth hee procure?

In feeking fondly after that, which Reason prooues vnsure.

His wilful Fancie hee dooth feed, with follies that be vain:

His eyes delight to gaze vpon the troup of Venus train.

His coursie Carcasse hee dooth make, inferiour vnto lust:

His minde is redy to receive, the goods he gets vniuft.

His harmful hart dooth bode with harme, his lothfome tung dooth tel:

His shamelesse sin in shamelesse forte, the which contents him wel,

It greeueth him to come in place, where godly liuers bee:

The fimple he derides and fmiles their dealings iust to see.

Hee glories of the gotten gain, which wrongfully hee gets:

Hee borrowes but hee feeketh not, again to pay his dets.

Hee runnes from place to place, and hath no certain flay:

Such are the frutes of them who feeks, by finne their owne decay.

Whose greeuous end of life is fuch, as may example giue:

To other viewers of their fall, to learn them wel to live.

But shamelesse sinne dooth beare such sawy within the mindes of Youth:

That hee is carelesse to receiue, the warninges tends to trueth. And wilful led from bad to wursse, as sencelesse of respect:

Their dutie vnto God and Man, doo more and more neglect:

For as hee groweth vnto yeeres, fo growes hee vnto fin:

Delighted with the filthie vice they have been nousled in.

And fondly foothing of him felf, to run his retchlesse race:

Dooth finde occasion at the length, to more his wretched case.

For proofe wee fee by dayly vieu, the shamelesse fall of such:

Who vnregarding of their weale, doo trust their wits to much.

The minde of Youth is fetled fo, vnto his owne defire:

That hee is redy to obey,

what filthic finnes require.

More perfect proofe hath not been feen, then prefent at this day:

So carelesse Youth is proued now, to seeke his owne decay.

And feeding of his carelesse minde, with fancies that be vain:

The mean estate of quiet life, dooth stoubbornly disdain:

Shall (I faith hee) inferiour bee, or feeme to yeeld to those:

Whose counsaile to my lustic prime, no taste of plesure showes.

What shall it need? the World is wide, and I for one shall shift:

In cuery place where fo I come, my learning is a gift.

My ftock wil ferue mee yet awhile, my Feends wil redy bee:

If I shall want at any time, with aid to succor mee.

Who ventures not, shall neuer win, who looks not, can not finde:

Thus carelesse youth with fond conceits, dooth sooth his retchlesse minde.

But when that hee hath spent his time, in running of his race:

And wasted what his Freends him left, ashamde to showe his face.

With wishes vain I would (faith hee) that I had been content:

To learn a trade to liue in Youth, which lewdly I haue spent.

The fauour which hee furely thought, by freendship to obtain:

Hee prooues vnfure, and hee is forft, to fterue or els take pain.

His former Freendes beholdes his want, and wish him to forsee:

The danger of his poor estate, wherin hee seemes to bee.

His learning nought preuaileth him, to help him at his need:

And profferd feruice feldome now, of entertainments speed.

Thus beeing left through lewd attempt in danger of his fall:

To ruin, shame and mifery, hee yeelds him felf a thrall.

From whence fuch careful thoughts of greef doo daunt his troubled breft:

That though he would yet can hee not, enioy his former rest.

Wherby he falls to further vice, vnleffe of mercy great:

God dooth withdrawe his carelesse minde, with filthy sinne repleat

My felf hath tryed vnto my greef, th' vntrust of wilful youth:

My felf hath lothde the freendly fpeech, which tended vnto trueth,

And foothing of my felf in fin, as carelesse of my good:

Forgot the proffit of my prime, which Resons skil withstood.

In which estate of carelesse life, I often did beholde:

Such fundry shiftes of shamelesse sinne, as greeues mee to vnfolde.

Such filthic follies wherwithall, through Fancie Youth is led:

through Fancie Youth is led: Such boasting vaunts of vanitie,

which rules his idle hed. Such wilful motions of the minde,

fuch pampering vp in pride: Such dealings tending to deceit, as few can them abide. Such fraude fuch cruel othes in vain, to couer his abuse:

Such redines of wit and minde, to put his finne in vfe.

Such trusting to his owne conceit, fuch bosting of his wit:

Such feeking after vain delights, as fure are far vnfit.

Such fmall regarde of Parents care, fuch little dutie showen:

To Elders, as vntil this time, the like hath not been knowen.

Such lewd neglecting of their good,

fuch following what is vain: Such shifts to put his vice in vre,

with coullours of difdain.

Bad are the feeds which hee doth fowe, but wurffe he reaps again:

Hee loades him felf with heapes of harmes, which he cuts vp with pain.

His harvest is a lothsome greef, his labour tedious toyle:

And looking for a fertile ground, hee findes a brambled foyle.

For though a while he fondly feeds, his fancie with delight:

Ere long it vades as vapours doo, deminish from our fight.

His youthful pleafures passe away, as dooth a blast of winde:

Whose force once past vnto our vieu, no state dooth leaue behinde.

And as the dreadful wallowing waves, which furgeffe in the feas:

Are of no force when as the calme, their furie dooth appeafe.

So is the ftay of youthes eftate, which cannot long indure,

Because it hath a thousand meanes, his chaunges to procure.

For as hee hath a time to liue, fo all things haue a time

And Time dooth vade, fo certain doo the pleasures of our prime.

Our time the ancient Writers haue, definde as wingd to flee.

With back and hed behinde all bare,

whose locks before her bee.

The reason why because there is,

in her a present state, Which past, to call her back again,

wee prooue it is to late.

Her wings expresse how swift shee is, our carelesse mindes to leaue:

Esteeming not the proffit good, in time we might receiue.

Wherfore if Youth would have respect, vnto his present time:

With wifhes vain olde Age should not, bemone his idle prime.

With forrowing fighs from heuy hart, hee need not to lament:

The follies of his fancy fond if time had wel been fpent.

But when he lewdly dooth neglect, the time which prefent is:

To ferue his vse when need requires, a time shall furely misse.

Then learn to vse thy time so wel, that lest when time is past:

Thou wish thou hadst employd thy felf, when profferd time did last.

Look ere thou leap haue care vpon, the danger of thy fall:

Remember that thy felf and thine, at length to cinders shall.

What hast thou then to vaunt vpon, what glorie is in thee?

Thy dayes decaies, thy pleasures passe, thy carcasse lothde shalbee.

Be mindful how vnfure it is, to troft to thine eftate:

Then with thy felf of what is vain, thou shalt the motions hate.

Haue care for what intent thou wast, appointed on the earth:

Remember that thy time is vain, when comes vncertain death.

Vse heer thy talent to thee lent, that when thou makste account:

How thou haft spent the vse therof, th' increase may wel surmount.

Flee from the waies of filthie vice, learn wel in time to liue:

Bee mindful that vnto the Lord, thou shalt a reckoning giue. Delay not of from day to day, to call thy felf from fin:

Remember how vncertain is, the ftate thou liuest in.

Eschue the snares of vain delight, as meanes vnto thy fall:

Learn how to leave fuch follies fond, which may procure thy thrall.

And to the warnings of thy Freends, be redy to obey:

Left vnregarding of their woords, thou runft to thy decay.

Let others fall example giue, in teaching thee to flee:

The futtle fnares of fhameleffe finnes, whose paths diffruction bee.

Thus in thy youth in Vertue liue, So shall thine Age be bleft:

And when thy earthly life is paft, thy foule shall liue in reft.

#### FINIS.

Nil tam dificile quod non folertia vincat.

#### THE ARGUMENT OF THE TRIUMPH.

Frō tender yeers when Youth is brought To knowledge by the Parents care: The gifts of good which Learning wrought To vain attempts feduced are. The leud desires of Fancies willes, Withdrawes his mide from Vertues lore: And feeds his wit with worldly guiles, Which retchlesse life, makes Age deplore.

His Parents woords and weeping eyes, Can not perfwade him vnto good: (But as vnmeet) their speech defies, As though that Reson it withstood.

Yet when his youthful yeeres are fpent, And Age with stealing steps drawes ny: With triffull teares his cheeks befprent, To late his Fancies shall defic.

FINIS.

#### Sola Virtus.

Shall hautie harts enioy yo stately seat
Of heauely power by their vsurping pride
Shall redy wits by learned Art intreat,
With blessed Saints as equall to abide?
Shall worldly men whose riches doo aboud
For gotten welth a heuenly place obtain?
Is this yo mean wheron we ought to groud
Our ernest saith? no, these be vautes of vain
Its vertuous life, whose hautie honor is
By Fame extolde vnto the lostie Skie:
Fro whence wee get the path to perfect blis
Which these vain vautes makes men deny.

Shee liues exilde fmall restig place she hath Although she seemes to sit in euery bower: Her godly sear of modest life decaith: As vnesteemd, & vice depriues her power.

#### Bona vertuntur in mala.

The shalesse sins which shalesse sots doo vse W'drawes ye minde fro vertue vnto vice: And wallowing in their owne coceites abuse The gifts they ought to gouern wt advice. Few lives content wt their appointed state Moste enuies at their neibours good successe Mindes are corrupted wt a deadly hate, All are enclinde to follow wickednes. Sin fits aloft and treads down Godlynes, Vice conquers vertue, falshod wrogeth trueth Hate hinders looue, plenty by couetoufnes Is waxed poor, the greater is the rueth. Freendship is colde & woordes esteemed wide Deeds few or none belonging vnto good: Flattery dooth florish ye simple forte to blinde, And fmiling lookes are redy to spill blood. In plefant speech deceitful craft is hid, In promise fair, performaunce is not found: Refon and right in matters are forbid, Rich wrongs ye poor, & presse the to ye groud. Few things are doon as they apointed were, Good gifts of God are turned to abuse: The mindes of men to finne adicted are, Of this vain world fuch is the common vfe.

FINIS.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

Among the motions of my Minde,
mee thought I plain did fee:
How Cæfar in his armour braue,
aduaunft his force to mee.
Which glorie when hee had pronounft,
by reafon I did finde:
In feeking of fuch great Attempts,
Ambition moou'd his minde.
Wherwith the honor of his deeds,
beeing blemifht with defire
Of Lucre, vanish from my fight,
as fmoke dooth from the fire.

#### FINIS.

Giue place, let Iulius Cæfar fpeak,
whose name Reporte dooth sou[nd
Through out the World for conquests g[reat
in sundry Regions sound.
Whose Rumor raisd by such Report
for his victorious might:
Made Forrains seare of sorce of Ar[mes
with Cæfar for to sight.
Who rulde but Iulius Cæsar then
who bare the sway but hee
Bothe People stout and Citties fair,
inferiour were to mee.
I got renowme in euery place

if men renoum'd may bee: And got the glorie of the Earth,

for Marsses pollicie. Huge Castels, Towers and Duskes by mee were ouer throwen None durft the Romains force r[efift defiance beeing showen. With Rampiers huge I rased dsown their cities which were [strong Bulwarks built of mightie stone my forces laid along I tr]encht their Cities round about, and did them vndermine I scalde their Fortes and made the men, in caues them felues to shrine. My furie death, my fauor life. vnto the yeelding minde: The] neighbour Regions round about, to tribute I did binde. Of mine] exploits perceiuing then, the glorie and the gain:

I full fo]on fought by leude defire, fuch honor to obtain. But wh]at preuaileth it to gain, or conquer all the earth: When] bothe the man and what he hath,

is fubiect vnto death.

FINIS.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

Aglain me thought I plainly heard [ho]w Helen did bemone: Her li]fe and death whose beauty was inferior vnto none To m]ee shee breefly made discourse how Greeks huge Troy did fack: The Troyans flew and shee her self therof did feel the wrack. Whofe woful motions when I fcand, it greeued mee to see: So braue a Dame in Natures gifts of Vertue void to bee. And as the Flower whose beautie is, dride vp with fcorching heat Mee thought the glorie of her gifts, fel down from Honors feat.

FINIS.

#### The Gretians Conquest.

When Helen fair by Paris was,
conueid to Troy foom Greece:
They warres begun as enuied with,
the loss of such a Peece.
Who beeing fled and kept in Troy,
the Greeks imbassadge sent:
To Troy to setch their Queen again,
if Troians would consent.

Which message when the Troyans scand, their answere thus they made:

That Helen as a guest to Troy did come, and her denaid.

If Paris did (quoth they) obtain her fauour by his fute:

The Greeks vnto vs Troyans can, no cause of wrong impute.

If wee by force of Armes had fetcht your Helin to our Land:

And feemed when shee was in Greece, the Gretians to withstand.

To win her thence, as wrongd you might, to Troy defiance giue:

(But beeing heer) shee shall remain in Troy while Troyans liuc.

What Paris did when hee as Guest, arrived in your Realm:

Wee haue not for to deal therwith, yet deem wee it extream

That fuch defiance should be fent to vs (Men ignorant)

How Paris did your Helin gain not mooued by our graunt.

And for your threats wee way them not, wee Troyans redy are:

As you for her, fo wee for him, fhall yeeld our felues to war.

This answere made, the Gretians strait, made haste vnto their Land:

And told how frout the Troyan did their meffage fent withfrand.

Wherwith the King an armie huge, did prefently prepare:

And fent them vnto Troy with fpeed, the Troyans force to dare.

Long was the warre, great was the fight, and many People flain:

The Troyans kept their Citie fafe wherby the Greeks in vain

Did think their comming for to be, and with their whole affent:

Were minded to return to Greece, when ten yeeres war was spent.

But Pallas bearing spight at Troy, procurde the Greeks to frame:

A mightie horfe, of timber built, in honor of her name.

Which beeing placed neer the wall, the armed Greeks did lurck,

Within the horse, til Sinon did, his craftie practice woork.

The Troyans deeming that the Greeks had left their war, and gon

To Greece again, the Gates of Troy, did open thereupon.

And People had delight to walk, ful ten yeeres kept in holde,

To vieu the place where Greeks erft lay, their passage to withholde.

And also for to gaze vpon,
the huge and stately frame:
Of timber built, which they had less

Of timber built, which they had lefte to Pallas endleffe fame.

Vnminding of the fubtle wiles. the Greeks therin did hide:

Nor yet esteeming of the harmes, therby they should abide.

Although with furious mood, Laocoon loud did crye:

And wild the Troyans of the Greeks, the treason to defie.

Atlength with false and subtle showes of heuie pensiue brest:

His face beforent with brinish teares, complaning of vnrest.

Comes Sinon foorth in fimple forte, brought bound vnto the vieu:

Of Troyans all, who blamde the Greeks as bloody beafts vntrue.

When Greeks (quoth hee) from war were bent in recompence of praife

To Pallas as an Offering ment, to end my breathing dayes.

But when I faw their furious rage, to mee poor wretch forlorne:

I stole from them to faue my life, which long they held in scorne.

(I fled) at length they did erect, this mightie frame of wood:

To pallas as a prefent great, for facrifice of blood.

Which if you can by any meanes conuey into your Town:

As iniur'd with a fpiteful wrong the Greeks in rage will frown. Thus yeelding of his life to them, with falling on the ground Before the King, hee pitie took, wild him to be vnbound.

On vow he would to him and Troy, a faithful subject live:

Wherto by othes to shroude his craft, his promife hee did giue.

But lo, ere long his time did ferue, to put his guile in vre:

And opned wide the horses paunch, when Troyans thought them sure.

From whence there iffued armed men, who gaue them felues to fight:

Burnt vp the houses huge in Troy, and spoyld them in the night.

The Citie flamde, the People cryde, amazed from their fleep:

No meanes they had to faue them felues, their foes their force did keep.

They flung the fire from place to place, the Troyans they did flea:

Theirs was the conquest then of Troy, they lookt for ten yeeres day.

The ancient Sires they ouerthrew,

the Matrones they did kil:
Yung men and Maides they forft to death,

And Infants blood did fpil. The fonne before the Fathers face, bereued was of life:

Great was the flaughter then in Troy, ere ended was the strife,

Wherin that Helen false of faith,
vnto her wedded mate:
Did lose her life as one deseru'de,
for causing of the hate.
For who but Helin bare the sway,
in Troy while Troy did reign:
And did against the Gretians force,
the Troyans war maintain.
Thus Troy was fackt, the People slain,
which stood and erst did liue:
For Helens sake who moning now
these speeches foorth dooth giue.

## Helens Complaint.

See heer by due deserued death, the fall of mine estate: And learn to shun ambitious pride, whence rifeth deadly hate. My beautie what preuoileth mee, or state of Honors seat: The vain defire of lawlesse lust, my fal may wel repeat. A peerlesse Prince of beautie braue, feduced with defire: Did yeeld vnto the vain delights, which fancie did require. Whome neither loue of princely fere, nor honors hye degree: Might mooue to liue within the mean, of vertuous modestie.

But yeelding to the plefant speech, of Paris did confent: To leave the glorie of my dayes, ere youthful yeeres were fpent. Whose hainous sact hath been the spoyle, of many a Troyans life And Gretians to, fince them between, began the deadly strife. My felf pertaker of their woes, hath tafted of their fall: By dint of fwoord because I was, the vrger of their braul. Loe, thus beholde the fall of finne. the ruine and the shame: Of fuch as look not in their liues. to liue in honest same.

FINIS.

## ARGUMENT.

After the fight and speech of these, rich Diues did present:
His life his fall and his estate, with forrowing teares besprent,
Wherin he did disclose to mee, how subject Worldlings liue:
To ruin, as his owne estate, to vs example giue.

FINIS.

See worldlinges fee th' ūtrust of your estate Beholde the pomp & glory of your time: Look vpon mee (now dead) who liued late (As you) on earth inferiour vnto crime, Delighted with the plefures of my Prime. And foothed with the follies of my minde: The due deferts of follies pathes I finde.

No certain state I had to vaunt vpon,
My glorie was compared to the flower:
Vnlooked for my stately strength was gon,
To saue my life it lay not in my power.
Or might prolong the minute of an houre.
Death strook his stroke, I might no loger liue
Though in my hands I thousandes had to giue.

The worldly welth which I had leudly got My careful confcience makes mee to expres: To shroude such acts my guilty hart canot, In life I vide the wayes of wickednes, Would God I had contented been with lesse And not have fought by leud desire your drosse, Which dayly is inferiour vnto losse.

What booted mee to build vp houses braue,
To purchase landes or keep my goods in store
All are depriu'd my body laid in graue,
The greedy woormes my caren carcase gore
The worm of coscience prickes me more and more
The hanous sin I vs'd while I did liue:
As due deseru'd a thousand torments giue.

Fie on the filthines of greedie gain, Fie on the fubtle fleights of leud desire: Fie vpon plefure, Nurisher of Pain, Fie on vntrueth which worldly men require Fie on you fin, which mooues our God to ire. Wo worth you man whose hart dooth burn would hate Twise happy hee content with his estate.

I loth'd to hear the needie mans request,
I grudg'd to giue but ioyed to retain:
No godly feare did harbour in my brest,
The Scriptures red I termed speech in vain
Of godly life the state I did distain
To hourde vp drosse I did decline my minde:
In heaps where no certain state wee finde.

Diues I am, who fcorned Lazarus,
Whofe gotten gain of riches did surpasse:
For which misdeed I am tormented thus,
In states of fire which neuer quenched was
For worldly men a perfect looking glasse.
Wherby they may perceive the stall of sin:
And learn in life the ioyes of heaven to win.

FINIS.

An Inuccliue against Enuie.

When Enuie in his furious rage, had spitted forth his spight: Against the falsnes of his speech, I thought it best to write. Wherby I might discharge my self, of his vnlawful charge:

Which in my absence (to my greef) hee hath put forth at large

But though false Enuie sought by spight, to blemish my good name:

Yet tryed trueth in tract of Time shall vtter his desame.

And all the threatning bragging boafts, which witleffe he hath vide:

Without controle my tung shall tel, how vyle he me abus'de.

The freendly fpeech which he did vse, attending to deceit:

Til hee had caught me in his fnare, and chokte mee with his bait.

Was fo delightful vnto mee, in following of his train:

That all the warnings Reson vsde, I deemed woords in vain.

But yeelding vnto his request,

I fee I did consent:

Vnto the ruin of my felf, wherto his minde was bent.

For as the blinded floeworme dooth, in darcknes shine like Golde:

So his false woords (I witlesse) thought, that only trueth they tolde.

But as the day light dooth withdrawe, the flowwormes gliftring hue:

So trueth dooth manifest to mee, his deeds and woords vntrue.

## The Trivmph of Tructh.

Wherfore vntil the running streames, returns from whence they flowe: The woords of Enuie shall not speed, when Trueth pronounceth (no.)

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FINIS. Thomas Procter.

Nil tam dificile quod non folertia vincat.

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